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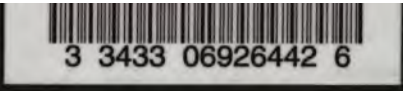
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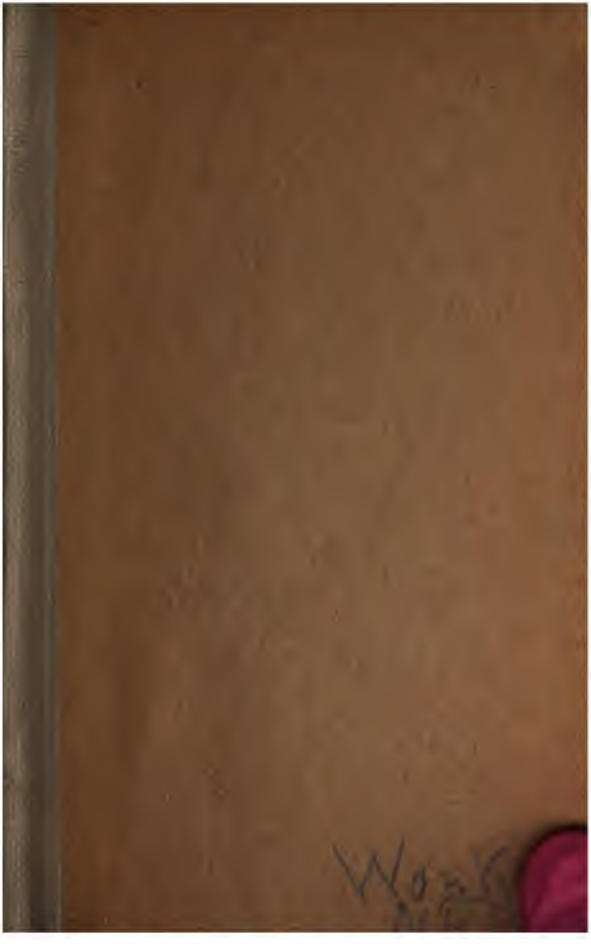

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THE

WORKS

OF

THE GREEK AND ROMAN

POETS,

TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH VERSE.

VOL. IV.

CONTAINING

THE THIRD VOLUME

OF

POPE'S VERSION OF THE ODYSSEY,

BATTLE OF THE FROGS AND MICE,

HYMNS AND EPIGRAMS.

LONDON:

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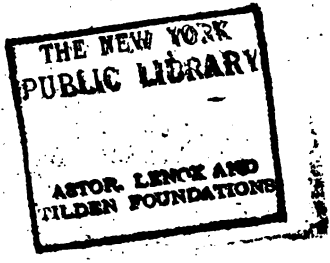
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HOMER.

Dogs! ye have had your day, ye feard no more
Ulysses vengeful from the Trojan shore.

Dipsy Book XIII

Painted by H. Cook. *Engraved by C. Warren.*

Published by W. Sotheby, London.

THE

ODYSSEY

OF

HOMER;

TRANSLATED

BY ALEXANDER POPE.

VOL. III.

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TAYLOR AND HESSEY, FLEET STREET.

1809.

THE ARGUMENT.

THE DISCOVERY OF ULYSSES TO TELEMACHUS.

TELEMACHUS arriving at the lodge of Eumæus, sends him to carry Penelope the news of his return. Minerva appearing to Ulysses, commands him to discover himself to his son. The princes, who had lain in ambush to intercept Telemachus in his way, their project being defeated, return to Ithaca.

THE

ODYSSEY.

BOOK XVI.

Soon as the morning blush'd along the plains,
Ulysses and the monarch of the swains
Awake the sleeping fires, their meal prepare,
And forth to pasture send the bristly care.
The prince's near approach the dogs descry,
And, fawning round his feet, confess their joy.
Their gentle blandishment the king survey'd,
Heard his resounding step, and instant said:
'Some well-known friend, Eumæus! bends this way;
His steps I hear; the dogs familiar play.'
While yet he spoke, the prince advancing drew
Nigh to the lodge, and now appear'd in view.
Transported from his seat Eumæus sprung,
Dropt the full bowl, and round his bosom hung;
Kissing his cheek, his hand, while from his eye
The tears rain'd copious in a shower of joy.
As some fond sire who ten long winters grieves,
From foreign climes an only son receives,
(Child of his age) with strong paternal joy
Forward he springs, and clasps the favourite boy:
So round the youth his arms Eumæus spread,
As if the grave had given him from the dead.

'And is it thou, my ever-dear delight!
Oh art thou come to bless my longing sight?
Never, I never hop'd to view this day,
When o'er the waves you plough'd the desperate way.
Enter, my child! beyond my hopes restor'd,
O give these eyes to feast upon their lord.
Enter, oh seldom seen! for lawless powers
Too much detain thee from these sylvan bowers.'

The prince replied: 'Eumæus, I obey.
To seek thee, friend, I hither took my way.
But say, if in the court the queen reside
Severely chaste, or if commenc'd a bride?'

Thus he; and thus the monarch of the swains:
'Severely chaste Penelope remains,
But lost to every joy, she wastes the day
In tedious cares, and weeps the night away.'

He ended, and (receiving as they pass
The javelin, pointed with a star of brass)
They reach'd the dome; the dome with marble shin'd;
His seat Ulysses to the prince resign'd.
Not so:—exclaims the prince with decent grace)
For me, this house shall find an humbler place:
To' usurp the honours due to silver hairs
And reverend strangers, modest youth forbears.'
Instant the swain the spoils of beasts supplies,
And bids the rural throne with osiers rise.
There sat the prince: the feast Eumæus spread,
And heap'd the shining canisters with bread.
Thick o'er the board the plenteous viands lay,
The frugal remnants of the former day.
Then in a bowl he tempers generous wines,
Around whose verge a mimic ivy twines.
And now the rage of thirst and hunger fled,
Thus young Ulysses to Eumæus said:

'Whence, father, from what shore this stranger,
What vessel bore him o'er the watry way? [say?
To human step our land impervious lies,
And round the coast circumfluent oceans rise.'

The swain returns:—'A tale of sorrows hear.
In spacious Crete he drew his natal air:
Long doom'd to wander o'er the land and main;
For heaven has wove his thread of life with pain.
Half-breathless 'scaping to the land he flew
From Thesprot mariners, a murderous crew.
To thee my son the suppliant I resign:
I gave him my protection;—grant him thine.'

'Hard task (he cries) thy virtue gives thy friend,
Willing to aid, unable to defend.
Can strangers safely in the court reside,
Midst the swill'd insolence of lust and pride?
E'en I unsafe.—The queen in doubt to wed,
Or pay due honours to the nuptial bed!
Perhaps she weds; regardless of her fame,
Deaf to the mighty Ulyssean name.
However, stranger! from our grace receive
Such honours as befit a prince to give:
Sandals, a sword, and robes, respect to prove;
And safe to sail with ornaments of love.
Till then, thy guest amid the rural train
Far from the court, from danger far, detain.
'Tis mine with food the hungry to supply,
And clothe the naked from the' inclement sky.
Here dwell in safety from the suitors' wrongs,
And the rude insults of ungovern'd tongues.
For should'st thou suffer, powerless to relieve
I must behold it, and can only grieve.
The brave encompass'd by an hostile train,
O'erpower'd by numbers, is but brave in vain.'

To whom, while anger in his bosom glows,
With warmth replies the man of mighty woes:
'Since audience mild is deign'd, permit my tongue
At once to pity and resent thy wrong.
My heart weeps blood, to see a soul so brave
Live to base insolence of power a slave.
But tell me, dost thou, prince, dost thou behold,
And hear, their midnight revels uncontroll'd;
Say, do thy subjects in bold faction rise;
Or priests in fabled oracles advise?
Or are thy brothers, who should aid thy pow'r,
Turn'd mean deserters in the needful hour?
O that I were from great Ulysses sprung,
Or that these wither'd nerves like thine were strung;
Or, heavens! might he return! (and soon appear
He shall, I trust; a hero scorns despair)
Might he return, I yield my life a prey
To my worst foe, if that avenging day
Be not their last.—But should I lose my life,
Oppress'd by numbers in the glorious strife,
I choose the noble part; and yield my breath,
Rather than bear dishonour, worse than death:
Than see the hand of violence invade
The reverend stranger, and the spotless maid;
Than see the wealth of kings consum'd in waste,
The drunkards revel, and the gluttons feast.'
Thus he, with anger flashing from his eye;
Sincere the youthful hero made reply;
'Nor leagued in factious arms my subjects rise;
Nor priests in fabled oracles advise;
Nor are my brothers who should aid my pow'r
Turn'd mean deserters in the needful hour.
Ah me! I boast no brother:—heaven's dread king
Gives from our stock an only branch to spring;

Alone Laertes reign'd Arcesius' heir;
Alone Ulysses drew the vital air;
And I alone the bed connubial grac'd,
An unbless'd offspring of a sire unbless'd!
Each neighbouring realm, conducive to our woe,
Sends forth her peers, and every peer a foe:
The court proud Samos and Dulichium fills,
And lofty Zacinth crown'd with shady hills.
E'en Ithaca and all her lords invade
The imperial sceptre, and the regal bed.
The queen, averse to love, yet aw'd by pow'r,
Seems half to yield, yet flies the bridal hour:
Meantime their licence uncontroll'd I bear;
E'en now they envy me the vital air:
But heaven will sure revenge, and gods there are.
'But go, Eumæus! to the queen impart
Our safe return, and ease a mother's heart.
Yet secret go: for numerous are my foes;
And here at least I may in peace repose.'
To whom the swain: 'I hear, and I obey.
But old Laertes weeps his life away,
And deems thee lost. Shall I my speed employ
To bless his age, a messenger of joy?
The mournful hour that tore his son away
Sent the sad sire in solitude to stray:
Yet busied with his slaves, to ease his woe,
He dress'd the vine, and bade the garden blow;
Nor food nor wine refus'd: but since the day
That you to Pylos plough'd the watry way,
Nor wine nor food he tastes; but sunk in woes,
Wild springs the vine, no more the garden blows;
Shut from the walks of men, to pleasure lost,
Pensive and pale he wanders half a ghost.'

'Wretched old man! (with tears the prince returns)
Yet cease to go—what man so bless'd but mourns?
Were every wish indulg'd by favouring skies,
This hour should give Ulysses to my eyes.
But to the queen with speed dispatchful bear
Our safe return, and back with speed repair:
And let some handmaid of her train resort
To good Laertes in his rural court.'

While yet he spoke, impatient of delay,
He brac'd his sandals on, and strode away.
Then from the heavens the martial goddess flies
Through the wide fields of air, and cleaves the skies;
In form, a virgin of soft beauty's bloom,
Skill'd in the' illustrious labours of the loom.
Alone to Ithacus she stood display'd;
But unapparent as a viewless shade
Escap'd Telemachus: (the powers above
Seen or unseen, o'er earth at pleasure move)
The dogs intelligent confess'd the tread
Of power divine; and howling, trembling, fled.
The goddess, beckoning, waves her deathless hands;
Dauntless the king before the goddess stands.

'Then why (she said) O favour'd of the skies!
Why to thy godlike son this long disguise?
Stand forth reveal'd:—with him thy cares employ
Against thy foes.—Be valiant, and destroy!
Lo, I descend in that avenging hour,
To combat by thy side, thy guardian pow'r.'

She said, and o'er him waves her wand of gold;
Imperial robes his manly limbs infold:
At once with grace divine his frame improves;
At once with majesty enlarg'd he moves:

Youth flush'd his reddening cheek, and from his brows
A length of hair in sable ringlets flows;
His blackening chin receives a deeper shade;
Then from his eyes upsprung the warrior maid.
The hero re-ascends: the prince o'eraw'd
Scarce lifts his eyes, and bows as to a god.
Then with surprise (surprise chastis'd by fears)
'How art thou chang'd! (he cried) a god appears!
Far other vests thy limbs majestic grace,
Far other glories lighten from thy face!
If heaven be thy abode, with pious care
Lo! I the ready sacrifice prepare:
Lo! gifts of labour'd gold adorn thy shrine,
To win thy grace:—O save us, power divine!'
'Few are my days (Ulysses made reply),
Nor I, alas! descendant of the sky.
I am thy father.—O my son! my son!
That father, for whose sake thy days have run
One scene of woe; to endless cares consign'd,
And outrag'd by the wrongs of base mankind.'
Then rushing to his arms, he kiss'd his boy
With the strong raptures of a parent's joy.
Tears bathe his cheek, and tears the ground bedew:
He strain'd him close, as to his breast he grew.
'Ah me! (exclaims the prince with fond desire)
Thou art not—no, thou canst not be my sire.
Heaven such illusion only can impose,
By the false joy, to aggravate my woes.
Who but a god can change the general doom,
And give to wither'd age a youthful bloom?
Late, worn with years, in weeds obscene you trod;
Now, cloth'd in majesty, you move a god!'
'Forbear (he cried) for heaven reserve that name;
Give to thy father but a father's claim:

Other Ulysses shalt thou never see:
I am Ulysses;—I, my son, am he.
Twice ten sad years o'er earth and ocean tost,
'Tis given at length to view my native coast.
Pallas, unconquer'd maid, my frame surrounds
With grace divine;—her power admits no bounds:
She o'er my limbs old age and wrinkles shed;
Now strong as youth, magnificent I tread.
The gods with ease frail man depress, or raise,
Exalt the lowly, or the proud debase.'

He spoke and sat. The prince with transport flew;
Hung round his neck, while tears his cheek bedew:
Nor less the father pour'd a social flood!
They wept abundant, and they wept aloud.
As the bold eagle with fierce sorrow stung,
Or parent vulture, mourns her ravish'd young:—
They cry, they scream, their unfledg'd brood a prey
To some rude churl, and borne by stealth away.
So they aloud—and tears in tides had run,
Their grief unfinish'd with the setting sun;
But, checking the full torrent in its flow,
The prince thus interrupts the solemn woe:
'What ship transported thee, O father, say,
And what bless'd hands have oar'd thee on the way?'

'All, all (Ulysses instant made reply),
I tell thee all, my child, my only joy!
Phæacians bore me to the port assign'd;
A nation ever to the stranger kind.
Wrapt in the' embrace of sleep, the faithful train
O'er seas convey'd me to my native reign.
Embroider'd vestures, gold, and brass, are laid
Conceal'd in caverns in the silvan shade.
Hither, intent the rival rout to slay,
And plan the scene of death, I bend my way:

So Pallas wills—but thou, my son, explain
The names and numbers of the' audacious train;
'Tis mine to judge if better to employ
Assistant force, or singly to destroy.'

'O'er earth (returns the prince) resounds thy name,
Thy well-tried wisdom, and thy martial fame:
Yet at thy words I start, in wonder lost—
Can we engage—not decads, but an host?
Can we alone in furious battle stand,
Against that numerous and determin'd band?
Hear then their numbers:—From Dulichium came
Twice twenty-six, all peers of mighty name;
Six are their menial train: twice twelve the beast
Of Samos: twenty from Zacynthus' coast:
And twelve our country's pride; to these belong
Medon and Phemius skill'd in heavenly song.
Two sewers from day to day the revels wait,
Exact of taste, and serve the feast in state.
With such a foe the' unequal fight to try,
Were by false courage unreveng'd to die.
Then what assistant powers you boast, relate,
Ere yet we mingle in the stern debate.'

'Mark well my voice (Ulysses straight replies)
What need of aids, if favour'd by the skies?
If shielded to the dreadful fight we move,
By mighty Pallas, and by thundering Jove?'

'Sufficient they (Telemachus rejoin'd)
Against the banded powers of all mankind:
They, high enthron'd above the rolling clouds,
Wither the strength of man, and awe the gods.'

'Such aids expect (he cries) when strong in might
We rise terrific to the task of fight.
But thou, when morn salutes the' aërial plain,
The court revisit, and the lawless train:

Me thither in disguise Eumæus leads;
An aged mendicant in tatter'd weeds.
There, if base scorn insult my reverend age;
Bear it, my son! repress thy rising rage.
If outrag'd, cease that outrage to repel;
Bear it, my son! howe'er thy heart rebel.
Yet strive by prayer and counsel to restrain
Their lawless insults, though thou strive in vain;
For wicked ears are deaf to wisdom's call;
And vengeance strikes whom heaven has doom'd to fall.
Once more attend: when she whose power inspires
The thinking mind, my soul to vengeance fires,
I give the sign:—that instant from beneath,
Aloft convey the instruments of death,
Armour and arms: and if mistrust arise,
Thus veil the truth in plausible disguise:
"These glittering weapons, ere he sail'd to Troy,
Ulysses view'd with stern heroic joy:
Then, beaming o'er the illumin'd wall they shone:
Now dust dishonours, all their lustre gone.
I bear them hence (so Jove my soul inspires)
From the pollution of the fuming fires;
Lest when the bowl inflames, in vengeful mood
Ye rush to arms, and stain the feast with blood;
Oft ready swords in luckless hour incite
The hand of wrath, and arm it for the fight."
'Such be the plea, and by the plea deceive:
For Jove infatuates all, and all believe.
Yet leave for each of us a sword to wield,
A pointed javelin, and a fenceful shield.
But by my blood that in thy bosom glows,
By that regard a son his father owes,—

The secret, that thy father lives, retain
Lock'd in thy bosom from the household train.
Hide it from all:—e'en from Eumæus hide;—
From my dear father, and my dearer bride.
One care remains: to note the loyal few
Whose faith yet lasts among the menial crew;
And noting, ere we rise in vengeance, prove
Who loves his prince:—for sure you merit love.'

To whom the youth: 'To emulate I aim
The brave and wise, and my great father's fame.
But reconsider, since the wisest err:—
Vengeance resolv'd, 'tis dangerous to defer.
What length of time must we consume in vain,
Too curious to explore the menial train!
While the proud foes, industrious to destroy
Thy wealth in riot, the delay enjoy.
Suffice it in this exigence alone
To mark the damsels that attend the throne:
Dispers'd the youth resides; their faith to prove
Jove grants henceforth, if thou hast spoke from Jove.'

While in debate they waste the hours away,
The' associates of the prince repass'd the bay.
With speed they guide the vessel to the shores;
With speed debarking land the naval stores;
Then faithful to their charge, to Clytius bear,
And trust the presents to his friendly care.
Swift to the queen a herald flies to' impart
Her son's return, and ease a parent's heart:
Lest a sad prey to ever-musing cares,
Pale grief destroy what time awhile forbears.

Th' uncautious herald with impatience burns,
And cries aloud—'Thy son, O queen, returns.'
Eumæus sage approach'd the' imperial throne,
And breath'd his mandate to her ear alone.

Then measur'd back the way—The suitor band,
Stung to the soul, abash'd, confounded stand;
And issuing from the dome, before the gate,
With clouded looks, a pale assembly, sat.
At length Eurymachus: 'Our hopes are vain;
Telemachus in triumph sails the main.
Haste, rear the mast, the swelling shroud display;
Haste, to our ambush'd friends the news convey!'
Scarce had he spoke, when turning to the strand
Amphinomus survey'd the' associate band;
Full to the bay within the winding shores
With gather'd sails they stood, and lifted oars.
'O friends! (he cried—elate with rising joy)
See to the port secure the vessel fly!
Some god has told them; or themselves survey
The bark escap'd, and measure back their way.'
Swift at the word descending to the shores,
They moor the vessel and unlade the stores:
Then moving from the strand, apart they sat;
And full and frequent, form'd a dire debate.
'Lives then the boy?'—'He lives (Antinous cries)
The care of gods and favourite of the skies.
All night we watch'd, till with her orient wheels
Aurora flam'd above the eastern hills.
And from the lofty brow of rocks by day
Took in the ocean with a broad survey.
Yet safe he sails!—the powers celestial give
To shun the hidden snares of death, and live.
But die he shall:—and thus condemn'd to bleed,
Be now the scene of instant death decreed:
Hope ye success? undaunted crush the foe.
Is he not wise? know this, and strike the blow.
Wait ye, till he to arms in council draws
The Greeks, averse too justly to our cause?

Strike, ere, the states conven'd, the foe betray
Our murderous ambush on the watery way.
Or choose ye vagrant from their rage to fly
Outcasts of earth, to breathe an unknown sky?
The brave prevent misfortune:—then be brave,
And bury future danger in his grave.
Returns he? ambush'd we'll his walk invade,
Or where he hides in solitude and shade:
And give the palace to the queen a dow'r,
Or him she blesses in the bridal hour.
But if submissive you resign the sway,
Slaves to a boy; go, flatter and obey.
Retire we instant to our native reign,
Nor be the wealth of kings consum'd in vain.
Then wed whom choice approves: the queen be given
To some bless'd prince, the prince decreed by heaven.'

Abash'd, the suitor train his voice attends;
Till from his throne Amphinomus ascends,
Who o'er Dulichium stretch'd his spacious reign
(A land of plenty, bless'd with every grain):
Chief of the numbers who the queen address'd;
And though displeasing, yet displeasing least.
Soft were his words; his actions wisdom sway'd:
Graceful awhile he paus'd—then mildly said:

'O friends forbear! and be the thought withstood:
'Tis horrible to shed imperial blood!
Consult we first the' all-seeing powers above,
And the sure oracles of righteous Jove.
If they assent, e'en by this hand he dies;
If they forbid, I war not with the skies.'

He said: the rival train his voice approv'd,
And, rising, instant to the palace mov'd.

Arriv'd, with wild tumultuous noise they sat,
Recumbent on the shining thrones of state:
Then Medon, conscious of their dire debates,
The murderous council to the queen relates.
Touch'd at the dreadful story, she descends:
Her hasty steps a damsel train attends.
Full where the dome its shining valves expands,
Sudden before the rival powers she stands:
And veiling decent with a modest shade
Her cheek, indignant to Antinous said:
'O void of faith! of all bad men the worst!
Renown'd for wisdom, by the' abuse accurs'd!
Mistaking fame proclaims thy generous mind!
Thy deeds denote thee of the basest kind.
Wretch! to destroy a prince that friendship gives;
While in his guest his murderer he receives:
Nor dread superior Jove, to whom belong
The cause of suppliants, and revenge of wrong.
Hast thou forgot (ingrateful as thou art),
Who sav'd thy father with a friendly part?
Lawless he ravag'd with his martial powers
The Taphian pirates on Thesprotia's shores;
Enrag'd, his life, his treasures they demand;
Ulysses sav'd him from the' avenger's hand.
And would'st thou evil for his good repay?
His bed dishonour, and his house betray?
Afflict his queen? and with a murderous hand
Destroy his heir?—but cease;—'tis I command.'
'Far hence those fears (Eurymachus replied),
O prudent princess! bid thy soul confide.
Breathes there a man who dares that hero slay,
While I behold the golden light of day?
No: by the righteous powers of heaven I swear,
His blood in vengeance smokes upon my spear.

Ulysses, when my infant days I led,
With wine suffic'd me, and with dainties fed:
My generous soul abhors the' ungrateful part,
And my friend's son lives dearest to my heart.
Then fear no mortal arm:—if heaven destroy,
We must resign: for man is born to die.'

Thus smooth he ended;—yet his death conspir'd:
Then, sorrowing, with sad step the queen retir'd.
With streaming eyes, all comfortless, deplor'd,
Touch'd with the dear remembrance of her lord;
Nor ceas'd, till Pallas bid her sorrows fly,
And in soft slumbers seal'd her flowing eye.

And now Eumæus, at the evening hour,
Came, late returning to his silvan bow'r.
Ulysses and his son had dress'd with art
A yearling boar: and gave the gods their part:
Holy repast! That instant from the skies
The martial goddess to Ulysses flies:
She waves her golden wand, and reassumes
From every feature every grace that blooms;
At once his vestures change; at once she sheds
Age o'er his limbs, that tremble as he treads:
Lest to the queen the swain with transport fly,
Unable to contain the' unruly joy.

When near he drew, the prince breaks forth;—
'Proclaim
What tidings, friend? what speaks the voice of fame?
Say, if the suitors measure back the main;
Or still in ambush thirst for blood in vain?'

'Whether (he cries) they measure back the flood,
Or still in ambush thirst in vain for blood,
Escap'd my care: where lawless suitors sway,
(Thy mandate borne) my soul disdain'd to stay.

But from the' Hermæan height I cast a view,
Where to the port a bark high bounding flew;
Her freight a shining band: with martial air
Each pois'd his shield, and each advanc'd his spear:
And if aright these searching eyes survey,
The' eluded suitors stem the watery way.'

The prince, well pleas'd to disappoint their wiles,
Steals on his sire a glance, and secret smiles.
And now, a short repast prepar'd, they fed,
Till the keen rage of craving hunger fled:
Then to repose withdrawn, apart they lay,
And in soft sleep forgot the cares of day.

THE

SEVENTEENTH BOOK

OF THE

ODYSSEY.

To want like mine, the peopled town can yield
More hopes of comfort, than the lonely field.
Nor fits my age to till the labour'd lands,
Or stoop to tasks a rural lord demands.
Adieu!—but since this ragged garb can bear
So ill the' inclemencies of morning air,
A few hours' space permit me here to stay:
My steps Eumæus shall to town convey,
With riper beams when Phœbus warms the day.'

Thus he:—nor aught Telemachus replied,
But left the mansion with a lofty stride:
Schemes of revenge his pondering breast elate,
Revolving deep the suitors' sudden fate.
Arriving now before the' imperial hall,
He props his spear against the pillar'd wall:
Then like a lion o'er the threshold bounds;
The marble pavement with his step resounds.
His eye first glanc'd where Eurycleа spreads
With furry spoils of beasts the splendid beds:
She saw, she wept, she ran with eager pace,
And reach'd her master with a long embrace.
All crowded round: the family appears
With wild entrancement, and ecstatic tears.
Swift from above descends the royal fair;
(Her beauteous cheeks the blush of Venus wear,
Chasten'd with coy Diana's pensive air)
Hangs o'er her son; in his embraces dies;
Rains kisses on his neck, his face, his eyes:
Few words she spoke, though much she had to say;
And scarce those few, for tears, could force their way.

'Light of my eyes! he comes! unhop'd-for joy!
Has heaven from Pylos brought my lovely boy?
So snatch'd from all our cares!—Tell, hast thou
Thy father's fate, and tell me all thy own.' [known

'O dearest, most rever'd of womankind;
Cease with those tears to melt a manly mind
(Replied the prince); nor be our fates deplor'd,
From death and treason to thy arms restor'd.
Go bathe, and, rob'd in white, ascend the towers;
With all thy handmaids thank the' immortal powers;
To every god vow hecatombs to bleed,
And call Jove's vengeance on their guilty deed:
While to the' assembled council I repair;
A stranger sent by heaven attends me there;
My new-accepted guest I haste to find,
Now to Piræus' honour'd charge consign'd.'

The matron heard, nor was his word in vain.
She bath'd; and rob'd in white, with all her train,
To every god vow'd hecatombs to bleed,
And call'd Jove's vengeance on the guilty deed.
Arm'd with his lance the prince then pass'd the gate;
Two dogs behind, a faithful guard, await;
Pallas his form with grace divine improves;
The gazing crowd admires him as he moves.
Him, gathering round, the haughty suitors greet
With semblance fair, but inward deep deceit.
Their false addresses generous he denied;
Pass'd on, and sat by faithful Mentor's side;
With Antiphus, and Halitherses sage
(His father's counsellors, rever'd for age).
Of his own fortunes, and Ulysses' fame,
Much ask'd the seniors; till Piræus came.
The stranger-guest pursued him close behind;
Whom when Telemachus beheld, he join'd.
He (when Piræus ask'd for slaves to bring
The gifts and treasures of the Spartan king)
Thus thoughtful answer'd: 'Those we shall not move
Dark and unconscious of the will of Jove,

We know not yet the full event of all:
Stabb'd in his palace if your prince must fall,
Us and our house if treason must o'erthrow,
Better a friend possess them, than a foe:
If death to these, and vengeance, heaven decree,
Riches are welcome then, not else, to me.
Till then, retain the gifts.'—The hero said,
And in his hand the willing stranger led.
Then disarray'd, the shining bath they sought,
(With unguents smooth) of polish'd marble wrought.
Obedient handmaids with assistant toil
Supply the limpid wave and fragrant oil:
Then o'er their limbs refulgent robes they threw,
And fresh from bathing to their seats withdrew.
The golden ewer a nymph attendant brings,
Replenish'd from the pure translucent springs;
With copious streams that golden ewer supplies
A silver laver of capacious size.
They wash: the table, in fair order spread,
Is pil'd with viands and the strength of bread.
Full opposite, before the folding gate,
The pensive mother sits in humble state.
Lowly she sat, and with dejected view
The fleecy threads her ivory fingers drew.
The prince and stranger shar'd the genial feast,
Till now the rage of thirst and hunger cess'd.
When thus the queen:—'My son! my only friend!
Say, to my mournful couch shall I ascend?
(The couch deserted now a length of years,
The couch for ever water'd with my tears)
Say wilt thou not (ere yet the suitor-crew
Return, and riot shake our walls anew),
Say wilt thou not the least account afford?
The least glad tidings of my absent lord?'

To her the youth: 'We reach'd the Pylian plains,
Where Nestor, shepherd of his people, reigns.
All arts of tenderness to him are known,
Kind to Ulysses' race as to his own;
No father with a fonder grasp of joy
Strains to his bosom his long-absent boy.
But all unknown, if yet Ulysses breathe,
Or glide a spectre in the realms beneath:
For further search, his rapid steeds transport
My lengthen'd journey to the Spartan court.
There Argive Helen I beheld; whose charms
(So heaven decreed) engag'd the great in arms.
My cause of coming told, he thus rejoin'd;
And still his words live perfect in my mind:
"Heavens! would a soft, inglorious, dastard train
An absent hero's nuptial joys profane?
So with her young, amid the woodland shades,
A timorous hind the lion's court invades,
Leaves in that fatal lair her tender fawns,
And climbs the cliff, or feeds along the lawns;
Meantime returning, with remorseless sway
The monarch savage rends the panting prey.
With equal fury, and with equal fame,
Shall great Ulysses reassert his claim.
O Jove! supreme! whom men and gods revere;
And thou, whose lustre gilds the rolling sphere!
With power congenial join'd, propitious aid
The chief adopted by the martial maid!
Such to our wish the warrior soon restore,
As when, contending on the Lesbian shore,
His prowess Philomelides confess'd,
And loud-acclaiming Greeks the victor bless'd.
Then soon the invaders of his bed, and throne,
Their love presumptuous shall by death atone.

And now his city strikes the monarch's eyes;
Alas! how chang'd! a man of miseries!
Propt on a staff, a beggar old and bare,
In rags dishonest fluttering with the air!
Now pass'd the rugged road, they journey down
The cavern'd way descending to the town,
Where, from the rock, with liquid lapse distils
A limpid fount; that, spread in parting rills,
Its current thence to serve the city brings:
An useful work! adorn'd by ancient kings.
Neritus, Ithacus, Polyctor there
In sculptur'd stone immortaliz'd their care;
In marble urns receiv'd it from above,
And shaded with a green surrounding grove;
Where silver alders, in high arches twin'd,
Drink the cold stream, and tremble to the wind.
Beneath, sequester'd to the nymphs, is seen
A mossy altar, deep embower'd in green;
Where constant vows by travellers are paid,
And holy horrors solemnize the shade.
Here with his goats (not vow'd to sacred flame,
But pamper'd luxury), Melanthius came;
Two grooms attend him. With an envious look
He ey'd the stranger, and imperious spoke:
'The good old proverb how this pair fulfil!
One rogue is usher to another still.
Heaven with a secret principle endued
Mankind, to seek their own similitude.
Where goes the swine-herd with that ill-look'd guest?
That giant-glutton, dreadful at a feast!
Full many a post have those broad shoulders worn,
From every great man's gate repuls'd with scorn:
To no brave prize aspir'd the worthless swain;
'Twas but for scraps he ask'd, and ask'd in vain.

To beg, than work, he better understands;
Or we perhaps might take him off thy hands.
For any office could the slave be good,
To cleanse the fold, or help the kid to food,
If any labour those big joints could learn,
Some whey, to wash his bowels, he might earn.
To cringe, to whine, his idle hands to spread,
Is all, by which that graceless maw is fed.
Yet hear me! if thy impudence but dare
Approach yon walls, I prophesy thy fare:
Dearly, full dearly shalt thou buy thy bread,
With many a footstool thundering at thy head.'
He thus:—nor insolent of word alone,
Spurn'd with his rustic heel his king unknown;
Spurn'd, but not mov'd: he, like a pillar stood,
Nor stirr'd an inch, contemptuous, from the road;
Doubtful, or with his staff to strike him dead,
Or greet the pavement with his worthless head.
Short was that doubt:—to quell his rage inur'd,
The hero stood self-conquer'd, and endur'd.
But hateful of the wretch, Eumæus heav'd
His hands obtesting, and this prayer conceiv'd:
'Daughters of Jove! who from the' ethereal bowers
Descend to swell the springs, and feed the flowers!
Nymphs of this fountain! to whose sacred names
Our rural victims mount in blazing flames!
To whom Ulysses' piety preferr'd
The yearly firstlings of his flock, and herd;
Succeed my wish; your votary restore!
O be some god his convoy to our shore!
Due pains shall punish then this slave's offence,
And humble all his airs of insolence,
Who, proudly stalking, leaves the herds at large,
Commences courtier, and neglects his charge.'

'What matters he? (Melanthius sharp rejoins)
This crafty miscreant big with dark designs?
The day shall come—nay, 'tis already near,—
When, slave! to sell thee at a price too dear,
Must be my care; and hence transport thee o'er;
A load and scandal to this happy shore.
Oh! that as surely great Apollo's dart,
Or some brave suitor's sword, might pierce the heart
Of the proud son; as that we stand this hour
In lasting safety from the father's pow'r.'

So spoke the wretch; but shunning further fray,
Turn'd his proud step, and left them on their way.
Straight to the feastful palace he repair'd,
Familiar enter'd, and the banquet shar'd;
Beneath Eurymachus, his patron lord,
He took his place: and plenty heap'd the board.

Meantime they heard, soft-circling in the sky,
Sweet airs ascend, and heavenly minstrelsy;
(For Phemius to the lyre attun'd the strain)
Ulysses hearken'd, then address'd the swain:

"Well may this palace admiration claim,
Great, and respondent to the master's fame!
Stage above stage the' imperial structure stands,
Holds the chief honours and the town commands:
High walls and battlements the courts inclose,
And the strong gates defy a host of foes.
For other cares its dwellers now employ;
The throng'd assembly, and the feast of joy:
I see the smoke of sacrifice aspire,
And hear (what graces every feast) the lyre.'

Then thus Eumæus:—'Judge we which were best;
Amidst yon revellers a sudden guest
Choose you to mingle, while behind I stay?
Or I first entering introduce the way?

Wait for a space without; but wait not long.
This is the house of violence and wrong:
Some rude insult thy reverend age may bear;
For like their lawless lords, the servants are.'

'Just is, O friend! thy caution, and address'd
(Replied the chief) to no unheedful breast:
The wrongs and injuries of base mankind
Fresh to my sense, and always in my mind.
The bravely-patient to no fortune yields.
On rolling oceans, and in fighting fields,
Storms have I pass'd, and many a stern debate;
And now in humbler scene submit to fate.
What cannot want? the best she will expose;
And I am learn'd in all her train of woes.
She fills with navies, hosts, and loud alarms,
The sea, the land, and shakes the world with arms!'

Thus, near the gates conferring as they drew,
Argus, the dog, his ancient master knew;
He, not unconscious of the voice, and tread,
Lifts to the sound his ear, and rears his head!—
Bred by Ulysses, nourish'd at his board;
But ah! not fated long to please his lord!
To him, his swiftness and his strength were vain;
The voice of glory call'd him o'er the main.
Till then in every silvan chace renown'd,
With Argus, Argus, rung the woods around;
With him the youth pursued the goat or fawn,
Or trac'd the mazy leveret o'er the lawn.
Now left to man's ingratitude he lay,
Unhous'd, neglected, in the public way;
And where on heaps the rich manure was spread,
Obscene with reptiles, took his sordid bed.

He knew his lord:—he knew, and strove to meet;
(In vain he strove) to crawl, and kiss his feet;

Yet (all he could) his tail, his ears, his eyes,
Salute his master, and confess his joys.
Soft pity touch'd the mighty master's soul:
Adown his cheek a tear unbidden stole;
Stole unperceiv'd; he turn'd his head, and dried
The drop humane:—then thus impassion'd cried:
'What noble beast in this abandon'd state
Lies here all helpless at Ulysses' gate!
His bulk and beauty speak no vulgar praise;
If, as he seems, he was in better days,
Some care his age deserves: or was he prix'd
For worthless beauty! therefore now despis'd?
Such dogs, and men, there are; mere things of state,
And always cherish'd by their friends, the great.'
'Not Argus so (Eumæus thus rejoin'd),
But serv'd a master of a nobler kind:
Who never, never shall behold him more!
Long, long since perish'd on a distant shore!
O had you seen him, vigorous, bold, and young,
Swift as a stag, and as a lion strong!
Him no fell savage on the plain withstood,
None 'scap'd him, bosom'd in the gloomy wood;
His eye how piercing, and his scent how true,
To wind the vapour in the tainted dew!
Such, when Ulysses left his natal coast;
Now years unnerve him, and his lord is lost!
The women keep the generous creature bare;
A sleek and idle race is all their care:
The master gone, the servants what restrains?
Or dwells humanity where riot reigns?
Jove fix'd it certain, that whatever day
Makes man a slave, takes half his worth away.'
This said, the honest herdsman strode before:
The musing monarch passes at the door;

The dog, whom fate had granted to behold
His lord, when twenty tedious years had roll'd,
Takes a last look, and, having seen him, dies;
So clos'd for ever faithful Argus' eyes!
And now Telemachus, the first of all,
Observ'd Eumæus entering in the hall:
Distant he saw, across the shady dome;
Then gave a sign, and beckon'd him to come.
There stood an empty seat, where late was plac'd,
In order due, the steward of the feast;
(Who now was busied carving round the board)
Eumæus took, and plac'd it near his lord.
Before him instant was the banquet spread,
And the bright basket pil'd with loaves of bread.
Next came Ulysses, lowly at the door,
A figure despicable, old, and poor,
In squalid vest with many a gaping rent,
Propt on a staff, and trembling as he went.
Then, resting on the threshold of the gate,
Against a cypress pillar lean'd his weight;
(Smooth'd by the workman to a polish'd plain)
The thoughtful son beheld, and call'd his swain.
'These viands, and this bread, Eumæus, bear,
And let you mendicant our plenty share:
Then let him circle round the suitors' board,
And try the bounty of each gracious lord.
Bold let him ask, encourag'd thus by me;
How ill, alas! do want and shame agree?'
His lord's command the faithful servant hears;
The seeming beggar answers with his pray'rs.
'Bless'd be Telemachus! in every deed
Inspire him Jove! in every wish succeed!'
This said, the portion from his son convey'd,
With smiles receiving, on his scrip he laid.

Long as the minstrel swept the sounding wire,
He fed; and ceas'd when silence held the lyre.
Soon as the suitors from the banquet rose,
Minerva prompts the man of mighty woes,
To tempt their bounties with a suppliant's art,
And learn the generous from the' ignoble heart;
(Not but his soul, resentful as humane,
Dooms to full vengeance all the' offending train)
With speaking eyes, and voice of plaintive sound,
Humble he moves, imploring all around.
The proud feel pity, and relief bestow,
With such an image touch'd of human woe;
Enquiring all, their wonder they confess,
And eye the man, majestic in distress.
While thus they gaze and question with their eyes,
The bold Melanthius to their thought replies:
'My lords! this stranger of gigantic port
The good Eumæus usher'd to your court.
Full well I mark'd the features of his face,
Though all unknown his clime, or noble race.'
'And is this present, swineherd! of thy hand?
Bring'st thou these vagrants to infest the land?
(Returns Antinous with retorted eye)
Objects uncouth! to check the genial joy.
Enough of these our court already grace;
Of giant stomach, and of famish'd face.
Such guests Eumæus to his country brings,
To share our feast, and lead the life of kings!'
To whom the hospitable swain rejoin'd:
'Thy passion, prince, belies thy knowing mind.
Who calls, from distant nations to his own,
The poor, distinguish'd by their wants alone?
Round the wide world are sought those men divine
Who public structures raise, or who design;

Those to whose eyes the gods their ways reveal,
Or bless with salutary arts to heal;
But chief to poets such respect belongs;
By rival nations courted for their songs:
These states invite, and mighty kings admire,
Wide as the sun displays his vital fire.
It is not so with want!—how few that feed
A wretch unhappy, merely for his need?
Unjust to me and all that serve the state,
To love Ulysses is to raise thy hate.
For me, suffice the approbation won
Of my great mistress, and her godlike son.'
To him Telemachus;—'No more incense
The man by nature prone to insolence:
Injurious minds just answers but provoke—'
Then turning to Antinous, thus he spoke:
'Thanks to thy care! whose absolute command
Thus drives the stranger from our court and land.
Heaven bless its owner with a better mind!
From envy free, to charity inclin'd.
This both Penelope and I afford:
Then, prince! be bounteous of Ulysses' board.
To give another's is thy hand so slow?
So much more sweet, to spoil, than to bestow?
'Whence, great Telemachus! this lofty strain?
(Antinous cries with insolent disdain)
Portions like mine if every suitor gave,
Our walls this twelvemonth should not see the slave.'
He spoke; and lifting high above the board
His ponderous footstool, shook it at his lord.
The rest with equal hand conferr'd the bread:
He fill'd his scrip, and to the threshold sped;
But first before Antinous stopp'd, and said:

'Bestow, my friend!—thou dost not seem the worst
Of all the Greeks, but princelike and the first:
Then as in dignity, be first in worth;
And I shall praise thee through the boundless earth.
Once I enjoy'd, in luxury of state,
Whate'er gives man the envied name of great.
Wealth, servants, friends, were mine in better days:
And hospitality was then my praise;
In every sorrowing soul I pour'd delight,
And poverty stood smiling in my sight.
But Jove, all-governing, whose only will
Determines fate, and mingles good with ill,
Sent me (to punish my pursuit of gain)
With roving pirates o'er the' Egyptian main:
By Egypt's silver flood our ships we moor:
Our spies commission'd straight the coast explore;
But impotent of mind, with lawless will
The country ravage, and the natives kill.
The spreading clamour to their city flies,
And horse and foot in mingled tumult rise:
The reddening dawn reveals the hostile fields
Horrid with bristly spears, and gleaming shields:
Jove thunder'd on their side: our guilty head
We turn'd to flight; the gathering vengeance spread
On all parts round, and heaps on heaps lay dead.
Some few the foes in servitude detain;
Death ill exchang'd for bondage and for pain!
Unhappy me a Cyprian took aboard;
And gave to Dmetor, Cyprus' haughty lord:
Hither, to 'scape his chains, my course I steer;
Still curs'd by fortune, and insulted here!'

To whom Antinous thus his rage express'd:—
'What god has plagued us with this gormand guest?

Unless at distance, wretch! thou keep behind,
Another isle, than Cyprus more unkind,
Another Egypt, shalt thou quickly find.
From all thou beg'st, a bold audacious slave,
Nor all can give so much as thou canst crave.
Nor wonder I at such profusion shown:—
Shameless they give, who give what's not their own.'

The chief, retiring:—'Souls like that in thee,
Ill suit such forms of grace and dignity.
Nor will that hand to utmost need afford
The smallest portion of a wasteful board,
Whose luxury whole patrimonies sweeps:—
Yet starving want, amidst the riot, weeps.'

The haughty suitor with resentment burns;
And sourly smiling, this reply returns:
'Take that, ere yet thou quit this princely throng:
And dumb for ever be thy slanderous tongue!'
He said, and high the whirling tripod flung.
His shoulder-blade receiv'd the ungentle shock:
He stood, and mov'd not, like a marble rock;
But shook his thoughtful head: nor more complain'd;
Sedate of soul, his character sustain'd,
And inly form'd revenge: then back withdrew;
Before his feet the well-fill'd scrip he threw,
And thus with semblance mild address'd the crew:

'May what I speak your princely minds approve,
Ye peers and rivals in this noble love!
Not for the hurt I grieve, but for the cause.
If, when the sword our country's quarrel draws,
Or if defending what is justly dear,
From Mars impartial some broad wound we bear;
The generous motive dignifies the scar.
But for mere want, how hard to suffer wrong?
Want brings enough of other ills along!

Yet if injustice never be secure,
If fiends revenge, and gods assert the poor,
Death shall lay low the proud aggressor's head,
And make the dust Antinous' bridal bed.'
'Peace, wretch! and eat thy bread without offence,
(The suitor cried) or force shall drag thee hence,
Scourge through the public street, and cast thee there,
A mangled carcase for the hounds to tear.'
His furious deed the general anger mov'd:
All, e'en the worst, condemn'd; and some reprov'd.
'Was ever chief for wars like these renown'd?
Ill fits the stranger and the poor to wound.
Unbless'd thy hand!—if in this low disguise
Wander, perhaps, some inmate of the skies;
They (curious oft of mortal actions) deign
In forms like these, to round the earth and main,
Just and unjust recording in their mind,
And with sure eyes inspecting all mankind.'
Telemachus, absorpt in thought severe,
Nourish'd deep anguish, though he shed no tear;
But the dark brow of silent sorrow shook:
While thus his mother to her virgins spoke:
'On him and his may the bright god of day
That base inhospitable blow repay!'
The nurse replies: 'If Jove receives my pray'r,
Not one survives to breathe to-morrow's air.'
'All, all are foes, and mischief is their end;
Antinous most to gloomy death a friend
(Replies the queen): the stranger begg'd their grace,
And melting pity soften'd every face;
From every other hand redress he found,
But fell Antinous answer'd with a wound.'

Amidst her maids thus spoke the prudent queen:
Then bad Eumæus call the pilgrim in.—
'Much of the' experienc'd man I long to hear;
If or his certain eye, or listening ear,
Have learn'd the fortunes of my wandering lord.'
Thus she;—and good Eumæus took the word:
'A private audience if thy grace impart,
The stranger's words may ease the royal heart.
His sacred eloquence in balm distils,
And the sooth'd heart with secret pleasure fills. [run
Three days have spent their beams, three nights have
Their silent journey, since his tale begun,
Unfinish'd yet; and yet I thirst to hear!
As when some heaven-taught poet charms the ear,
(Suspending sorrow with celestial strain,
Breath'd from the gods to soften human pain)
Time steals away with unregarded wing,
And the soul hears him, though he cease to sing.
'Ulysses late he saw, on Cretan ground,
(His father's guest) for Minos' birth renown'd.
He now but waits the wind, to waft him o'er,
With boundless treasure, from Thesprotia's shore.'
To this the queen: The wanderer let me hear,
While yon luxurious race indulge their cheer,
Devour the grazing ox and browzing goat,
And turn my generous vintage down their throat.
For where's an arm like thine, Ulysses! strong,
To curb wild riot, and to punish wrong?'
She spoke:—Telemachus then sneez'd aloud;
Constrain'd; his nostril echoed through the crowd.
The smiling queen the happy omen bless'd:
'So may these impious fall, by fate oppress'd!'
Then to Eumæus: 'Bring the stranger; fly!
And if my questions meet a true reply,

Grac'd with a decent robe he shall retire,
A gift in season which his wants require.'
Thus spoke Penelope. Eumæus flies
In duteous haste, and to Ulysses cries:
'The queen invites thee, venerable guest!
A secret instinct moves her troubled breast,
Of her long absent lord from thee to gain
Some light, and soothe her soul's eternal pain.
If true, if faithful thou, her grateful mind
Of decent robes a present has design'd:
So finding favour in the royal eye,
Thy other wants her subjects shall supply.'
'Fair truth alone (the patient man replied)
My words shall dictate, and my lips shall guide.
To him, to me, one common lot was given,
In equal woes, alas! involv'd by heaven.
Much of his fates I know; but check'd by fear
I stand:—the hand of violence is here:
Here boundless wrongs the starry skies invade,
And injur'd suppliants seek in vain for aid.
Let for a space the pensive queen attend,
Nor claim my story till the sun descend;
Then in such robes as suppliants may require,
Compos'd and cheerful by the genial fire,
When loud uproar and lawless riot cease,
Shall her pleas'd ear receive my words in peace.'
Swift to the queen returns the gentle swain:
'And say, (she cries) does fear, or shame, detain
The cautious stranger? With the begging kind
Shame suits but ill.' Eumæus thus rejoin'd:
'He only asks a more propitious hour,
And shuns (who would not?) wicked men in pow'r;
At evening mild, meet season to confer,
By turns to question, and by turns to hear.'

'Whoe'er this guest (the prudent queen replies)
His every step and every thought is wise.
For men like these on earth he shall not find,
In all the miscreant race of humankind.'
Thus she. Eumæus all her words attends,
And, parting, to the suitor-powers descends:
There seeks Telemachus; and thus apart
In whispers breathes the fondness of his heart:
'The time, my lord, invites me to repair
Hence to the lodge; my charge demands my care.
These sons of murder thirst thy life to take;
O guard it, guard it, for thy servant's sake!'
'Thanks to my friend, he cries; but now the hour
Of night draws on; go, seek the rural bow'r:
But first refresh: and at the dawn of day
Hither a victim to the gods convey.
Our life to heaven's immortal powers we trust:
Safe in their care; for heaven protects the just.'
Observant of his voice, Eumæus sat
And fed recumbent on a chair of state.
Then instant rose, and as he mov'd along
'Twas riot all amid the suitor-throng:
They feast, they dance, and raise the mirthful song,
Till now declining toward the close of day,
The sun obliquely shot his dewy ray.

THE ARGUMENT.

THE FIGHT OF ULYSSES AND IRUS.

THE beggar Irus insults Ulysses; the suitors promote the quarrel, in which Irus is worsted, and miserably handled. Penelope descends, and receives the presents of the suitors. The dialogue of Ulysses with Eurymachus.

THE

ODYSSEY.

BOOK XVIII.

WHILE fix'd in thought the pensive hero sat,
A mendicant approach'd the royal gate;
A surly vagrant of the giant kind,
The stain of manhood, of a coward mind:
From feast to feast, insatiate to devour,
He flew, attendant on the genial hour.
Him on his mother's knees, when babe he lay,
She nam'd Arnæus on his natal day:
But Irus his associates call'd the boy,
Practis'd, the common messenger, to fly;
Irus, a name expressive of the' employ.
From his own roof, with meditated blows,
He strove to drive the man of mighty woes.
'Hence, dotard, hence! and timely speed thy way,
Lest dragg'd in vengeance thou repent thy stay;
See how with nods assent yon princely train!
But honouring age, in mercy I refrain.
In peace away! lest, if persuasions fail,
This arm with blows more eloquent prevail.'
To whom, with stern regard:—'Oh, insolence;
Indecently to rail without offence!

What bounty gives, without a rival share:
I ask, what harms not thee, to breathe this air:
Alike on alms we both precarious live:
And canst thou envy when the great relieve?
Know from the bounteous heavens all riches flow;
And what man gives, the gods by man bestow.
Proud as thou art, henceforth no more be proud,
Lest I imprint my vengeance in thy blood;
Old as I am, should once my fury burn,
How wouldst thou fly, nor e'en in thought return!'
'Mere woman-glutton! (thus the churl replied)
A tongue so flippant, with a throat so wide!
Why cease I, gods! to dash those teeth away,
Like some vile boar's, that greedy of his prey
Uproots the bearded corn?—rise; try the fight;
Gird well thy loins; approach, and feel my might:
Sure of defeat, before the peers engage;
Unequal fight! when youth contends with age!'
Thus in a wordy war their tongues display
More fierce intents, preluding to the fray.
Antinous hears, and in a jovial vein,
Thus with loud laughter to the suitor-train:
'This happy day in mirth, my friends, employ:
And lo! the gods conspire to crown our joy.
See, ready for the fight, and hand to hand,
Yon surly mendicants contentious stand! [spring
Why urge we not to blows?—'Well pleas'd they
Swift from their seats, and, thickening, form a ring.
To whom Antinous:—'Lo! enrich'd with blood,
A kid's well-fatted entrails (tasteful food)
On glowing embers lie; on him bestow
The choicest portion who subdues his foe;
Grant him unrivall'd in these walls to stay,
The sole attendant on the genial day.'

The lords applaud: Ulysses then with art,
And fears well-feign'd, disguis'd his dauntless heart;
'Worn as I am with age, decay'd with woe;
Say, is it baseness to decline the foe?
Hard conflict! when calamity and age
With vigorous youth, unknown to cares, engage:
Yet fearful of disgrace, to try the day
Imperious hunger bids, and I obey.
But swear, impartial arbiters of right,
Swear to stand neutral, while we cope in fight.'

The peers assent: when straight his sacred head
Telemachus uprais'd, and sternly said:
'Stranger, if prompted to chastise the wrong
Of this bold insolent, confide, be strong!
The' injurious Greek that dares attempt a blow,
That instant makes Telemachus his foe;
And these my friends [1] shall guard the sacred ties
Of hospitality;—for they are wise.'

Then girding his strong loins, the king prepares
To close in combat, and his body bares;
Broad spread his shoulders; and his nervous thighs
By just degrees, like well-turn'd columns, rise:
Ample his chest; his arms are round and long,
And each strong joint Minerva knits more strong
(Attendant on her chief): the suitor-crowd
With wonder gaze, and gazing speak aloud:
'Irus, alas! shall Irus be no more;
Black fate impends, and this the' avenging hour!
Gods! how his nerves a matchless strength proclaim,
Swell o'er his well-strung limbs, and brace his frame!'

Then pale with fears, and sickening at the sight,
They dragg'd the unwilling Irus to the fight;

[1] Antinous and Eurymachus.

From his blank visage fled the coward blood,
And his flesh trembled as aghast he stood.
'Oh that such baseness should disgrace the light!
O hide it, death, in everlasting night!
(Exclaims Antinous)—can a vigorous foe
Meanly decline to combat age and woe!
But hear me, wretch! if recreant in the fray,
That huge bulk yield this ill-contested day,
Instant thou sail'st, to Echetus resign'd,
A tyrant fiercest of the tyrant-kind;
Who casts thy mangled ears and nose a prey
To hungry dogs, and lops the man away.'
While with indignant scorn he sternly spoke,
In every joint the trembling Irus shook.
Now front to front each frowning champion stands,
And poises high in air his adverse hands.
The chief yet doubts, or to the shades below
To fell the giant at one vengeful blow,
Or save his life: and soon his life to save
The king resolves; for mercy sways the brave.
That instant Irus his huge arm extends,
Full on the shoulder the rude weight descends.
The sage Ulysses, fearful to disclose
The hero latent in the man of woes,
Check'd half his might: yet rising to the stroke,
His jaw-bone dash'd; the crashing jaw-bone broke:
Down dropt he stupid from the stunning wound;
His feet extended, quivering, beat the ground;
His mouth and nostrils spout a purple flood;
His teeth, all shatter'd, rush immix'd with blood.
The peers transported, as outstretch'd he lies,
With bursts of laughter rend the vaulted skies;
Then dragg'd along, all bleeding from the wound,
His length of carcase trailing prints the ground:

Rais'd on his feet, again he reels, he falls,
Till propp'd reclining on the palace walls;
Then to his hand a staff the victor gave,
And thus with just reproach address'd the slave:
'There terrible, affright the dogs, and reign
A dreaded tyrant o'er the bestial train!
But mercy to the poor and stranger show;
Lest heaven in vengeance send some mightier woe.'
Scornful he spoke, and o'er his shoulder flung
The broad-patch'd scrip; the scrip in tatters hung,
Ill join'd, and knotted to a twisted thong.
Then, turning short, disdain'd a further stay;
But to the palace measur'd back the way.
There as he rested, gathering in a ring,
The peers with smiles address'd their unknown king:
'Stranger, may Jove and all the' aërial powers
With every blessing crown thy happy hours!
Our freedom to thy prowess'd arm we owe
From bold intrusion of thy coward foe;
Instant the flying sail the slave shall wing
To Echetus, the monster of a king.'
While pleas'd he hears, Antinous bears the food,
A kid's well-fatted entrails, rich with blood:
The bread from canisters of shining mold,
Amphinomus; and wines that laugh in gold:
'And oh! (he mildly cries) may heaven display
A beam of glory o'er thy future day!
Alas, the brave too oft is doom'd to bear
The gripes of poverty, and stings of care.'
To whom with thought mature the king replies:
'The tongue speaks wisely, when the soul is wise.
Such was thy father! in imperial state,
Great without vice, that oft attends the great:

Nor from the sire art thou, the son, declin'd:
Then hear my words, and grave them in thy mind!
Of all that breathes, or groveling creeps on earth,
Most vain is man! calamitous by birth.
To-day, with power elate, in strength he blooms;
The haughty creature on that power presumes:
Anon from heaven a sad reverse he feels;
Untaught to bear, 'gainst heaven the wretch rebels.
For man is changeful, as his bliss or woe;
Too high when prosperous; when distress'd too low.
There was a day, when with the scornful great
I swell'd in pomp, and arrogance of state:
Proud of the power that to high birth belongs;
And us'd that power to justify my wrongs.
Then let not man be proud: but firm of mind,
Bear the best humbly, and the worst resign'd;
Be dumb when heaven afflicts! unlike yon train
Of haughty spoilers, insolently vain;
Who make their queen and all her wealth a prey:
But vengeance and Ulysses wing their way.
O may'st thou, favour'd by some guardian pow'r,
Far, far be distant in that deathful hour!
For sure I am, if stern Ulysses breathe,
These lawless riots end in blood and death.'

Then to the gods the rosy juice he pours,
And the drain'd goblet to the chief restores.
Stung to the soul, o'ercast with holy dread,
He shook the graceful honours of his head:
His boding mind the future woe forestalls:—
In vain; by great Telemachus he falls;
For Pallas seals his doom: all sad he turns
To join the peers; resumes his throne, and mourns.

Meanwhile Minerva with instinctive fires
Thy soul, Penelope, from heaven inspires;

With flattering hopes the suitors to betray,
And seem to meet, yet fly, the bridal day;
Thy husband's wonder, and thy son's to raise,
And crown the mother and the wife with praise.
Then, while the streaming sorrow dims her eyes,
Thus with a transient smile the matron cries:
'Eurynomè! to go where riot reigns
I feel an impulse; though my soul disdains:
To my lov'd son the snares of death to show,
And in the traitor-friend unmask the foe;
Who smooth of tongue, in purpose insincere,
Hides fraud in smiles, while death is ambush'd there.'
'Go warn thy son, nor be the warning vain,
(Replied the sagest of the royal train)
But bath'd, anointed, and adorn'd, descend;
Powerful of charms, bid every grace attend;
The tide of flowing tears awhile suppress:
Tears but indulge the sorrow, not repress.
Some joy remains:—to thee a son is given,
Such as in fondness parents ask of heaven.'
'Ah me! forbear (returns the queen), forbear:
O talk not, talk not of vain beauty's care!
No more I bathe, since he no longer sees
Those charms, for whom alone I wish to please.
The day that bore Ulysses from this coast
Blasted the little bloom these cheeks could boast.
But instant bid Autonoè descend,
Instant Hippodamè our steps attend:
Ill suits it female virtue, to be seen
Alone, indecent, in the walks of men.'
Then while Eurynomè the mandate bears,
From heaven Minerva shoots with guardian cares;
O'er all her senses, as the couch she press'd,
She pours a pleasing, deep, and death-like rest:

With every beauty every feature arms;
Bids her cheeks glow, and lights up all her charms:
In her love-darting eyes awakes the fires;
(Immortal gifts! to kindle soft desires)
From limb to limb an air majestic sheds,
And the pure ivory o'er her bosom spreads.
Such Venus shines, when with a measur'd bound
She smoothly gliding swims the' harmonious round,
When with the graces in the dance she moves,
And fires the gazing gods with ardent loves.
Then to the skies her flight Minerva bends;
And to the queen the damsel-train descends:
Wak'd at their steps, her flowing eyes unclose;
The tear she wipes, and thus renews her woes:
'Howe'er 'tis well, that sleep awhile can free
With soft forgetfulness a wretch like me;
Oh! were it given to yield this transient breath!
Send, O Diana, send the sleep of death!
Why must I waste a tedious life in tears,
Nor bury in the silent grave my cares?
O my Ulysses! ever-honour'd name!
For thee I mourn, till death dissolves my frame.'
Thus wailing, slow and sadly she descends:
On either hand a damsel-train attends:
Full where the dome its shining valves expands,
Radiant before the gazing peers she stands;
A veil translucent o'er her brow display'd,
Her beauty seems, and only seems, to shade:
Sudden she lightens in their dazzled eyes,
And sudden flames in every bosom rise;
They send their eager souls with every look,
Till silence thus the' imperial matron broke:
'O why, my son, why now no more appears
That warmth of soul that urg'd thy younger years?

Thy riper days no growing worth impart;
A man in stature, still a boy in heart!
Thy well-knit frame, unprofitably strong,
Speaks thee an hero from an hero sprung:
But the just gods in vain those gifts bestow—
O wise alone in form, and brave in show!
Heavens! could a stranger feel oppression's hand
Beneath thy roof, and couldst thou tamely stand?
If thou the stranger's righteous cause decline,
His is the sufferance, but the shame is thine.'

To whom, with filial awe, the prince returns:
'That generous soul with just resentment burns.
Yet, taught by time, my heart has learn'd to glow
For others' good, and melt at others' woe:
But impotent these riots to repel,
I bear their outrage, though my soul rebel:
Helpless amid the snares of death I tread,
And numbers leagued in impious union dread.—
But now no crime is theirs: this wrong proceeds
From Irus; and the guilty Irus bleeds.
O would to Jove! or her whose arms display
The shield of Jove, or him who rules the day!
That yon proud suitors, who licentious tread
These courts, within these courts like Irus bled:
Whose loose head tottering, as with wine oppress'd,
Obliquely drops, and nodding knocks his breast:
Powerless to move, his staggering feet deny
The coward wretch the privilege to fly.'

Then to the queen Eurymachus replies:
'O justly lov'd, and not more fair than wise!
Should Greece through all her hundred states survey
Thy finish'd charms, all Greece would own thy sway,
In rival crowds contest the glorious prize,
Dispeopling realms to gaze upon thy eyes.

O woman! loveliest of the lovely kind,
In body perfect, and complete in mind!'
'Ah me! (returns the queen) when from this shore
Ulysses sail'd, then beauty was no more!
The gods decreed these eyes no more should keep
Their wonted grace, but only serve to weep.
Should he return, whate'er my beauties prove,
My virtues last:—my brightest charm is love.
Now, grief, thou all art mine! the gods o'ercast
My soul with woes, that long, ah long, must last!
Too faithfully my heart retains the day
That sadly tore my royal lord away:
He grasp'd my hand, and 'oh, my spouse! I leave
Thy arms (he cried), perhaps to find a grave:
Fame speaks the Trojans bold; they boast the skill
To give the feather'd arrow wings to kill,
To dart the spear, and guide the rushing car
With dreadful inroad through the walks of war.
My sentence is gone forth:—and 'tis decreed
Perhaps by righteous heaven that I must bleed!
My father, mother, all, I trust to thee;—
To them, to them transfer the love of me:
But when my son grows man, the royal sway
Resign, and happy be thy bridal day!'
Such were his words and Hymen, now prepares
To light his torch and give me up to cares;
The' afflictive hand of wrathful Jove to bear:
A wretch the most complete that breathes the air!
Fallen e'en below the rights to woman due!
Careless to please, with insolence ye woo!
The generous lovers, studious to succeed,
Bid their whole herds and flocks in banquets bleed;
By precious gifts the vow sincere display:
You, only you, make her ye love your prey.' . . .

Well-pleas'd Ulysses hears his queen deceive
The suitor-train, and raise a thirst to give:
False hopes she kindles: but those hopes betray,
And promise, yet elude, the bridal day.
While yet she speaks, the gay Antinous cries,
'Offspring of kings, and more than woman wise!
'Tis right; 'tis man's prerogative to give,
And custom bids thee without shame receive;
Yet never, never, from thy dome we move
Till Hymen lights the torch of sponsal love.'
The peers dispatch their heralds to convey
The gifts of love; with speed they take the way.
A robe Antinous gives of shining dyes,
The varying hues in gay confusion rise
Rich from the artist's hand: twelve clasps of gold
Close to the lessening waist the vest infold:
Down from the swelling loins the vest unbound
Floats in bright waves redundant o'er the ground.
A bracelet rich with gold, with amber gay,
That shot effulgence like the solar ray,
Eurymachus presents: and ear-rings bright,
With triple stars that cast a trembling light.
Pisander bears a necklace wrought with art:
And every peer, expressive of his heart,
A gift bestows: this done, the queen ascends,
And slow behind her damsel-train attends.
Then to the dance they form the vocal strain,
Till Hesperus leads forth the starry train;
And now he raises, as the day-light fades,
His golden circlet in the deepening shades:
Three vases heap'd with copious fires display
O'er all the palace a fictitious day;
From space to space the torch wide-beaming burns,
And sprightly damsels trim the rays by turns.

To whom the king:—'Ill suits your sex to stay
Alone with men! ye modest maids, away!
Go, with the queen the spindle guide; or cull
(The partners of her cares) the silver wool;
Be it my task the torches to supply,
E'en till the morning lamp adorns the sky:
E'en till the morning, with unwearied care,
Sleepless I watch:—for I have learn'd to bear.'

Scornful they heard: Melantho, fair and young,
(Melantho, from the loins of Dolius sprung,
Who with the queen her years an infant led,
With the soft fondness of a daughter bred)
Chiefly derides: regardless of the cares
Her queen endures, polluted joys she shares
Nocturnal with Eurymachus!—With eyes
That speak disdain, the wanton thus replies:

'Oh! whither wanders thy distemper'd brain,
Thou bold intruder on a princely train?
Hence to the vagrant's rendezvous repair;
Or shun in some black forge the midnight air.
Proceeds this boldness from a turn of soul,
Or flows licentious from the copious bowl:
Is it that vanquish'd Irus swells thy mind?
A foe may meet thee of a braver kind;
Who, shortening with a storm of blows thy stay,
Shall send thee howling all in blood away?'

To whom with frowns:—'O impudent in wrong!
Thy lord shall curb that insolence of tongue.
Know, to Telemachus I tell the' offence:
The scourge, the scourge shall lash thee into sense.

With conscious shame they hear the stern rebuke,
Nor longer durst sustain the sovereign look.

Then to the servile task the monarch turns
His royal hands: each torch refulgent burns

With added day: meanwhile in museful mood,
Absorpt in thought, on vengeance fix'd, he stood.
And now the martial maid, by deeper wrongs
To rouse Ulysses, points the suitors' tongues:
Scornful of age, to taunt the virtuous man,
Thoughtless and gay, Eurymachus began:
'Hear me (he cries) confederates and friends!
Some god, no doubt, this stranger kindly sends:
The shining baldness of his head survey;
It aids our torchlight, and reflects the ray.'
Then to the king that levell'd haughty Troy:—
'Say if large hire can tempt thee to employ
Those hands in works; to tend the rural trade,
To dress the walk, and form the' embowering shade?
So food and raiment constant will I give:
But idly thus thy soul prefers to live,
And starve by strolling, not by work to thrive.'
To whom incens'd:—'Should we, O prince,
In rival tasks beneath the burning rage [engage
Of summer suns; were both constrain'd to wield,
Foodless, the scythe along the burden'd field—
Or should we labour, while the ploughshare wounds,
With steers of equal strength, the' allotted grounds;
Beneath my labours, how thy wondering eyes
Might see the sable field at once arise!
Should Jove dire war unloose; with spear and shield,
And nodding helm, I tread the' ensanguin'd field,
Fierce in the van: then would'st thou, would'st thou,—say,—
Misname me glutton, in that glorious day?
No; thy ill-judging thoughts the brave disgrace:
'Tis thou injurious art: not I am base.
Proud to seem brave among a coward train!
But know, thou art not valorous, but vain.

Gods! should the stern Ulysses rise in might,
These gates would seem too narrow for thy flight.'
While yet he speaks, Eurymachus replies,
With indignation flashing from his eyes:
'Slave, I with justice might deserve the wrong,
Should I not punish that opprobrious tongue,
Irreverent to the great, and uncontroll'd.
Art thou from wine, or innate folly, bold?
Perhaps, these outrages from Irus flow,
A worthless triumph o'er a worthless foe!'
He said, and with full force a footstool threw:
Whirl'd from his arm with erring rage it flew.
Ulysses, cautious of the vengeful foe,
Stoops to the ground, and disappoints the blow.
Not so a youth who deals the goblet round:
Full on his shoulder it inflicts a wound:
Dash'd from his hand the sounding goblet flies;
He shrieks, he reels, he falls,—and breathless lies.
Then wild uproar and clamour mounts the sky;
Till mutual thus the peers indignant cry:
'O had this stranger sunk to realms beneath,
To the black realms of darkness and of death,
Ere yet he trod these shores!—To strife he draws
Peer against peer, and what the weighty cause?
A vagabond!—for him the great destroy,
In vile ignoble jars, the feast of joy.'
To whom the stern Telemachus uprose:—
'Gods! what wild folly from the goblet flows!
Whence this unguarded openness of soul,
But from the licence of the copious bowl?
Or heaven delusion sends:—but hence; away!
Force I forbear, and without force obey.'
Silent, abash'd, they hear the stern rebuke:
Till thus Amphinomus the silence broke:

'True are his words: and he whom truth offends,
Not with Telemachus, but truth, contends;
Let not the hand of violence invade
The reverend stranger, or the spotless maid;
Retire we hence!—but crown with rosy wine
The flowing goblet to the powers divine:
Guard he his guest beneath whose roof he stands:
This justice, this the social right demands.'

The peers assent:—the goblet Mulius crown'd
With purple juice, and bore in order round;
Each peer successive his libation pours
To the bless'd gods that fill the' aërial bow'rs:
Then swill'd with wine, with noise the crowds obey,
And, rushing forth tumultuous, reel away.

THE

NINETEENTH BOOK

OF THE

ODYSSEY.

THE ARGUMENT.

THE DISCOVERY OF ULYSSES TO EURYCLEA.

ULYSSES and his son remove the weapons out of the armory. Ulysses in conversation with Penelope gives a fictitious account of his adventures; then assures her he had formerly entertained her husband in Crete, and describes exactly his person and address; affirms to have heard of him in Phæacia and Thesprotia, and that his return is certain, and within a month. He then goes to bathe, and is attended by Eurycleа; who discovers him to be Ulysses by the scar upon his leg, which he formerly received in hunting the wild boar on Parnassus. The poet inserts a digression, relating that accident, with all its particulars.

THE

ODYSSEY.

BOOK XIX.

CONSULTING secret with the blue-ey'd maid,
Still in the dome divine Ulysses stay'd:
Revenge mature for act inflam'd his breast;
And thus the son the fervent sire address'd:
'Instant convey those stately stores of war
To distant rooms, dispos'd with secret care:
The cause demanded by the suitor-train,
To sooth their fears a specious reason feign:
Say, since Ulysses left his natal coast,
Obscene with smoke, their beamy lustre lost,
His arms deform'd the roof they wont adorn:
From the glad walls inglorious lumber torn.
Suggest, that Jove the peaceful thought inspir'd,
Lest they by sight of swords to fury fir'd,
Dishonest wounds, or violence of soul,
Defame the bridal feast, and friendly bowl.'
The prince obedient to the sage command,
To Eurycléa thus:—'The female band
In their apartments keep: secure the doors:
These swarthy arms among the covert stores
Are seemlier hid; my thoughtless youth they blame,
Imbrown'd with vapour of the smouldering flame.'

'In happy hour (pleas'd Eurycleа cries)
Tutor'd by early woes, grow early wise!
Inspect with sharpen'd sight, and frugal care,
Your patrimonial wealth, a prudent heir.
But who the lighted taper will provide,
(The female train retir'd) your toils to guide?'
'Without infringing hospitable right,
This guest (he cried) shall bear the guiding light.
I cheer no lazy vagrants with repast;
They share the meal that earn it ere they taste.'
He said:—from female ken she straight secures
The purpos'd deed, and guards the bolted doors:
Auxiliar to his son Ulysses bears
The plumy-crested helms, and pointed spears,
With shields indented deep in glorious wars.
Minerva viewless on her charge attends,
And with her golden lamp his toil befriends.
Not such the sickly beams, which unsincere
Gild the gross vapour of this nether sphere!
A present deity the prince confess'd,
And rapt with ecstasy the sire address'd:
'What miracle thus dazzles with surprise!
Distinct in rows the radiant columns rise:
The walls, where'er my wondering sight I turn,
And roofs, amidst a blaze of glory burn!
Some visitant of pure ethereal race
With his bright presence deigns the dome to grace.'
'Be calm, (replies the sire) to none impart,
But oft revolve the vision in thy heart.
Celestials, mantled in excess of light,
Can visit unapproach'd by mortal sight.
Seek thou repose; whilst here I sole remain,
To explore the conduct of the female train:

The pensive queen perchance desires to know
The series of my toils, to sooth her woe.'

With tapers flaming day his train attends;
His bright alcove the' obsequious youth ascends:
Soft slumbrous shades his drooping eye-lids close,
Till on her eastern throne Aurora glows.

Whilst, forming plans of death, Ulysses stay'd
In council secret with the martial maid,
Attendant nymphs in beauteous order wait
The queen, descending from her bower of state.
Her cheeks the warmer blush of Venus wear,
Chasten'd with coy Diana's pensive air.
An ivory seat with silver ringlets grac'd,
By fam'd Icmalius wrought, the menials plac'd:
With ivory silver'd thick the footstool shone,
O'er which the panther's various hide was thrown.
The sovereign seat with graceful air she press'd.
To different tasks their toil the nymphs address'd:
The golden goblets some, and some restor'd
From stains of luxury the polish'd board:
These to remove the' expiring embers came,
While those with unctuous fir foment the flame.

'Twas then Melantho with imperious mien
Renew'd the' attack, incontinent of spleen:
'Avaunt (she cried) offensive to my sight!
Deem not in ambush here to lurk by night,
Into the woman-state asquint to pry;
A day-devourer, and an evening spy!
Vagrant, be gone! before this blazing brand
Shall urge'—and wav'd it hissing in her hand.

The' insulted hero rolls his wrathful eyes,
And, 'Why so turbulent of soul?' he cries;
'Can these lean shrivel'd lir[illegible]age
These poor but honest rag

In crowds, we wear the badge of hungry fate;
And beg, degraded from superior state!
Constrain'd! a rent-charge on the rich I live;
Reduc'd to crave the good I once could give.
A palace, wealth, and slaves I late possess'd,
And all that makes the great be call'd the bless'd:
My gate, an emblem of my open soul,
Embrac'd the poor, and dealt a bounteous dole.
Scorn not the sad reverse, injurious maid!
'Tis Jove's high will; and be his will obey'd!
Nor think thyself exempt:—that rosy prime
Must share the general doom of withering time.
To some new channel soon, the changeful tide
Of royal grace the' offended queen may guide;
And her lov'd lord unplume thy towering pride.
Or were he dead, 'tis wisdom to beware:
Sweet blooms the prince beneath Apollo's care;
Your deeds with quick impartial eye surveys;
Potent to punish what he cannot praise.'

Her keen reproach had reach'd the sovereign's ear:—

'Loquacious insolent! (she cries), forbear:
To thee the purpose of my soul I told;
Venial discourse, unblam'd, with him to hold:
The storied labours of my wandering lord,
To sooth my grief he haply may record.
Yet him, my guest, thy venom'd rage hath stung:
Thy head shall pay the forfeit of thy tongue!
But thou, on whom my palace-cares depend,
Eurynomè, regard the stranger-friend:
A seat, soft spread with furry spoils, prepare;
Due-distant, for us both to speak and hear.'

The menial fair obeys with duteous haste:
A seat adorn'd with furry spoils she plac'd:

Due-distant for discourse the hero sat;
When thus the sovereign from her chair of state:
'Reveal, obsequious to my first demand,
Thy name, thy lineage, and thy native land.'
He thus: 'O queen! whose far-resounding fame
Is bounded only by the starry frame,
Consummate pattern of imperial sway,
Whose pious rule a warlike race obey!
In wavy gold thy summer vales are dress'd;
Thy autumns bend with copious fruit oppress'd:
With flocks and herds each grassy plain is stor'd;
And fish of every fin thy seas afford:
Their affluent joys the grateful realms confess,
And bless the power that still delights to bless.
Gracious permit this prayer, imperial dame!
Forbear to know my lineage, or my name:
Urge not this breast to heave, these eyes to weep;
In sweet oblivion let my sorrows sleep!
My woes awak'd will violate your ear;
And to this gay censorious train appear
A whiny vapour melting in a tear.'
'Their gifts the gods resum'd (the queen rejoin'd),
Exterior grace, and energy of mind,
When the dear partner of my nuptial joy
Auxiliar troops combin'd, to conquer Troy.
My lord's protecting hand alone would raise
My drooping verdure, and extend my praise!
Peers from the distant Samian shore resort;
Here, with Dulichians join'd, besiege the court:
Zacynthus, green with ever-shady groves,
And Ithaca, presumptuous, boast their loves;
Obtruding on my choice a second lord,
They press the hymenæan rite abhorr'd.

Misrule thus mingling with domestic cares,
I live regardless of my state affairs:
Receive no stranger-guest, no poor relieve;
But ever for my lord in secret grieve!—
This art, instinct by some celestial power,
I tried, elusive of the bridal hour:
"Ye peers, I cry, who press to gain a heart
Where dead Ulysses claims no future part,
Rebate your loves, each rival suit suspend,
Till this funereal web my labours end:
Cease, till to good Laertes I bequeath
A pall of state, the ornament of death.
For when to fate he bows, each Grecian dame
With just reproach were licens'd to defame,
Should he, long honour'd in supreme command,
Want the last duties of a daughter's hand."
The fiction pleas'd! their loves I long elude;
The night still ravell'd, what the day renew'd.
Three years successful in my art conceal'd,
My ineffectual fraud the fourth reveal'd:
Befriended by my own domestic spies,
The woof unwrought the suitor-train surprise.
From nuptial rites they now no more recede,
And fear forbids to falsify the brede.
My anxious parents urge a speedy choice,
And to their suffrage gain the filial voice:
For rule mature, Telemachus deplores
His dome dishonour'd, and exhausted stores—
But, stranger! as thy days seem full of fate,
Divide discourse; in turn thy birth relate:
Thy port asserts thee of distinguish'd race;
No poor unfather'd product of disgrace.'

'Princess! (he cries), renew'd by your command,
The dear remembrance of my native land,

Of secret grief unseals the fruitful source;
And tears repeat their long-forgotten course!
So pays the wretch, whom fate constrains to roam,
The dues of nature to his natal home!—
But inward on my soul let sorrow prey;
Your sovereign will my duty bids obey.
'Crete awes the circling waves, a fruitful soil!
And ninety cities crown the sea-born isle:
Mix'd with her genuine sons, adopted names
In various tongues avow their various claims:
Cydonians, dreadful with the bended yew,
And bold Pelasgi boast a native's due:
The Dorians, plum'd amid the files of war,
Her foodful glebe with fierce Achaians share:
Cnossus, her capital of high command;
Where sceptred Minos with impartial hand
Divided right; each ninth revolving year,
By Jove receiv'd in council to confer.
His son Deucalion bore successive sway;
His son, who gave me first to view the day!
The royal bed an elder issue bless'd,
Idomeneus; whom Ilian fields attest
Of matchless deed: untrain'd to martial toil
I liv'd inglorious in my native isle,
Studious of peace; and Æthon is my name.
'Twas then to Crete the great Ulysses came;
For elemental war, and wintry Jove,
From Malea's gusty cape his navy drove
To bright Lucina's fane; the shelfy coast
Where loud Amnisus in the deep is lost.
His vessels moor'd, (an incommodious port!)
The hero speeded to the Cnossian court:
Ardent the partner of his arms to find;
In leagues of long commutual friendship join'd.

Vain hope! ten suns had warm'd the western strand
Since my brave brother with his Cretan band
Had sail'd for Troy: but to the genial feast
My honour'd roof receiv'd the royal guest.
Beeves for his train the Cnossian peers assign,
A public treat, with jars of generous wine.
Twelve days, while Boreas vex'd the' aërial space,
My hospitable dome he deign'd to grace:
And when the north had ceas'd the stormy roar,
He wing'd his voyage to the Phrygian shore.'

Thus the fam'd hero, perfected in wiles,
With fair similitude of truth beguiles
The queen's attentive ear: dissolv'd in woe,
From her bright eyes the tears unbounded flow.
As snows collected on a mountain freeze;
When milder regions breathe a vernal breeze,
The fleecy pile obeys the whispering gales,
Ends in a stream, and murmurs through the vales:
So, melted with the pleasing tale he told,
Down her fair cheek the copious torrent roll'd:
She to her present lord laments him lost,
And views that object which she wants the most!
Withering at heart to see the weeping fair,
His eyes look stern, and cast a gloomy stare:
Of horn the stiff relentless balls appear,
Or globes of iron fix'd in either sphere;
Firm wisdom interdicts the softening tear.
A speechless interval of grief ensues,
Till thus the queen the tender theme renews:

'Stranger! that e'er thy hospitable roof
Ulysses grac'd, confirm by faithful proof:
Delineate to my view my warlike lord;
His form, his habit, and his train record.'

'Tis hard, he cries, to bring to sudden sight
Ideas that have wing'd their distant flight:
Rare on the mind those images are trac'd,
Whose footsteps twenty winters have defac'd:
But what I can, receive:—In ample mode,
A robe of military purple flow'd
O'er all his frame; illustrious on his breast
The double-clasping gold the king confess'd;
In the rich woof a hound, Mosaic drawn,
Bore on full stretch, and seiz'd a dappled fawn:
Deep in the neck his fangs indent their hold;
They pant, and struggle in the moving gold.
Fine as a filmy web beneath it shone
A vest, that dazzled like a cloudless sun:
The female train, who round him throng'd to gaze,
In silent wonder sigh'd unwilling praise.
A sabre, when the warrior press'd to part,
I gave, enamel'd with Vulcanian art:
A mantle purple-ting'd, and radiant vest,
Dimension'd equal to his size, express'd
Affection grateful to my honour'd guest.
A favourite herald in his train I knew,
His visage solemn sad, of sable hue:
Short woolly curls o'erfleec'd his bending head,
O'er which a promontory-shoulder spread:
Eurybates! in whose large soul alone
Ulysses view'd an image of his own.'

His speech the tempest of her grief restor'd;
In all he told she recognis'd her lord:
But when the storm was spent in plenteous showers,
A pause inspiriting her languish'd powers;
'O thou, (she cried) whom first inclement fate
Made welcome to my hospitable gate;

With all thy wants the name of poor shall end;
Henceforth live honour'd, my domestic friend!
The vest much envied on your native coast,
And regal robe with figur'd gold embost,
In happier hours my artful hand employ'd,
When my lov'd lord this blissful bower enjoy'd:
The fall of Troy, erroneous and forlorn
Doom'd to survive, and never to return!'
Then he, with pity touch'd: 'O royal dame!
Your ever-anxious mind, and beauteous frame,
From the devouring rage of grief reclaim.
I not the fondness of your soul reprove
For such a lord! who crown'd your virgin-love
With the dear blessing of a fair increase;
Himself adorn'd with more than mortal grace:
Yet while I speak, the mighty woe suspend:
Truth forms my tale; to pleasing truth attend.
The royal object of your dearest care,
Breathes in no distant clime the vital air;
In rich Thesprotia, and the nearer bound
Of Thessaly, his name I heard renown'd:
Without retinue, to that friendly shore
Welcom'd with gifts of price, a sumless store!
His sacrilegious train, who dar'd to prey
On herds devoted to the god of day,
Were doom'd by Jove, and Phœbus' just decree,
To perish in the rough Trinacrian sea.
To better fate the blameless chief ordain'd,
A floating fragment of the wreck regain'd,
And rode the storm; till by the billows toss'd,
He landed on the fair Phæacian coast.
That race, who emulate the life of gods,
Receive him joyous to their bless'd abodes:

Large gifts confer; a ready sail command,
To speed his voyage to the Grecian strand.
But your wise lord (in whose capacious soul
High schemes of power in just succession roll)
His Ithaca refus'd from favouring fate,
Till copious wealth might guard his regal state.
Phedon the fact affirm'd, whose sovereign sway
Thesprotian tribes, a duteous race, obey:
And bade the gods this added truth attest,
(While pure libations crown'd the genial feast)
That anchor'd in his port the vessels stand,
To waft the hero to his natal land.
I for Dulichium urge the watry way;
But first the Ulyssean wealth survey:
So rich the value of a store so vast,
Demands the pomp of centuries to waste!
The darling object of your royal love,
Was journey'd thence to Dodonean Jove;
By the sure precept of the silvan shrine,
To form the conduct of his great design:
Irresolute of soul, his state to shrowd
In dark disguise, or come, a king avow'd,
Thus lives your lord: nor longer doom'd to roam,
Soon will he grace this dear paternal dome.
By Jove, the source of good, supreme in power!
By the bless'd genius of this friendly bower!
I ratify my speech: before the sun
His annual longitude of heaven shall run;
When the pale empress of yon starry train
In the next month renews her faded wane,
Ulysses will assert his rightful reign.'
'What thanks, what boon, (replied the queen) are due,
When time shall prove the storied blessing true!

She veils the torrent of her tearful eyes;
And thus impassion'd to herself replies:
'Son of my love, and monarch of my cares!
What pangs for thee this wretched bosom bears!
Are thus by Jove who constant beg his aid,
With pious deed, and pure devotion, paid?
He never dar'd defraud the sacred fane
Of perfect hecatombs in order slain:
There oft implor'd his tutelary pow'r,
Long to protract the sad sepulchral hour;
That form'd for empire with paternal care,
His realm might recognize an equal heir.
O destin'd head! The pious vows are lost;
His god forgets him on a foreign coast!—
Perhaps, like thee, poor guest! in wanton pride
The rich insult him, and the young deride!
Conscious of worth revil'd, thy generous mind
The friendly rite of purity declin'd;
My will concurring with my queen's command,
Accept the bath from this obsequious hand.
A strong emotion shakes my anguish'd breast;
In thy whole form Ulysses seems express'd:
Of all the wretched harbour'd on our coast,
None imag'd e'er like thee my master lost.'
Thus half discover'd through the dark disguise,
With cool composure feign'd, the chief replies:
'You join your suffrage to the public vote;
The same you think, have all beholders thought.'
He said: replenish'd from the purest springs,
The laver straight with busy care she brings:
In the deep vase, that shone like burnish'd gold,
The boiling fluid temperates the cold.
Meantime revolving in his thoughtful mind
The scar, with which his manly knee was sign'd,

His face averting from the crackling blaze,
His shoulders intercept the' unfriendly rays.
Thus cautious in the' obscure he hop'd to fly
The curious search of Eurycleа's eye.
Cautious in vain! nor ceas'd the dame to find
The scar, with which his manly knee was sign'd.
This on Parnassus (combating the boar)
With glancing rage the tusky savage tore.
Attended by his brave maternal race,
His grandsire sent him to the silvan chace,
Autolycus the bold (a mighty name
For spotless faith and deeds of martial fame:
Hermes his patron-god those gifts bestow'd,
Whose shrine with weanling lambs he wont to load).
His course to Ithaca this hero sped,
When the first product of Laertes' bed
Was new disclos'd to birth; the banquet ends,
When Eurycleа from the queen descends,
And to his fond embrace the babe commends.
'Receive (she cries) your royal daughter's son;
And name the blessing that your prayers have won.
Then thus the hoary chief:—'My victor arms
Have aw'd the realms around with dire alarms:
A sure memorial of my dreaded fame
The boy shall bear; Ulysses be his name!
And when with filial love the youth shall come
To view his mother's soil, my Delphic dome
With gifts of price shall send him joyous home.'
Lur'd with the promis'd boon, when youthful prime
Ended in man, his mother's natal clime
Ulysses sought; with fond affection dear
Amphithea's arms receiv'd the royal heir:
Her ancient lord [1] an equal joy possess'd;
Instant he bade prepare the genial feast;

[1] Autolycus.

A steer to form the sumptuous banquet bled,
Whose stately growth five flowery summers fed:
His sons divide, and roast with artful care
The limbs: then all the tasteful viands share.
Nor ceas'd discourse (the banquet of the soul)
Till Phœbus wheeling to the western goal
Resign'd the skies, and night involv'd the pole.
Their drooping eyes the slumbrous shade oppress'd,
Sated they rose, and all retir'd to rest.

Soon as the Morn, new-rob'd in purple light,
Pierc'd with her golden shafts the rear of night;
Ulysses, and his brave maternal race,
The young Autolyci, assay the chace.
Parnassus, thick perplex'd with horrid shades,
With deep-mouth'd hounds the hunter-troop invades;
What time the sun, from ocean's peaceful streams,
Darts o'er the lawn his horizontal beam.
The pack impatient snuff the tainted gale;
The thorny wilds the woodmen fierce assail;
And foremost of the train, his cornel spear
Ulysses wav'd, to rouse the savage war.
Deep in the rough recesses of the wood,
A lofty copse, the growth of ages, stood:
Nor winter's boreal blast, nor thunderous shower,
Nor solar ray, could pierce the shady bow'r,
With wither'd foliage strew'd, a heapy store!
The warm pavilion of a dreadful boar!
Rous'd by the hounds' and hunters' mingling cries,
The savage from his leafy shelter flies:
With fiery glare his sanguine eye-balls shine,
And bristles high erapale his horrid chine.
Young Ithacus advanc'd, defies the foe,
Poising his lifted lance in act to throw:

The savage renders vain the wound decreed,
And springs impetuous with opponent speed!
His tusks oblique he aim'd, the knee to gore;
Aslope they glanc'd, the sinewy fibres tore,
And bar'd the bone:—Ulysses, undismay'd,
Soon with redoubled force the wound repay'd:
To the right shoulder-joint the spear applied,
His further flank with streaming purple dyed:
On earth he rush'd with agonizing pain.
With joy, and vast surprise, the' applauding train
View'd his enormous bulk extended on the plain.
With bandage firm Ulysses' knee they bound;
Then chanting mystic lays, the closing wound
Of sacred melody confess'd the force;
The tides of life regain'd their azure course.
Then back they led the youth with loud acclaim:
Autolycus, enamour'd with his fame,
Confirm'd the cure; and from the Delphic dome
With added gifts return'd him glorious home.
He safe at Ithaca with joy receiv'd,
Relates the chace, and early praise achiev'd.
Deep o'er his knee inseam'd, remain'd the scar:
Which noted token of the woodland war
When Eurycleа found, the' ablution cear'd;
Down dropp'd the leg, from her slack hand releas'd:
The mingled fluids from the vase redound;
The vase reclining floats the floor around!
Smiles dew'd with tears the pleasing strife express'd
Of grief, and joy, alternate in her breast.
Her fluttering words in melting murmurs died;
At length abrupt—'My son!—my king'—she cried.
His neck with fond embrace infolding fast,
Full on the queen her rapture'd eye she cast,

Ardent to speak the monarch safe restor'd:
But studious to conceal her royal lord,
Minerva fix'd her mind on views remote,
And from the present bliss abstracts her thought.
His hand to Eurycleia's mouth applied,
'Art thou foredoom'd my pest? (the hero cried:)
Thy milky founts my infant lips have drain'd:
And have the fates thy babbling age ordain'd
To violate the life thy youth sustain'd?
An exile have I told, with weeping eyes,
Full twenty annual suns in distant skies:
At length return'd, some god inspires thy breast
To know thy king, and here I stand confess'd.
This heaven-discover'd truth to thee consign'd,
Reserve, the treasure of thy inmost mind:
Else if the gods my vengeful arm sustain,
And prostrate to my sword the suitor-train,
With their lewd mates thy undistinguish'd age
Shall bleed, a victim to vindictive rage.'

Then thus rejoin'd the dame, devoid of fear:
'What words, my son, have pass'd thy lips severe?
Deep in my soul the trust shall lodge secur'd;
With ribs of steel, and marble heart immur'd.
When heaven, auspicious to thy right avow'd,
Shall prostrate to thy sword the suitor-crowd,
The deeds I'll blazon of the menial fair;
The lewd to death devote, the virtuous spare.'

'Thy aid avails me not, (the chief replied)
My own experience shall their doom decide;
A witness-judge precludes a long appeal:
Suffice it thee thy monarch to conceal.'

He said: obsequious with redoubled pace,
She to the fount conveys the' exhausted vase:

The bath renew'd, she ends the pleasing toil
With plenteous unction of ambrosial oil.
Adjusting to his limbs the tatter'd vest,
His former seat receiv'd the stranger-guest;
Whom thus with pensive air the queen address'd:
'Though night, dissolving grief in grateful ease,
Your drooping eyes with soft oppression seise,
Awhile, reluctant to her pleasing force,
Suspend the restful hour with sweet discourse.
The day (ne'er brighten'd with a beam of joy!)
My menials, and domestic cares employ:
And, unattended by sincere repose,
The night assists my ever-wakeful woes:
When nature's hush'd beneath her brooding shade,
My echoing griefs the starry vault invade.
As when the months are clad in flowery green,
Sad Philomel, in bowery shades unseen,
To vernal airs attunes her varied strains,
And Itylus sounds warbling o'er the plains:
Young Itylus, his parents' darling joy!
Whom chance misled the mother to destroy:
Now doom'd a wakeful bird to wail the beauteous boy.
So in nocturnal solitude forlorn,
A sad variety of woes I mourn!
My mind reflective, in a thorny maze
Devious from care to care incessant strays.
Now, wavering doubt succeeds to long despair:
Shall I my virgin nuptial vow revere;
And joining to my son's my menial train,
Partake his councils, and assist his reign?
Or, since mature in manhood, he deplores
His dome dishonour'd, and exhausted stores;

Shall I, reluctant! to his will accord,
And from the peers select the noblest lord;
So by my choice avow'd, at length decide
These wasteful love-debates, a mourning bride?
A visionary thought I'll now relate;
Illustrate, if you know, the shadow'd fate.
'A team of twenty geese (a snow-white train!)
Fed near the limpid lake with golden grain,
Amuse my pensive hours. The bird of Jove
Fierce from his mountain-eyrie downward drove;
Each favourite fowl he pounc'd with deathful sway,
And back triumphant wing'd his airy way.
My pitying eyes effus'd a plenteous stream,
To view their death thus imag'd in a dream:
With tender sympathy to soothe my soul,
A troop of matrons, fancy-form'd, condole.
But whilst with grief and rage my bosom burn'd,
Sudden the tyrant of the skies return'd:
Perch'd on the battlements he thus began
(In form an eagle, but in voice a man):
"O queen! no vulgar vision of the sky.
I come, prophetic of approaching joy:
View in this plumy form thy victor lord;
The geese (a glutton race) by thee deplor'd,
Portend the suitors fated to my sword."
This said, the pleasing feather'd omen cear'd,
When from the downy bands of sleep releas'd,
Fast by the limpid lake my swan-like train
I found, insatiate of the golden grain.'
'The vision self-explain'd (the chief replies)
Sincere reveals the sanction of the skies:
Ulysses speaks his own return decreed,
And by his sword the suitors sure to bleed.'

'Hard is the task, and rare (the queen rejoin'd)
Impending destinies in dreams to find!
Immur'd within the silent bower of sleep,
Two portals firm the various phantoms keep:
Of ivory one; whence flit, to mock the brain,
Of winged lies a light fantastic train:
The gate oppos'd pellucid valves adorn,
And columns far incas'd with polish'd horn;
Where images of truth for passage wait,
With visions manifest of future fate.
Not to this troop, I fear, that phantom sear'd,
Which spoke Ulysses to his realm restor'd:
Delusive semblance!——But my remnant life
Heaven shall determine in a gameful strife:
With that fam'd bow Ulysses taught to bend,
For me the rival archers shall contend.
As on the listed field he us'd to place
Six beams, oppos'd to six in equal space;
Elanc'd afar by his unerring art,
Sure through six circlets flew the whizzing dart:
So, when the sun restores the purple day,
Their strength and skill the suitors shall assay:
To him the spousal honour is decreed,
Who through the rings directs the feather'd reed.
Torn from these walls (where long the kinder pow'rs
With pomp and joy have wing'd my youthful hours!)
On this poor breast no dawn of bliss shall beam;
The pleasure past supplies a copious theme
For many a dreary thought, and many a doleful dream!'

'Propose the sportive lot, (the chief replies)
Nor dread to name yourself the bowyer's prize:
Ulysses will surprise the' unfinish'd game
Avow'd, and falsify the suitors' claim.'

To whom with grace serene the queen rejoin'd :
In all thy speech what pleasing force I find !
O'er my suspended woe thy words prevail,
I part reluctant from the pleasing tale.
But heaven, that knows what all terrestrials need,
Repose to night, and toil to day decreed :
Grateful vicissitude !—Yet me withdrawn,
Wakeful to weep and watch the tardy dawn,
Establish'd use enjoins ; to rest and joy
Estrang'd, since dear Ulysses sail'd to Troy !
Meantime instructed is the menial tribe
Your couch to fashion as yourself prescribe.'

Thus affable, her bower the queen ascends ;
The sovereign step a beauteous train attends :
There imag'd to her soul Ulysses rose ;
Down her pale cheek new-streaming sorrow flows :
Till soft oblivious shade Minerva spread,
And o'er her eyes ambrosial slumber shed.

THE

TWENTIETH BOOK

OF THE

ODYSSEY.

THE ARGUMENT.

WHILE Ulysses lies in the vestibule of the palace, he is witness to the disorders of the women. Minerva comforts him, and casts him asleep. At his awaking, he desires a favourable sign from Jupiter, which is granted. The feast of Apollo is celebrated by the people: and the suitors banquet in the palace. Telemachus exerts his authority amongst them: notwithstanding which, Ulysses is insulted by Ctesippus, and the rest continue in their excesses. Strange prodigies are seen by Theoclymenus the augur, who explains them to the destruction of the wooers.

THE

ODYSSEY.

BOOK XX.

An ample hide divine Ulysses spread,
And form'd of fleecy skins his humble bed
(The remnants of the spoils the suitor-crowd
In festival devour'd, and victims vow'd).
Then o'er the chief, Eurynomè the chaste
With duteous care a downy carpet cast;
With dire revenge his thoughtful bosom glows,
And, ruminating wrath, he scorns repose.
As thus pavilion'd in the porch he lay,
Scenes of lewd loves his wakeful eyes survey,
Whilst to nocturnal joys impure repair,
With wanton glee, the prostituted fair.
His heart with rage this new dishonour stung,
Wavering his thoughts in dubious balance hung,
Or, instant should he quench the guilty flame
With their own blood, and intercept the shame,
Or to their lust indulge a last embrace,
And let the peers consummate the disgrace.
Round his swollen heart the murmurous fury rolls;
As o'er her young the mother-mastiff growls,
And bays the stranger-groom: so wrath compress'd
Recoiling, mutter'd thunder in his breast.

'Poor suffering heart! (he cried) support the pain
Of wounded honour, and thy rage restrain.
Not fiercer woes thy fortitude could foil,
When the brave partners of thy ten years' toil
Dire Polypheme devour'd:—I then was freed,
By patient prudence, from the death decreed.'
Thus anchor'd safe on reason's peaceful coast,
Tempests of wrath his soul no longer tost;
Restless his body rolls, to rage resign'd:
As one who long with pale-ey'd famine pin'd,
The savoury cates on glowing embers cast
Incessant turns, impatient for repast;
Ulysses so, from side to side devolv'd,
In self-debate the suitors' doom resolv'd.
When in the form of mortal nymph array'd,
From heaven descends the Jove-born martial maid;
And hovering o'er his head, in view confess'd,
The goddess thus her favourite care address'd:
'O thou, of mortals most inur'd to woes;
Why roll those eyes unfriended of repose?
Beneath thy palace-roof forget thy care;
Bless'd in thy queen! bless'd in thy blooming heir!
Whom, to the gods when suppliant fathers bow,
They name, the standard of their dearest vow.'
'Just is thy kind reproach (the chief rejoin'd),
Deeds full of fate distract my various mind,
In contemplation wrapt.—This hostile crew
What single arm hath prowess to subdue?
Or if by Jove's, and thy auxiliar aid,
They're doom'd to bleed, O say, celestial maid,
Where shall Ulysses shun, or how sustain,
Nations embattled to revenge the slain?'
'Oh impotence of faith! (Minerva cries)
If man on frail unknowing man relies,

Doubt you the gods?—Lo Pallas' self descends,
Inspires thy counsels, and thy toils attends.
In me affianc'd, fortify thy breast:
Though myriads leagued thy rightful claim contest,
My sure divinity shall bear the shield,
And edge thy sword to reap the glorious field.
Now, pay the debt to craving nature due;
Her faded powers with balmy rest renew.'
She ceas'd: ambrosial slumbers seal his eyes;
His care dissolves in visionary joys:
The goddess, pleas'd, regains her natal skies.
Not so the queen: the downy bands of sleep
By grief relax'd, she wak'd again to weep;
A gloomy pause ensued of dumb despair——
Then thus her fate invok'd, with fervent prayer:
'Diana! speed thy deathful ebon dart,
And cure the pangs of this convulsive heart.
Snatch me, ye whirlwinds! far from human race,
Tost through the void illimitable space:
Or if dismounted from the rapid cloud,
Me with his whelming wave let ocean shroud!
So, Pandarus, thy hopes, three orphan fair
Were doom'd to wander through the devious air;
Thyself untimely and thy consort died:
But four celestials both your cares supplied.
Venus in tender delicacy rears
With honey, milk, and wine, their infant years:
Imperial Juno to their youth assign'd
A form majestic, and sagacious mind:
With shapely growth Diana grac'd their bloom;
And Pallas taught the texture of the loom.
But whilst to learn their lots in nuptial love,
Bright Cytherea sought the bower of Jove,

(The god supreme, to whose eternal eye
The registers of fate expanded lie)
Wing'd harpies snatch'd the unguarded charge away,
And to the furies bore a grateful prey.
Be such my lot! Or thou Diana speed
Thy shaft, and send me joyful to the dead:
To seek my lord among the warrior-train,
Ere second vows my bridal faith profane.
When woes the waking sense alone assail,
Whilst night extends her soft oblivious veil,
Of other wretches' care the torture ends:
No trace the warfare of my heart suspends!
The night renews the day-distracting theme,
And airy terrors sable every dream.
The last alone a kind illusion wrought;
And to my bed my lov'd Ulysses brought,
In manly bloom, and each majestic grace,
As when for Troy he left my fond embrace;
Such raptures in my beating bosom rise,
I deem it sure a vision of the skies.'

Thus, whilst Aurora mounts her purple throne,
In audible laments she breathes her moan;
The sounds assault Ulysses' wakeful ear;
Mis-judging of the cause, a sudden fear
Of his arrival known, the chief alarms;
He thinks the queen is rushing to his arms.
Up-springing from his couch, with active haste
The fleece and carpet in the dome he plac'd;
(The hide without, imbib'd the morning air)
And thus the gods invok'd, with ardent pray'r:

'Jove, and ethereal thrones! with heaven to friend
If the long series of my woes shall end,
Of human race now rising from repose,
Let one a blissful omen here disclose;

And to confirm my faith, propitious Jove!
Vouchsafe the sanction of a sign above.'
Whilst lowly thus the chief adoring bows,
The pitying god his guardians aid avows.
Loud from a sapphire sky his thunder sounds:
With springing hope the hero's heart rebounds.
Soon, with consummate joy to crown his pray'r,
An omen'd voice invades his ravish'd ear.
Beneath a pile that close the dome adjoin'd,
Twelve female slaves the gift of Ceres grind:
Task'd for the royal board to bolt the bran
From the pure flour (the growth and strength of man),
Discharging to the day the labour due,
Now early to repose the rest withdrew;
One maid, unequal to the task assign'd,
Still turn'd the toilsome mill with anxious mind,
And thus in bitterness of soul divin'd:
'Father of gods and men! whose thunders roll
O'er the Cerulean vault, and shake the pole;
Whoe'er from heaven has gain'd this rare ostent
(Of granted vows a certain signal sent),
In this bless'd moment of accepted pray'r,
Piteous, regard a wretch consum'd with care!
Instant, O Jove! confound the suitor-train,
For whom o'er-toil'd I grind the golden grain:
Far from this dome the lewd devourers cast,
And be this festival decreed their last!'
Big with their doom denounc'd in earth and sky,
Ulysses' heart dilates with secret joy.
Meantime the menial train with unctuous wood
Heap'd high the genial hearth, Vulcanian food:
When, early dress'd, advanc'd the royal heir;
With manly grasp he wav'd a martial spear,

A radiant sabre grac'd his purple zone,
And on his foot the golden sandal shone.
His steps impetuous to the portal press'd;
And Euryclea thus he there address'd:
'Say thou, to whom my youth its nurture owes,
Was care for due refection, and repose,
Bestow'd the stranger-guest? Or waits he griev'd,
His age not honour'd, nor his wants reliev'd?
Promiscuous grace on all, the queen confers
(In woes bewilder'd, oft the wisest errs);
The wordy vagrant to the dole aspires,
And modest worth with noble scorn retires.'
She thus: 'O cease that ever-honour'd name
To blemish now; it ill deserves your blame:
A bowl of generous wine suffic'd the guest;
In vain the queen the night-refection press'd;
Nor would he court repose in downy state,
Unbless'd, abandon'd to the rage of fate!
A hide beneath the portico was spread,
And fleecy skins compos'd an humble bed:
A downy carpet cast with duteous care,
Secur'd him from the keen nocturnal air.'
His cornel javelin pois'd, with regal port,
To the sage Greeks conven'd in Themis' court,
Forth issuing from the dome the prince repair'd:
Two dogs of chace, a lion-hearted guard,
Behind him sourly stalk'd. Without delay
The dame divides the labour of the day;
Thus urging to the toil the menial train:
'What marks of luxury the marble stain!
Its wonted lustre let the floor regain:
The seats with purple clothe in order due;
And let the' abstersive sponge the board renew;

Let some refresh the vase's sullied mold;
Some bid the goblets boast their native gold:
Some to the spring, with each a jar, repair,
And copious waters pure for bathing bear.
Dispatch! for soon the suitors will assay
The lunar feast-rites to the god of day.'

She said; with duteous haste a bevy fair
Of twenty virgins to the spring repair:
With varied toils the rest adorn the dome.
Magnificent, and blithe, the suitors come.
Some wield the sounding axe; the dodder'd oaks
Divide, obedient to the forceful strokes.
Soon from the fount, with each a brimming urn,
(Eumæus in their train), the maids return.
Three porkers for the feast, all brawny-chin'd,
He brought; the choicest of the tusky kind:
In lodgments first secure his care he view'd,
Then to the king this friendly speech renew'd:
'Now say sincere, my guest! the suitor-train
Still treat thy worth with lordly dull disdain;
Or speaks their deed a bounteous mind humane?'

'Some pitying god (Ulysses sad replied)
With vollied vengeance blast their towering pride!
No conscious blush, no sense of right restrains
The tides of lust that swell their boiling veins:
From vice to vice their appetites are tost;
All cheaply sated at another's cost!'

While thus the chief his woes indignant told,
Melanthius, master of the bearded fold,
The goodliest goats of all the royal herd
Spontaneous to the suitors' feast preferr'd:
Two grooms assistant bore the victims bound;
With quavering cries the vaulted roofs resound:

And to the chief austere, aloud began
The wretch, unfriendly to the race of man:
'Here, vagrant, still! offensive to my lords!
Blows have more energy than airy words.
These arguments I'll use:—nor conscious shame,
Nor threats, thy bold intrusion will reclaim.
On this high feast the meanest vulgar boast
A plenteous board! Hence! seek another host!'
Rejoinder to the churl the king disdain'd;
But shook his head, and rising wrath restrain'd.
From Cephalenia, cross the surgy main,
Philætius late arriv'd, a faithful swain.
A steer, ungrateful to the bull's embrace,
And goats he brought, the pride of all their race!
Imported in a shallop not his own:
The dome re-echoed to their mingled moan.
Straight to the guardian of the bristly kind
He thus began, benevolent of mind:
'What guest is he, of such majestic air?
His lineage and paternal clime declare:
Dim through the' eclipse of fate, the rays divine
Of sovereign state with faded splendour shine.
If monarchs by the gods are plung'd in woe,
To what abyss are we foredoom'd to go!'
Then affable he thus the chief address'd,
Whilst with pathetic warmth his hand he press'd:
'Stranger! may fate a milder aspect shew,
And spin thy future with a whiter clue!——
O Jove! for ever deaf to human cries;
The tyrant, not the father of the skies!
Unpiteous of the race thy will began!
The fool of fate, thy manufacture, man,
With penury, contempt, repulse, and care,
The galling load of life is doom'd to bear.

Ulysses, from his state a wanderer still,
Upbraids thy power, thy wisdom, or thy will:
O monarch ever dear!—O man of woe!—
Fresh flow my tears, and shall for ever flow!
Like thee, poor stranger-guest, denied his home!
Like thee, in rags obscene decreed to roam!
Or haply perish'd on some distant coast,
In Stygian gloom he glides a pensive ghost!
Oh, grateful for the good his bounty gave,
I'll grieve, till sorrow sink me to the grave!
His kind protecting hand my youth preferr'd,
The regent of his Cephalenian herd:
With vast increase beneath my care it spreads,
A stately breed! and blackens far the meads.
Constrain'd, the choicest beeves I thence import,
To cram these cormorants that crowd his court:
Who in partition seek his realm to share;
Nor human right, nor wrath divine, revere.
Since here resolv'd oppressive these reside,
Contending doubts my anxious heart divide:
Now to some foreign clime inclin'd to fly,
And with the royal herd protection buy—:
Then, happier thoughts return the nodding scale;
Light mounts despair, alternate hopes prevail:
In opening prospects of ideal joy,
My king returns; the proud usurpers die.'

To whom the chief: 'In thy capacious mind
Since daring zeal with cool debate is join'd,
Attend a deed already ripe in fate:
Attest, O Jove! the truth I now relate!
This sacred truth attest each genial power,
Who bless the board, and guard this friendly bower!
Before thou quit the dome (nor long delay)
Thy wish produc'd in act, with pleas'd survey,

Thy wondering eyes shall view: his rightful reign
By arms avow'd Ulysses shall regain,
And to the shades devote the suitor-train.'
'O Jove supreme (the raptur'd swain replies)
With deeds consummate soon the promis'd joys!
These aged nerves, with new-born vigour strung,
In that bless'd cause should emulate the young—'
Assents Eumæus to the prayer address'd;
And equal ardours fire his loyal breast.'

Meantime the suitors urge the prince's fate,
And deathful arts employ the dire debate:
When in his airy tour, the bird of Jove
Truss'd with his sinewy pounce a trembling dove;
Sinister to their hope! this omen ey'd
Amphinomus, who thus presaging cried:
'The gods from force and fraud the prince defend.
O peers! the sanguinary scheme suspend:
Your future thought let sable fate employ;
And give the present hour to genial joy.'

From council straight the assenting peerage ceas'd;
And in the dome prepar'd the genial feast.
Disrob'd, their vests apart in order lay,
Then all with speed succinct the victims slay:
With sheep and shaggy goats the porkers bled,
And the proud steer was on the marble spread.
With fire prepar'd they deal the morsels round;
Wine rosy-bright the brimming goblets crown'd,
By sage Eumæus borne: the purple tide
Melanthius from an ample jar supplied:
High canisters of bread Pirætius plac'd:
And eager all devour the rich repast.
Dispos'd apart, Ulysses shares the treat!
A trivet-table, and ignobler seat,

The prince appoints; but to his sire assigns
The tasteful inwards, and nectareous wines.
'Partake, my guest, (he cried) without control
The social feast, and drain the cheering bowl.
Dread not the railer's laugh, nor ruffian's rage;
No vulgar roof protects thy honour'd age:
This dome a refuge to thy wrongs shall be;
From my great sire too soon devolv'd to me!
Your violence and scorn, ye suitors, cease;
Lest arms avenge the violated peace.'
A w'd by the prince; so haughty, brave, and young,
Rage gnaw'd the lip, amazement chain'd the tongue.
'Be patient, peers! (at length Antinous cries)
The threats of vain imperious youth despise:
Would Jove permit the meditated blow,
That stream of eloquence should cease to flow.'
Without reply vouchsaf'd, Antinous ceas'd:—
Meanwhile the pomp of festival increas'd:
By heralds rank'd, in martial order move
The city-tribes, to pleas'd Apollo's grove:
Beneath the verdure of which awful shade,
The lunar-hecatomb they grateful laid;
Partook the sacred feast, and ritual honours paid.
But the rich banquet in the dome prepar'd,
(An humble side-board set) Ulysses shar'd.
Observant of the prince's high behest,
His menial train attend the stranger-guest:
Whom Pallas with unpardoning fury fir'd,
By lordly pride and keen reproach inspir'd.
A Samian peer, more studious than the rest
Of vice, who team'd with many a dead-born jest;
And urg'd, for title to a consort queen,
Unnumber'd acres arable and green;

(Ctesippus nam'd) this lord Ulysses ey'd,
And thus burst out impossthumate with pride.
'The sentence I propose, ye peers, attend:
Since due regard must wait the prince's friend,
Let each a token of esteem bestow:
This gift acquits the dear respect I owe;
With which he nobly may discharge his seat,
And pay the menials for the master's treat.'
He said; and of the steer before him plac'd,
That sinewy fragment at Ulysses cast,
Where to the pastern-bone, by nerves combin'd,
The well-horn'd foot indissolubly join'd;
Which whizzing high, the wall unseemly sign'd.
The chief indignant grins a ghastly smile;
Revenge and scorn within his bosom boil;
When thus the prince, with pious rage inflam'd:
'Had not the' inglorious wound thy malice aim'd
Fall'n guiltless of the mark, my certain spear
Had made thee buy the brutal triumph dear:
Nor should thy sire, a queen his daughter boast;
The suitor, now, had vanish'd in a ghost!
No more, ye lewd compeers, with lawless pow'r
Invade my dome, my herds and flocks devour:
For genuine worth, of age mature to know,
My grape shall redden, and my harvest grow.
Or if each other's wrongs ye still support,
With rapes and riot to profane my court;
What single arm with numbers can contend?
On me let all your lifted swords descend,
And with my life such vile dishonours end.'
A long cessation of discourse ensued;
By gentler Agelaüs thus renew'd:
'A just reproof, ye peers!—your rage restrain
From the protected guest, and menial train:

And, prince! to stop the source of future ill,
Assent yourself, and gain the royal will.
Whilst hope prevail'd to see your sire restor'd,
Of right the queen refus'd a second lord.
But who so vain of faith, so blind to fate,
To think he still survives to claim the state?
Now press the sovereign dame with warm desire
To wed, as wealth or worth her choice inspire:
The lord selected to the nuptial joys,
Far hence will lead the long-contended prize:
Whilst in paternal pomp, with plenty bless'd,
You reign of this imperial dome possess'd.'

Sage and serene Telemachus replies:
'By him at whose behests the thunder flies!
And by the name on earth I most revere,
By great Ulysses, and his woes, I swear!
(Who never must review his dear domain;
Inroll'd, perhaps, in Pluto's dreary train)
Whene'er her choice the royal dame avows,
My bridal gifts shall load the future spouse:
But from this dome my parent queen to chase!—
From me, ye gods! avert such dire disgrace.'

But Pallas clouds with intellectual gloom
The suitors' souls, insensate of their doom!
A mirthful phrensy seiz'd the fated crowd;
The roofs resound with causeless laughter loud:
Floating in gore, portentous to survey,
In each discolour'd vase the viands lay!
Then down each cheek the tears spontaneous flow,
And sudden sighs precede approaching woe.
In vision wrapt, the Hyperesian[1] seer
Uproar, and thus divin'd the vengeance near:

[1] Theoclymenus.

THE

TWENTY-FIRST BOOK

OF THE

ODYSSEY.

THE ARGUMENT.

THE BENDING OF ULYSSES'S BOW.

PENELOPE, to put an end to the solicitation of the suit
proposes to marry the person who shall first bend the bow
Ulysses, and shoot through the ringlets. After their attem
have proved ineffectual, Ulysses taking Eumæus and Philoe
apart, discovers himself to them; then, returning, desires le
to try his strength at the bow, which, though refused w
indignation by the suitors, Penelope and Telemachus e
to be delivered to his hands. He bends it immediately,
shoots through all the rings. Jupiter in the same ins
thunders from heaven: Ulysses accepts the omen; and g
a sign to Telemachus, who stands ready armed at his side.

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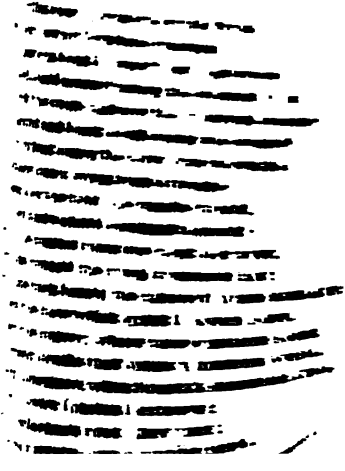

And to the youthful prince to urge the laws,
The king and elders trust their common cause.
But Iphitus, employ'd on other cares,
Search'd the wide country for his wandering mares,
And mules, the strongest of the labouring kind;
Hapless to search! more hapless still to find!
For journeying on to Hercules, at length
That lawless wretch, that man of brutal strength,
Deaf to heaven's voice, the social rite transgress'd;
And for the beauteous mares destroy'd his guest:
He gave the bow; and on Ulysses' part
Receiv'd a pointed sword and missile dart:
Of luckless friendship on a foreign shore
Their first, last pledges! for they met no more.
The bow, bequeath'd by this unhappy hand,
Ulysses bore not from his native land;
Nor in the front of battle taught to bend;
But kept, in dear memorial of his friend.

Now gently winding up the fair ascent,
By many an easy step the matron went;
Then o'er the pavements glides with grace divine;
(With polish'd oak the level pavements shine)
The folding gates a dazzling light display'd,
With pomp of various architrave o'erlaid.
The bolt, obedient to the silken string,
Forsakes the staple as she pulls the ring;
The wards respondent to the key turn round;
The bars fall back; the flying valves resound:
Loud as a bull makes hill and valley ring,
So roar'd the lock when it releas'd the spring.
She moves majestic through the wealthy room,
Where treasur'd garments cast a rich perfume;
There from the column where aloft it hung,
Reach'd, in its splendid case, the bow unstrung:

Across her knees she laid the well-known bow,
And pensive sat, and tears began to flow.
To full satiety of grief she mourns;
Then silent, to the joyous hall returns,
To the proud suitors bears in pensive state
The unbended bow, and arrows wing'd with fate.
Behind, her train the polish'd coffer brings,
Which held the alternate brass and silver rings.
Full in the portal the chaste queen appears,
And with her veil conceals the coming tears:
On either side awaits a virgin fair;
While thus the matron, with majestic air:
'Say you, whom these forbidden walls inclose,
For whom my victims bleed, my vintage flows;
If these neglected, faded charms can move?
Or is it but a vain pretence, you love?
If I the prize, if me you seek to wife,
Hear the conditions, and commence the strife:
Who first Ulysses' wondrous bow shall bend,
And through twelve ringlets the fleet arrow send,
Him will I follow, and forsake my home;—
For him forsake this lov'd, this wealthy dome,
Long, long the scene of all my past delight,
And still to last, the vision of my night!'
Graceful she said; and bade Eumæus show
The rival peers the ringlets and the bow.
From his full eyes the tears unbidden spring,
Touch'd at the dear memorials of his king.
Philœtius too relents; but secret shed
The tender drops. Antinous saw, and said:
'Hence to your fields, ye rustics! hence, away;
Nor stain with grief the pleasures of the day:
Nor to the royal heart recal in vain
The sad remembrance of a perish'd man.

Enough her precious tears already flow—
Or share the feast with due respect, or go
To weep abroad, and leave to us the bow:
No vulgar task! Ill suits this courtly crew
That stubborn horn which brave Ulysses drew.
I well remember (for I gaz'd him o'er
While yet a child) what majesty he bore!
And still, all infant as I was, retain
The port, the strength, the grandeur of the man.'
He said, but in his soul fond joys arise;
And his proud hopes already win the prize.
To speed the flying shaft through every ring,
Wretch! is not thine!—the arrows of the king
Shall end those hopes, and fate is on the wing!
Then thus Telemachus: 'Some god I find
With pleasing phrensy has possess'd my mind;
When a lov'd mother threatens to depart,
Why with this ill-tim'd gladness leaps my heart?
Come then, ye suitors! and dispute a prize
Richer than all the' Achaian state supplies;
Than all proud Argos or Mycæna knows,
Than all our isles or continents enclose:
A woman matchless, and almost divine:
Fit for the praise of every tongue but mine.
No more excuses then, no more delay;
Haste to the trial—Lo! I lead the way.
I too may try, and if this arm can wing
The feather'd arrow through the destin'd ring,
Then if no happier knight the conquest boast,
I shall not sorrow for a mother lost;
But, bless'd in her, possess these arms alone,
Heir of my father's strength, as well as throne.
He spoke; then rising, his broad sword unbound,
And cast his purple garment on the ground.

A trench he open'd; in a line he plac'd
The level axes, and the points made fast.
(His perfect skill the wondering gazers ey'd,
The game as yet unseen, as yet untried.)
Then, with a manly pace, he took his stand;
And grasp'd the bow, and twang'd it in his hand.
Three times, with beating heart, he made essay;
Three times, unequal to the task, gave way:
A modest boldness on his cheek appear'd:
And thrice he hop'd, and thrice again he fear'd.
The fourth had drawn it.—The great sire with joy
Beheld; but with a sign forbade the boy.
His ardour straight the' obedient prince suppress'd,
And, artful, thus the suitor-train address'd:
'Oh, lay the cause on youth yet immature!
(For heaven forbid, such weakness should endure)
How shall this arm, unequal to the bow,
Retort an insult, or repel a foe? [bless'd;
But you! whom heaven with better nerves has
Accept the trial, and the prize contest.'
He cast the bow before him; and apart
Against the polish'd quiver propt the dart.
Resuming then his seat, Eupithes' son,
The bold Antinous, to the rest begun:
'From where the goblet first begins to flow,
From right to left, in order take the bow; [heard,
And prove your several strengths.'—The princes
And first Leiodes, blameless priest, appear'd:
The eldest born of Oenops' noble race,
Who next the goblet held his holy place.
He, only he, of all the suitor-throng,
Their deeds detested, and abjur'd the wrong.
With tender hands the stubborn horn he strains;
The stubborn horn resisted all his pains!

Already in despair he gives it o'er :—
'Take it who will, (he cries) I strive no more.
What numerous deaths attend this fatal bow?
What souls and spirits shall it send below?
Better indeed to die, and fairly give
Nature her debt, than disappointed live;
With each new sun to some new hope a prey,
Yet still to-morrow falser than to-day.
How long in vain Penelope we sought?
This bow shall ease us of that idle thought;
And send us with some humbler wife to live,
Whom gold shall gain, or destiny shall give.'
Thus speaking, on the floor the bow he plac'd
(With rich inlay the various floor was grac'd):
At distance far the feather'd shaft he throws;
And to the seat returns from whence he rose.
To him Antinous thus with fury said:
'What words ill-omen'd from thy lips have fled?
Thy coward-function ever is in fear;
Those arms are dreadful which thou canst not bear.
Why should this bow be fatal to the brave?
Because the priest is born a peaceful slave.
Mark then what others can'—He ended there;
And bade Melanthius a vast pile prepare.
He gives it instant flame: then fast beside
Spreads o'er an ample board a bullock's hide.
With melted lard they soak the weapon o'er,
Chafe every knot, and supple every pore.
Vain all their art, and all their strength as vain:
The bow inflexible resists their pain.
The force of great Eurymachus alone
And bold Antinous, yet untried, unknown:
Those only now remain'd;—but those confess'd
Of all the train the mightiest and the best.

Then from the hall, and from the noisy crew,
The masters of the herd and flock withdrew.
The king observes them: he the hall forsakes,
And, past the limits of the court, o'ertakes.
Then thus with accent mild Ulysses spoke:
'Ye faithful guardians of the herd and flock!
Shall I the secret of my breast conceal;
Or (as my soul now dictates) shall I tell?
Say, should some favouring god restore again
The lost Ulysses to his native reign?
How beat your hearts?—what aid would you afford?
To the proud suitors; or your ancient lord?'
Philœtius thus:—'Oh, were thy word not vain!
Would mighty Jove restore that man again!
These aged sinews, with new vigour strung,
In his bless'd cause should emulate the young.'
With equal vows Eumæus too implor'd
Each power above, with wishes for his lord.
He saw their secret souls, and thus began:
'Those vows the gods accord—behold the man!
Your own Ulysses! twice ten years detain'd
By woes and wanderings from his hapless land:
At length he comes; but comes despis'd, unknown;
And finding faithful you, and you alone.
All else have cast him from their very thought;
E'en in their wishes and their prayers forgot!
Hear then, my friends! If Jove this arm succeed,
And give yon impious revellers to bleed,
My care shall be, to bless your future lives
With large possessions, and with faithful wives:
Fast by my palace shall your domes ascend:
And each on young Telemachus attend,
And each be call'd his brother, and my friend.

To give you firmer faith, now trust your eye;
Lo! the broad scar indented on my thigh,
When with Autolycus's sons, of yore,
On Parnass' top I chas'd the tusky boar.'
His ragged vest then drawn aside disclos'd
The sign conspicuous, and the scar expos'd:
Eager they view'd; with joy they stood amaz'd;
With tearful eyes o'er all their master gaz'd:
Around his neck their longing arms they cast;
His head, his shoulders, and his knees embrac'd:
Tears follow'd tears:—no word was in their power;
In solemn silence fell the kindly shower.
The king too weeps, the king too grasps their hands,
And moveless, as a marble fountain, stands.

Thus had their joy wept down the setting sun,
But first the wise man ceas'd, and thus begun:
'Enough—on other cares your thought employ;
For danger waits on all untimely joy.
Full many foes, and fierce, observe us near:
Some may betray, and yonder walls may hear.
Re-enter then: not all at once; but stay
Some moments you, and let me lead the way.
To me, neglected as I am, I know
The haughty suitors will deny the bow;
But thou, Eumæus, as 'tis borne away,
Thy master's weapon to his hand convey.
At every portal let some matron wait;
And each lock fast the well-compacted gate:
Close let them keep, whate'er invades their ear;
Though arms, or shouts, or dying groans they hear.
To thy strict charge, Philætius! we consign
The court's main gate: to guard that pass be thine.'

This said, he first return'd: the faithful swains
At distance follow, as their king ordains.

Before the flame Eurymachus now stands,
And turns the bow, and chafes it with his hands:
Still the tough bow unmov'd. The lofty man
Sigh'd from his mighty soul, and thus began:
'I mourn the common cause: for, oh my friends!
On me, on all, what grief, what shame attends?
Not the lost nuptials can affect me more
(For Greece has beauteous dames on every shore),
But baffled thus! confess'd so far below
Ulysses' strength, as not to bend his bow!
How shall all ages our attempt deride!
Our weakness scorn!'—Antinous thus replied:
'Not so, Eurymachus: that no man draws
The wondrous bow, attend another cause.
Sacred to Phœbus is the solemn day,
Which thoughtless we in games would waste away:
Till the next dawn this ill-tim'd strife forego,
And here leave fix'd the ringlets in a row.
Now bid the sewer approach; and let us join
In due libations, and in rites divine:
So end our night: before the day shall spring,
The choicest offerings let Melanthius bring:
Let then to Phœbus' name the fatted thighs
Feed the rich smokes, high-curling to the skies;
So shall the patron of these arts bestow
(For his the gift) the skill to bend the bow.'
They heard, well-pleas'd: the ready heralds bring
The cleansing waters from the limpid spring:
The goblet high with rosy wine they crown'd,
In order circling to the peers around.
That rite complete, up rose the thoughtful man;
And thus his meditated scheme began:
'If what I ask your noble minds approve,
Ye peers and rivals in the royal love!

Chief, if it hurt not great Antinous' ear
(Whose sage decision I with wonder hear),
And if Eurymachus the motion please;
Give heaven this day, and rest the bow in peace.
To-morrow let your arms dispute the prize,
And take it he, the favour'd of the skies!
But since till then this trial you delay,
Trust it one moment to my hands to-day;
Fain would I prove, before your judging eyes,
What once I was, whom wretched you despise;
If yet this arm its ancient force retain;
Or if my woes (a long-continued train)
And wants and insults make me less than man.'

Rage flash'd in lightning from the suitors' eyes,
Yet mix'd with terror at the bold emprise.
Antinous then:—'O miserable guest!
Is common sense quite banish'd from thy breast?
Suffic'd it not within the palace plac'd
To sit distinguish'd, with our presence grac'd,
Admitted here with princes to confer;
A man unknown, a needy wanderer?
To copious wine this insolence we owe:
And much thy betters wine can overthrow.
The great Eurytion when this frenzy stung,
Pirithous' roofs with frantic riot rung;
Boundless the Centaur rag'd; till one and all
The heroes rose, and dragg'd him from the hall;
His nose they shorten'd, and his ears they slit,
And sent him sober'd home, with better wit.
Hence with long war the double race was curs'd:
Fatal to all; but to the' aggressor first.
Such fate I prophesy our guest attends,
If here this interdicted bow he bends.

Nor shall these walls such insolence contain:
The first fair wind transports him o'er the main;
Where Echetus to death the guilty brings
(The worst of mortals, e'en the worst of kings).
Better than that, if thou approve our cheer;
Cease the mad strife, and share our bounty here.'

To this the queen her just dislike express'd:—
'Tis impious, prince! to harm the stranger-guest;
Base to insult who bears a suppliant's name:
And some respect Telemachus may claim.
What if the' immortals on the man bestow
Sufficient strength to draw the mighty bow?
Shall I, a queen, by rival chiefs ador'd,
Accept a wandring stranger for my lord?
A hope so idle never touch'd his brain:
Then ease your bosoms of a fear so vain.
Far be he banish'd from this stately scene,
Who wrongs his princess with a thought so mean!'

'O fair! and wisest of so fair a kind!
(Respectful thus Eurymachus rejoin'd)
Mov'd by no weak surmise, but sense of shame,
We dread the all-arraigning voice of fame;
We dread the censure of the meanest slave,
The weakest woman:—all can wrong the brave.
"Behold what wretches to the bed pretend
Of that brave chief whose bow they could not bend!
In came a beggar of the strolling crew,
And did what all those princes could not do."
Thus will the common voice our deed defame;
And thus posterity upbraid our name.' [views,

To whom the queen:—'If fame engage your
Forbear those acts which infamy pursues:
Wrong and oppression no renown can raise;
Know, friend! that virtue is the path to praise.

The stature of our guest, his port, his face,
Speak him descended from no vulgar race.
To him the bow, as he desires, convey;
And to his hand if Phœbus give the day,
Hence, to reward his merit, he shall bear
A two-edg'd falchion, and a shining spear,
Embroider'd sandals, a rich cloak and vest,
And safe conveyance to his port of rest.'

'O royal mother! ever-honour'd name!
Permit me (cries Telemachus) to claim
A son's just right.—No Grecian prince but I
Has power this bow to grant, or to deny.
Of all that Ithaca's rough hills contain,
And all wide Elis' courser-breeding plain,
To me alone my father's arms descend;
And mine alone they are, to give or lend.
Retire, O queen! thy household task resume,
Tend, with thy maids, the labours of the loom;
The bow, the darts, and arms of chivalry,
These cares to man belong,—and most to me.'

Mature beyond his years, the queen admir'd
His sage reply, and with her train retir'd:
There in her chamber as she sat apart,
Revolv'd his words, and plac'd them in her heart.
On her Ulysses then she fix'd her soul:
Down her fair cheek the tears abundant roll,
Till gentle Pallas, piteous of her cries,
In slumber clos'd her silver-streaming eyes.

Now through the press the bow Eumæus bore,
And all was riot, noise, and wild uproar.
'Hold, lawless rustic! whither wilt thou go?
To whom, insensate, dost thou bear the bow?
Exil'd for this to some sequester'd den,
Far from the sweet society of men,

To thy own dogs a prey thou shalt be made;
If heaven and Phœbus lend the suitors aid.'
Thus they.—Aghast he laid the weapon down,
But bold Telemachus thus urg'd him on:
'Proceed, false slave, and slight their empty words;
What! hopes the fool to please so many lords?
Young as I am, thy prince's vengeful hand, [land.
Stretch'd forth in wrath, shall drive thee from the
Oh! could the vigour of this arm as well
The' oppressive suitors from my walls expel!
Then what a shoal of lawless men should go
To fill with tumult the dark courts below!'
The suitors with a scornful smile survey
The youth, indulging in the genial day.
Eumæus, thus encourag'd, hastes to bring
The strife-full bow, and give it to the king.
Old Eurycles calling then aside,
'Hear what Telemachus enjoins (he cried):
At every portal let some matron wait,
And each lock fast the well-compacted gate;
And if unusual sounds invade their ear,
If arms, or shouts, or dying groans they hear,
Let none to call or issue forth presume,
But close attend the labours of the loom.'
Her prompt obedience on his order waits;
Clos'd in an instant were the palace-gates.
In the same moment forth Philœtius flies,
Secures the court, and with a cable ties
The utmost gate (the cable strongly wrought
Of Byblos' reed, a ship from Egypt brought);
Then unperceiv'd and silent at the board
His seat he takes, his eyes upon his lord.
And now his well-known bow the master bore,
Turn'd on all sides, and view'd it o'er and o'er;

Lest time or worms had done the weapon wrong,
Its owner absent, and untried so long.
While some deriding—'How he turns the bow!
Some other like it sure the man must know,
Or else would copy; or in bows he deals:
Perhaps he makes them; or perhaps he steals.'
'Heaven to this wretch (another cried) be kind!
And bless, in all to which he stands inclin'd,
With such good fortune as he now shall find.'

Heedless he heard them:—but disdain'd reply;
The bow perusing with exactest eye.
Then, as some heavenly minstrel, taught to sing
High notes, responsive to the trembling string,
To some new strain when he adapts the lyre,
Or the dumb lute refits with vocal wire,
Relaxes, strains, and draws them to and fro:
So the great master drew the mighty bow;
And drew with ease. One hand aloft display'd
The bending horns, and one the string essay'd.
From his essaying hand the string let fly [cry.
Twang'd short and sharp, like the shrill swallow's
A general horror ran through all the race;
Sunk was each heart, and pale was every face.
Signs from above ensued:—the' unfolding sky
In lightning burst; Jove thunder'd from on high.
Fir'd at the call of heaven's almighty lord,
He snatch'd the shaft that glitter'd on the board
(Fast by, the rest lay sleeping in the sheath,
But soon to fly, the messengers of death).

Now sitting as he was, the cord he drew,
Through every ringlet levelling his view;
Then notch'd the shaft, releas'd, and gave it wing;
The whizzing arrow vanish'd from the string,
Sung on direct, and threaded every ring.

The solid gate its fury scarcely bounds;
Pierc'd through and through, the solid gate resounds.
Then to the prince:—'Nor have I wrought thee shame;
Nor err'd this hand unfaithful to its aim;
Nor prov'd the toil too hard; nor have I lost
That ancient vigour, once my pride and boast.
Ill I deserve these haughty peers' disdain:—
Now let them comfort their dejected train:
In sweet repast the present hour employ,
Nor wait till evening for the genial joy:
Then to the lute's soft voice prolong the night;—
Music, the banquet's most refin'd delight.'
He said, then gave a nod;—and at the word
Telemachus girds on his shining sword.
Fast by his father's side he takes his stand;
The beamy javelin lightens in his hand.

THE

TWENTY-SECOND BOOK

OF THE

ODYSSEY.

THE

TWENTY-SECOND BOOK

OF THE

ODYSSEY.

THE ARGUMENT.

THE DEATH OF THE SUITORS.

ULYSSES begins the slaughter of the suitors by the death of Antinous. He declares himself, and lets fly his arrows at the rest. Telemachus assists, and brings arms for his father, himself, Eumæus and Philœtius. Melanthius does the same for the wooers. Minerva encourages Ulysses in the shape of Mentor. The suitors are all slain, only Medon and Phemius are spared. Melanthius and the unfaithful servants are executed. The rest acknowledge their master with all demonstrations of joy.

THE

ODYSSEY.

BOOK XXII.

THEN fierce the hero o'er the threshold strode;
Stript of his rags, he blaz'd out like a god.
Full in their face the lifted bow he bore,
And quiver'd deaths, a formidable store;
Before his feet the rattling shower he threw,
And thus terrific, to the suitor-crew:
'One venturous game this hand has won to-day;
Another, princes! yet remains to play:
Another mark our arrow must attain.
Phœbus, assist! nor be the labour vain.'
Swift as the word the parting arrow sings;
And bears thy fate, Antinous, on its wings.
Wretch that he was, of unprophetic soul!
High in his hands he rear'd the golden bowl;
E'en then to drain it lengthen'd out his breath;
Chang'd to the deep, the bitter draught of death!
For fate who fear'd amidst a feastful band?
And fate to numbers, by a single hand?
Full through his throat Ulysses' weapon past,
And pierc'd the neck. He falls, and breathes his last.
The tumbling goblet the wide floor o'erflows,
A stream of gore burst spouting from his nose;

Grim in convulsive agonies he sprawls:
Before him spurn'd, the loaded table falls,
And spreads the pavement with a mingled flood
Of floating meats, and wine, and human blood.
Amaz'd, confounded, as they saw him fall,
Uprose the throngs tumultuous round the hall:
O'er all the dome they cast a haggard eye:
Each look'd for arms: in vain; no arms were nigh:
'Aim'st thou at princes? (all amaz'd they said)
Thy last of games unhappy hast thou play'd;
Thy erring shaft has made our bravest bleed,
And death, unlucky guest, attends thy deed.
Vultures shall tear thee'—Thus incens'd they spoke;
While each to chance ascrib'd the wondrous stroke:
Blind as they were; for death e'en now invades
His destin'd prey, and wraps them all in shades.
Then grimly frowning with a dreadful look,
That wither'd all their hearts, Ulysses spoke.

'Dogs, ye have had your day:—ye fear'd no more
Ulysses vengeful from the Trojan shore;
While to your lust and spoil a guardless prey,
Our house, our wealth, our helpless handmaids, lay:
Not so content, with bolder frenzy fir'd,
E'en to our bed, presumptuous, you aspir'd:
Laws or divine or human fail'd to move,
Or shame of men, or dread of gods above:
Heedless alike of infamy or praise,
Or fame's eternal voice in future days:
The hour of vengeance, wretches! now is come;
Impending fate is yours, and instant doom.'

Thus dreadful he. Confus'd the suitors stood;
From their pale cheeks recedes the flying blood:
Trembling they sought their guilty heads to hide;
Alone the bold Eurymachus replied:

'If, as thy words import (he thus began),
Ulysses lives, and thou the mighty man,
Great are thy wrongs, and much hast thou sustain'd
In thy spoil'd palace, and exhausted land.
The cause and author of those guilty deeds,
Lo! at thy feet unjust Antinous bleeds.
Not love, but wild ambition, was his guide:
To slay thy son, thy kingdoms to divide,
These were his aims;—but juster Jove denied.
Since cold in death the' offender lies, O spare
Thy suppliant people, and receive their pray'r!
Brass, gold, and treasures, shall the spoil defray:
Two hundred oxen every prince shall pay;
The waste of years refunded in a day.
Till then thy wrath is just.'——Ulysses burn'd
With high disdain, and sternly thus return'd:
All, all the treasures that enrich'd our throne
Before your rapines, join'd with all your own,
If offer'd, vainly should for mercy call:
'Tis you that offer, and I scorn them all.
Your blood is my demand! your lives the price,
Till pale as yonder wretch each suitor lies.
Hence with those coward terms: or fight, or fly,
This choice is left ye, to resist or die:
And die I trust ye shall.'——He sternly spoke:
With guilty fears the pale assembly shook.
Alone Eurymachus exhorts the train:
'Yon archer, comrades, will not shoot in vain;
But from the threshold shall his darts be sped,
(Whoe'er he be) till every prince lie dead.
Be mindful of yourselves; draw forth your swords,
And to his shafts obtend these ample boards
(So need compels). Then, all united, strive
The bold invader from his post to drive:

The city rous'd shall to our rescue haste,
And this mad archer soon have shot his last.'
Swift as he spoke, he drew his traitor sword,
And like a lion rush'd against his lord.
The wary chief the rushing foe repress'd;
Who met the point, and forc'd it in his breast:
His failing hand deserts the lifted sword,
And prone he falls extended o'er the board!
Before him wide, in mix'd effusion roll
The' untasted viands, and the jovial bowl.
Full through his liver pass'd the mortal wound;
With dying rage his forehead beats the ground:
He spurn'd the seat with fury as he fell,
And the fierce soul to darkness div'd, and hell.
Next bold Amphinomus his arms extends
To force the pass: the godlike man defends.
Thy spear, Telemachus! prevents the' attack:
The brazen weapon driving through his back,
Thence through his breast its bloody passage tore;
Flat falls he thundering on the marble floor,
And his crush'd forehead marks the stone with gore.
He left his javelin in the dead, for fear
The long incumbrance of the weighty spear
To the fierce foe advantage might afford,
To rush between and use the shorten'd sword.
With speedy ardour to his sire he flies;
And, 'Arm, great Father! arm (in haste he cries);
Lo hence I run for other arms to wield,
For missile javelins, and for helm and shield:
Fast by our side let either faithful swain
In arms attend us, and their part sustain.'
'Haste and return (Ulysses made reply),
While yet the' auxiliar shafts this hand supply;

Lest thus alone, encounter'd by an host,
Driven from the gate, the' important pass be lost.'
With speed Telemachus obeys; and flies
Where pil'd on heaps the royal armour lies.
Four brasen helmets, eight refulgent spears,
And four broad bucklers, to his sire he bears:
At once in brasen panoply they shone;
At once each servant brac'd his armour on:
Around their king a faithful guard they stand.
While yet each shaft flew deathful from his hand,
Chief after chief expir'd at every wound,
And swell'd the bleeding mountain on the ground.
Soon as his store of flying fates was spent,
Against the wall he set the bow unbent:
And now his shoulders bear the massy shield;
And now his hands two beamy javelins wield:
He frowns beneath his nodding plume, that play'd
O'er the high crest, and cast a dreadful shade.
There stood a window near, whence looking down
From o'er the porch, appear'd the subject town.
A double strength of valves secur'd the place;
A high and narrow, but the only pass:
The cautious king, with all-preventing care,
To guard that outlet, plac'd Eumæus there:
When Agelaüs thus:—'Has none the sense
To mount yon window, and alarm from thence
The neighbour town? the town shall force the door,
And this bold archer soon shall shoot no more.'
Melanthius then:—'That outlet to the gate
So near adjoins, that one may guard the strait.
But other methods of defence remain;
Myself with arms can furnish all the train;
Stores from the royal magazine I bring,
And their own darts shall pierce the prince and king.'

He said; and mounting up the lofty stairs,
Twelve shields, twelve lances, and twelve helmets bears:
All arm, and sudden round the hall appears
A blaze of bucklers, and a wood of spears.
The hero stands oppress'd with mighty woe:
On every side he sees the labour grow:—
'Oh curst event! and oh unlook'd-for aid!
Melanthius or the women have betray'd——
Oh my dear son!'——The father with a sigh:
Then cease'd;—the filial virtue made reply:
'Falsehood is folly; and 'tis just to own
The fault committed:—this was mine alone;
My haste neglected yonder door to bar;
And hence the villain has supplied their war.
Run, good Eumæus, then; and (what before
I thoughtless err'd in) well secure that door:
Learn if by female fraud this deed were done,
Or (as my thought misgives) by Dolius' son.'
While yet they spoke, in quest of arms again
To the high chamber stole the faithless swain:
Not unobserv'd;—Eumæus watchful ey'd;
And thus address'd Ulysses near his side:
'The miscreant we suspected takes that way,
Him, if this arm be powerful, shall I slay?
Or drive him hither, to receive the meed
From thy own hand, of this detested deed?'
'Not so (replied Ulysses): leave him there.
For us sufficient is another care:
Within the structure of this palace wall
To keep inclos'd his masters till they fall.
Go you and seize the felon: backward bind
His arms and legs, and fix a plank behind;

On this, his body by strong cords extend,
And on a column near the roof suspend;
So studied tortures his vile days shall end.'
The ready swains obey'd with joyful haste:
Behind the felon unperceiv'd they pass'd,
As round the room in quest of arms he goes
(The half-shut door conceal'd his lurking foes):
One hand sustain'd a helm, and one the shield
Which old Laertes wont in youth to wield,
Cover'd with dust, with dryness chapt and worn,
The brass corroded, and the leather torn.
Thus laden, o'er the threshold as he stept,
Fierce on the villain from each side they leapt,
Back by the hair the trembling dastard drew,
And down reluctant on the pavement threw.
Active and pleas'd, the zealous swains fulfil
At every point their master's rigid will:
First, fast behind, his hands and feet they bound;
Then straiten'd cords involv'd his body round:
So drawn aloft, athwart the column tied,
The howling felon swung from side to side.
Eumæus scoffing then with keen disdain:
'There pass thy pleasing night, O gentle swain!
On that soft pillow, from that envied height
First may'st thou see the springing dawn of light;
So timely rise, when morning streaks the east,
To drive thy victims to the suitors' feast.'
This said, they left him, tortur'd as he lay;
Secur'd the door, and hasty strode away:
Each, breathing death, resum'd his dangerous post
Near great Ulysses; four against an host.
When lo! descending to her hero's aid,
Jove's daughter, Pallas, war's triumphant maid:

In Mentor's friendly form she join'd his side;
Ulysses saw, and thus with transport cried:
'Come, ever welcome, and thy succour lend;
Oh every sacred name in one!—my friend!
Early we lov'd, and long our loves have grown:
Whate'er through life's whole series I have done
Or good, or grateful, now to mind recall,
And aiding this one hour, repay it all.'
Thus he:—but pleasing hopes his bosom warm
Of Pallas latent in the friendly form.
The adverse host the phantom warrior ey'd;
And first, loud threatening, Agelaüs cried:
'Mentor beware; nor let that tongue persuade
Thy frantic arm to lend Ulysses aid:
Our force successful shall our threat make good,
And with the sire's and son's commix thy blood.
What hop'st thou here?—Thee first the sword shall slay;
Then lop thy whole posterity away:
Far hence thy banish'd consort shall we send;
With his, thy forfeit lands and treasures blend:
Thus, and thus only, shalt thou join thy friend.'
His barbarous insult e'en the goddess fires;
Who thus the warrior to revenge inspires:
'Art thou Ulysses? where then shall we find
The patient body and the constant mind?
That courage, once the Trojans' daily dread,
Known nine long years, and felt by heroes dead?
And where that conduct, which reveng'd the lust
Of Priam's race, and laid proud Troy in dust?
If this, when Helen was the cause, were done,
What for thy country now, thy queen, thy son!
Rise then in combat; at my side attend;
Observe what vigour gratitude can lend,
And foes how weak, oppos'd against a friend!'

She spoke; but willing longer to survey
The sire and son's great acts, withheld the day;
By further toils decreed the brave to try,
And level pois'd the wings of victory:
Then with a change of form eludes their sight,
Perch'd like a swallow on a rafter's height,
And unperceiv'd enjoys the rising fight.
Damastor's son, bold Agelaüs, leads
The guilty war: Eurynomus succeeds:
With these, Pisander, great Polyctor's son,
Sage Polybus, and stern Amphimedon,
With Demoptolemus: these six survive;
The best of all the shafts had left alive.
Amidst the carnage desperate as they stand,
Thus Agelaüs rous'd the lagging band:
'The hour is come, when yon fierce man no more
With bleeding princes shall bestrow the floor:
Lo! Mentor leaves him with an empty boast:
The four remain;—but four against an host.
Let each at once discharge the deadly dart:
One sure of six shall reach Ulysses' heart:
Thus shall one stroke the glory lost regain:
The rest must perish, their great leader slain.'
Then all at once their mingled lances threw!
And thirsty all of one man's blood they flew:
In vain! Minerva turn'd them with her breath,
And scatter'd short, or wide, the points of death;
With deaden'd sound, one on the threshold falls,
One strikes the gate, one rings against the walls;
The storm pass'd innocent.—The godlike man
Now loftier trod, and dreadful thus began:
'Tis now (brave friends) our turn, at once to throw
(So speed them heaven) our javelins at the foe.

That impious race to all their past misdeeds
Would add our blood:—Injustice still proceeds.'
He spoke: at once their fiery lances flew:
Great Demoptolemus, Ulysses slew;
Euryades receiv'd the prince's dart;
The goatherd's quiver'd in Pisander's heart;
Fierce Elatus by thine, Eumæus, falls:
Their fall in thunder echoes round the walls.
The rest retreat: the victors now advance;
Each from the dead resumes his bloody lance.
Again the foe discharge the steely shower;
Again made frustrate by the virgin-power:
Some, turn'd by Pallas, on the threshold fall,
Some wound the gate, some ring against the wall:
Some weak, or ponderous with the brazen head,
Drop harmless, on the pavement sounding dead.
Then bold Amphimedon his javelin cast;
Thy hand, Telemachus, it lightly rasd:
And from Ctesippus' arm the spear elanc'd
On good Eumæus' shield and shoulder glanc'd:
Not lessen'd of their force (so slight the wound)
Each sung along, and dropp'd upon the ground.
Fate doom'd thee next, Eurydamus, to bear
Thy death, ennobled by Ulysses' spear.
By the bold son Amphimedon was slain;
And Polybus renown'd the faithful swain.
Pierc'd through the breast the rude Ctesippus bled,
And thus Philætius gloried o'er the dead:
'There end thy pompous vaunts and high disdain,
O sharp in scandal, voluble and vain!
How weak is mortal pride! To heaven alone
The' event of actions and our fates are known;
Scoffer, behold what gratitude we bear:
The victim's heel is answer'd with this spear.'

Ulysses brandish'd high his vengeful steel,
And Damastorides that instant fell:
Fast-by Leocritus expiring lay,
The prince's javelin tore its bloody way
Through all his bowels: down he tumbles prone,
His batter'd front and brains besmear the stone.
Now Pallas shines confess'd:—aloft she spreads
The arm of vengeance o'er their guilty heads;
The dreadful segis blazes in their eye;
Amaz'd they see, they tremble, and they fly:
Confus'd, distracted, through the rooms they fling,
Like oxen madden'd by the breese's sting,
When sultry days, and long, succeed the gentle spring.
Not half so keen, fierce vultures of the chase
Stoop from the mountains on the feather'd race,
When the wide field extended snares beset,
With conscious dread they shun the quivering net:
No help, no flight; but wounded every way,
Headlong they drop; the fowlers seize the prey.
On all sides thus they double wound on wound;
In prostrate heaps the wretches beat the ground:
Unmanly shrieks precede each dying groan,
And a red deluge floats the reeking stone.
Leiodes first before the victor falls;
The wretched augur thus for mercy calls:
'O, gracious, hear:—nor let thy suppliant bleed:
Still undishonour'd or by word or deed
Thy house, for me, remains; by me repress'd
Full oft was check'd the injustice of the rest:
Averse they heard me when I counsell'd well;
Their hearts were harden'd, and they justly fell.
O spare an augur's consecrated head,
Nor add the blameless to the guilty dead.'

'Priest as thou art! for that detested band
Thy lying prophecies deceiv'd the land!
Against Ulysses have thy vows been made:
For them, thy daily orisons were paid:
Yet more, e'en to our bed thy pride aspires:—
One common crime one common fate requires.'
Thus speaking, from the ground the sword he took
Which Agelaüs' dying hand forsook;
Full through his neck the weighty falchion sped:
Along the pavement roll'd the muttering head.
Phemius alone the hand of vengeance spar'd;
Phemius, the sweet, the heaven-instructed, bard.
Beside the gate the reverend minstrel stands;
The lyre, now silent, trembling in his hands:
Dubious to supplicate the chief, or fly
To Jove's inviolable altar nigh,
Where oft Laertes holy vows had paid,
And oft Ulysses smoking victims laid.
His honour'd harp with care he first set down,
Between the laver and the silver throne;
Then prostrate, stretch'd before the dreadful man,
Persuasive, thus, with accent soft began:
'O king! to mercy be thy soul inclin'd,
And spare the poet's ever-gentle kind.
A deed like this thy future fate would wrong:
For dear to gods and men is sacred song.
Self-taught I sing;—by heaven, and heaven alone,
The genuine seeds of poesy are sown;
And (what the gods bestow) the lofty lay,
To gods alone, and godlike worth, we pay.
Save then the poet, and thyself reward;
'Tis thine to merit, mine is to record.
That here I sung, was force and not desire;
This hand reluctant touch'd the warbling wire:

And let thy son attest, nor sordid pay,
Nor servile flattery, stain'd the moral lay.'

The moving words Telemachus attends,
His sire approaches, and the bard defends:—
'O mix not, father, with those impious dead
The man divine; forbear that sacred head:
Medon, the herald, too our arms may spare;
Medon, who made my infancy his care:
If yet he breathes, permit thy son to give
Thus much to gratitude, and bid him live.'

Beneath a table, trembling with dismay,
Couch'd close to earth, unhappy Medon lay,
Wrapt in a new slain ox's ample hide:
Swift at the word he cast his screen aside,
Sprung to the prince, embrac'd his knee with tears,
And thus with grateful voice address'd his ears:

'O prince! O friend! lo here thy Medon stands;
Ah, stop the hero's unresisted hands,
Incens'd too justly by that impious brood,
Whose guilty glories now are set in blood.'

To whom Ulysses with a pleasing eye:
'Be bold; on friendship and my son rely;
Live, an example for the world to read,
How much more safe the good than evil deed.
Thou, with the heaven-taught bard, in peace resort
From blood and carnage to yon open court:
Me other work requires'—With timorous awe
From the dire scene the' exempted two withdraw;
Scarce sure of life, look round,—and trembling move
To the bright altars of protector Jove.

Meanwhile Ulysses search'd the dome, to find
If yet there live of all the' offending kind.
Not one!—complete the bloody tale he found;
All steep'd in blood, all gasping on the ground.

So, when by hollow shores the fisher train
Sweep with their arching nets the hoary main,
And scarce the meshy toils the copious draught
contain,
All naked of their element, and bare,
The fishes pant, and gasp in thinner air;
Wide o'er the sands are spread the stiffening prey,
Till the warm sun exhales their soul away.
And now the king commands his son to call
Old Eurycles to the deathful hall:
The son observant not a moment stays;
The aged governess with speed obeys:
The sounding portals instant they display;
The matron moves, the prince directs the way.
On heaps of death the stern Ulysses stood,
All black with dust, and cover'd thick with blood.
So the grim lion from the slaughter comes:
Dreadful he glares, and terribly he foams;
His breast with marks of carnage painted o'er,
His jaws all dropping with the bull's black gore.
Soon as her eyes the welcome object met,
The guilty fall'n, the mighty deed complete,
A scream of joy her feeble voice essay'd:
The hero check'd her, and compos'dly said:
'Woman, experienc'd as thou art, control
Indecent joy, and feast thy secret soul.
To insult the dead is cruel and unjust;
Fate, and their crime, have sunk them to the dust.
Nor heeded these the censure of mankind;
The good and bad were equal in their mind.
Justly the price of worthlessness they paid,
And each now wails, an unlamented shade.
But thou sincere! oh Eurycles, say,
What maids dishonour us, and what obey?'

Then she :—'In these thy kingly walls remain
(My son) full fifty of the handmaid train,
Taught by my care to cull the fleece, or weave,
And servitude with pleasing tasks deceive:
Of these, twice six pursue their wicked way,
Nor me, nor chaste Penelope, obey:
Nor fits it that Telemachus command
(Young as he is) his mother's female band.
Hence to the upper chambers let me fly,
Where slumbers soft now close the royal eye;
There wake her with the news'—the matron cried.
'Not so (Ulysses more sedate replied), [deeds.—'
Bring first the crew who wrought these guilty
In haste the matron parts: the king proceeds:
Now to dispose the dead the care remains
'To you, my son, and you, my faithful swains:
The' offending females to that task we doom,
To wash, to scent, and purify the room.
These (every table cleans'd, and every throne,
And all the melancholy labour done.)
Drive to yon court, without the palace-wall:
There the revenging sword shall smite them all;
So with the suitors let them mix in dust,
Stretch'd in a long oblivion of their lust.'

He said:—the lamentable train appear:
Each vents a groan, and drops a tender tear;
Each heav'd her mournful burden, and beneath
The porch depos'd the ghastly heaps of death.
The chief severe, compelling each to move,
Urg'd the dire task, imperious, from above.
With thirsty sponge they rub the tables o'er;
(The swains unite their toil) the walls, the floor,
Wash'd with the' effusive wave, are purg'd of gore.

Once more the palace set in fair array,
To the base court the females take their way;
There compass'd close between the dome and wall,
(Their life's last scene) they trembling wait their fall.
Then thus the prince:—'To these shall we afford
A fate so pure, as by the martial sword?
To these, the nightly prostitutes to shame,
And base revilers of our house and name?'
Thus speaking, on the circling wall he strung
A ship's tough cable, from a column hung;
Near the high top he strain'd it strongly round,
Whence no contending foot could reach the ground.
Their heads above connected in a row,
They beat the air with quivering feet below:
Thus on some tree, hung struggling in the snare,
The doves or thrushes flap their wings in air.
Soon fled the soul impure, and left behind
The empty corpse to waver with the wind.
Then forth they led Melanthius, and began
Their bloody work: they lopp'd away the man,
Morsel for dogs! then trimm'd with brazen sheers
The wretch, and shorten'd of his nose and ears;
His hands and feet last felt the cruel steel:
He roar'd, and torments gave his soul to hell—
They wash, and to Ulysses take their way;
So ends the bloody business of the day.
To Eurycles then address'd the king;
'Bring hither fire, and hither sulphur bring,
To purge the palace: then the queen attend,
And let her with her matron-train descend;
The matron-train with all the virgin band
Assemble here, to learn their lord's command.'
Then Eurycles:—'Joyful I obey;
But cast those mean dishonest rags away:

Permit me first thy royal robes to bring:
Ill suits this garb the shoulders of a king,'
'Bring sulphur straight and fire' (the monarch cries).
She hears, and at the word obedient flies.
With fire and sulphur, cure of noxious fumes,
He purg'd the walls and blood-polluted rooms.
Again the matron springs with eager pace,
And spreads her lord's return from place to place.
They hear, rush forth, and instant round him stand;
A gazing throng, a torch in every hand.
They saw, they knew him, and with fond embrace
Each humbly kiss'd his knee, or hand, or face:
He knows them all; in all such truth appears,
E'en he indulges the sweet joy of tears.

THE

TWENTY-THIRD BOOK

OF THE

ODYSSEY.

THE ARGUMENT.

EURYCLEA awakens Penelope with the news of Ulysses's return, and the death of the suitors. Penelope scarcely credits her, but supposes some god has punished them, and descends from her apartment in doubt. At the first interview of Ulysses and Penelope, she is quite unsatisfied. Minerva restores him to the beauty of his youth; but the queen continues incredulous, till by some circumstances she is convinced, and falls into all the transports of passion and tenderness. They recount to each other all that has passed during their long separation. The next morning Ulysses, arming himself and his friends, goes from the city to visit his father.

THE

ODYSSEY.

BOOK XXIII.

THEN to the queen, as in repose she lay,
The nurse with eager rapture speeds her way:
The transports of her faithful heart supply
A sudden youth, and give her wings to fly.
'And sleeps my child? the reverend matron cries:
Ulysses lives! arise, my child, arise!
At length appears the long-expected hour!
Ulysses comes! the suitors are no more!
No more they view the golden light of day;
Arise, and bless thee with the glad survey!'
Touch'd at her words, the mournful queen rejoin'd:
'Ah! whither wanders thy distemper'd mind?
The righteous powers who tread the starry skies,
The weak enlighten, and confound the wise,
And human thought with unresisted sway,
Depress or raise, enlarge or take away:
Truth, by their high decree, thy voice forsakes,
And folly with the tongue of wisdom speaks.
Unkind, the fond illusion to impose!
Was it to flatter, or deride, my woes?
Never did I a sleep so sweet enjoy,
Since my dear lord left Ithaca for Troy:

Why must I wake to grieve; and curse thy shore,
O Troy?—may never tongue pronounce thee more!
Be gone: another might have felt our rage:
But age is sacred: and we spare thy age.'

To whom with warmth: 'My soul a lie disdains:
Ulysses lives: thy own Ulysses reigns:
That stranger, patient of the suitors' wrongs,
And the rude licence of ungovern'd tongues,
He, he is thine! thy son, his latent guest
Long knew, but lock'd the secret in his breast;
With well-concerted art to end his woes,
And burst at once in vengeance on the foes.'

While yet she spoke, the queen in transport sprung
Swift from the couch, and round the matron hung;
Fast from her eye descends the rolling tear—
'Say, once more say, is my Ulysses here?
How could that numerous and outrageous band
By one be slain, though by an hero's hand?'

'I saw it not, (she cries) but heard alone,
When death was busy, a loud dying groan:
The damsel-train turn'd pale at every wound;
Immur'd we sat, and catch'd each passing sound.
When death had seiz'd her prey, thy son attends,
And at his nod the damsel-train descends;
There terrible in arms Ulysses stood,
And the dead suitors almost swam in blood.
Thy heart had leapt the hero to survey,
Stern as the surly lion o'er his prey,
Glorious in gore!——now with sulphureous fires
The dome he purges, now the flame aspires;
Heap'd lie the dead without the palace-walls:—
Haste, daughter, haste, thy own Ulysses calls!
Thy every wish the bounteous gods bestow;
Enjoy the present good, and former woe;

Ulysses lives his vanquish'd foes to see:
He lives, to thy Telemachus and thee!'
'Ah no! (with sighs Penelope rejoin'd)
Excess of joy disturbs thy wandering mind.
How bless'd this happy hour, should he appear!
Dear to us all,—to me supremely dear!
Ah no! some god the suitor's deaths decreed:
Some god descends, and by his hand they bleed.
Blind! to contemn the stranger's righteous cause,
And violate all hospitable laws!
The good they hated, and the powers defied:
But heaven is just; and by a god they died.
For never must Ulysses view this shore;
Never!——the lov'd Ulysses is no more;'
'What words (the matron cries) have reach'd my ears?
Doubt we his presence, when he now appears?
Then hear conviction:—Ere the fatal day
That forc'd Ulysses o'er the watry way,
A boar fierce-rushing in the silvan war
Plough'd half his thigh: I saw, I saw the scar,
And wild with transport had reveal'd the wound;
But ere I spoke, he rose, and check'd the sound.
Then, daughter, haste away! and if a lie
Flow from this tongue, then let thy servant die!'
To whom with dubious joy the queen replies;
'Wise is thy soul; but errors seize the wise.
The works of gods what mortal can survey;
Who knows their motives, who shall trace their way?
But learn we instant how the suitors trod
The paths of death; by man, or by a god?'
Thus speaks the queen; and no reply attends,
But with alternate joy and fear descends;

At every step debates, her lord to prove!
Or, rushing to his arms, confess her love!
Then gliding through the marble valves in state,
Oppos'd, before the shining fire she sat.
The monarch, by a column high enthron'd,
His eye withdrew, and fix'd it on the ground;
Curious to hear his queen the silence break:
Amaz'd she sat, and impotent to speak:
O'er all the man her eyes she rolls in vain,
Now hopes, now fears, now knows, then doubts again.
At length Telemachus:—'Oh who can find
A woman like Penelope unkind?
Why thus in silence? why with winning charms
Thus slow, to fly with rapture to his arms?
Stubborn the breast that with no transport glows,
When twice ten years are past of mighty woes;
To softness lost, to spousal love unknown,
The gods have form'd that rigid heart of stone!'
'O my Telemachus! (the queen rejoin'd)
Distracting fears confound my labouring mind;
Powerless to speak, I scarce uplift my eyes,
Nor dare to question: doubts on doubts arise.
O deign he, if Ulysses, to remove
These boding thoughts, and what he is, to prove!'
Pleas'd with her virtuous fears, the king replies:
Indulge, my son, the cautions of the wise;
Time shall the truth to sure remembrance bring:
This garb of poverty belies the king:
No more.'——This day our deepest care requires,
Cautious to act what thought mature inspires.
If one man's blood, though mean, distain our hands,
The homicide retreats to foreign lands:
By us, in heaps the illustrious peerage falls;
The important deed our whole attention calls.

'Be that thy care, (Telemachus replies)
The world conspires to speak Ulysses wise;
For wisdom all is thine!—lo, I obey,
And dauntless follow where you lead the way;
Nor shalt thou in the day of danger find
Thy coward son degenerate lag behind.'

'Then instant to the bath (the monarch cries);
Bid the gay youth and sprightly virgins rise,
Thence all descend in pomp and proud array,
And bid the dome resound the mirthful lay;
While the sweet lyrist airs of rapture sings,
And forms the dance responsive to the strings:
That hence the' eluded passengers may say,
'Lo! the queen weds! we hear the spousal lay!'
The suitors' death unknown, till we remove
Far from the court and act inspir'd by Jove.'

Thus spoke the king: the' observant train obey;
At once they bathe, and dress in proud array:
The lyrist strikes the string; gay youths advance,
And fair-zon'd damsels form the sprightly dance.
The voice, attun'd to instrumental sounds,
Ascends the roof; the vaulted roof rebounds;
Not unobserv'd: the Greeks eluded say
'Lo! the queen weds! we hear the spousal lay!
Inconstant! to admit the bridal hour.'
Thus they—but nobly chaste she weds no more.

Meanwhile the wearied king the bath ascends;
With faithful cares Eurynomè attends,
O'er every limb a shower of fragrance sheds:
Then dress'd in pomp, magnificent he treads.
The warrior-goddess gives his frame to shine
With majesty enlarg'd, and grace divine.
Back from his brows in wavy ringlets fly
His thick large locks, of hyacinthine dye.

As by some artist to whom Vulcan gives
His heavenly skill, a breathing image lives;
By Pallas taught, he frames the wondrous mould,
And the pale silver glows with fusil gold:
So Pallas his heroic form improves
With bloom divine, and like a god he moves;
More high he treads, and issuing forth in state,
Radiant before his gazing consort sat.
'And oh my queen! (he cries) what power above
Has steel'd that heart, averse to spousal love!
Canst thou, Penelope, when heaven restores
Thy lost Ulysses to his native shores,
Canst thou, oh cruel! unconcern'd survey
Thy lost Ulysses, on this signal day?
Haste, Eurycléa, and dispatchful spread
For me, and me alone, the' imperial bed:
My weary nature craves the balm of rest:
But heaven with adamant has arm'd her breast.'
'Ah no! (she cries) a tender heart I bear;
A foe to pride; no adamant is there:
And now, e'en now it melts! for sure I see
Once more Ulysses my belov'd in thee!
Fix'd in my soul as when he sail'd to Troy,
His image dwells: then haste the bed of joy!
Haste, from the bridal bower the bed translate,
Fram'd by his hand, and be it dress'd in state!'
Thus speaks the queen, still dubious, with disguise;
Touch'd at her words, the king with warmth replies:
'Alas for this! what mortal strength can move
The' enormous burden,—who but heaven above?
It mocks the weak attempts of human hands;
But the whole earth must move, if heaven commands.
Then hear sure evidence, while we display
Words seal'd with sacred truth; and truth obey.

This hand the wonder fram'd: an olive spread
Full in the court its ever-verdant head;
Vast as some mighty column's bulk, on high
The huge trunk rose, and heav'd into the sky;
Around the tree I rais'd a nuptial-bower,
And roof'd defensive of the storm and shower;
The spacious valve, with art inwrought, conjoins;
And the fair dome with polish'd marble shines.
I lopp'd the branchy head; aloft in twain
Sever'd the bole, and smooth'd the shining grain:
Then posts, capacious of the frame, I raise;
And bore it, regular, from space to space:
Athwart the frame, at equal distance lie
Thongs of tough hides, that boast a purple dye;
Then polishing the whole, the finish'd mould
With silver shone, with elephant and gold.
But if o'erturn'd by rude ungovern'd hands,
Or still inviolate the olive stands,
'Tis thine, O queen, to say:—and now impart,
If fears remain, or doubts distract thy heart?'
While yet he speaks, her powers of life decay,
She sickens, trembles, falls, and faints away:
At length recovering, to his arms she flew,
And strain'd him close, as to his breast she grew:
The tears pour'd down amain:—and, 'Oh, she cries,
Let not against thy spouse thine anger rise!
O vers'd in every turn of human art,
Forgive the weakness of a woman's heart!
The righteous powers, that mortal lots dispose,
Decree us to sustain a length of woes,
And from the flower of life, the bliss deny
To bloom together, fade away, and die.
O let me, let me not thine anger move,
That I forbore, thus, thus, to speak my love;

Thus in fond kisses, while the transport warms,
Pour out my soul, and die within thy arms!
I dreaded fraud! Men, faithless men, betray
Our easy faith, and make the sex their prey:
Against the fondness of my heart I strove;
'Twas caution, oh my lord! not want of love:
Like me had Helen fear'd, with wanton charms
Ere the fair mischief set two worlds in arms,
Ere Greece rose dreadful in the' avenging day,
Thus had she fear'd, she had not gone astray.
But heaven, averse to Greece, in wrath decreed
That she should wander, and that Greece should bleed;
Blind to the ills that from injustice flow,
She colour'd all our wretched lives with woe.
But why these sorrows when my lord arrives?
I yield, I yield! my own Ulysses lives!
The secrets of the bridal bed are known
To thee, to me, to Actoris alone
(My father's present in the spousal hour,
The sole attendant on our genial bow'r).
Since what no eye has seen thy tongue reveal'd,
Hard and distrustful as I am, I yield.'

Touch'd to the soul, the king with rapture hears,
Hangs round her neck, and speaks his joy in tears.
As to the shipwreck'd mariner, the shores
Delightful rise, when angry Neptune roars;
Then, when the surge in thunder mounts the sky,
And gulf'd in crowds at once the sailors die;
If one more happy, while the tempest raves,
Out-lives the tumult of conflicting waves,
All pale, with ooze deform'd, he views the strand,
And plunging forth with transport grasps the land:
The ravish'd queen with equal rapture glows,
Clasps her lov'd lord, and to his bosom grows.

Nor had they ended till the morning ray:
But Pallas backward held the rising day,
The wheels of night retarding, to detain
The gay Aurora in the wavy main,
Whose flaming steeds, emerging through the night,
Beam o'er the eastern hills with streaming light.
At length Ulysses with a sigh replies:
'Yet fate, yet cruel fate, repose denies.
A labour long, and hard, remains behind;
By heaven above, by hell beneath enjoin'd:
For, to Tiresias through the' eternal gates
Of hell I trod, to learn my future fates.
But end we here——the night demands repose;
Be deck'd the couch! and peace awhile, my woes!'
To whom the queen: 'Thy word we shall obey,
And deck the couch; far hence be woes away,
Since the just gods, who tread the starry plains,
Restore thee safe, since my Ulysses reigns.
But what those perils heaven decrees, impart;
Knowledge may grieve, but fear distracts the heart.'
To this the king: 'Ah why must I disclose
A dreadful story of approaching woes?
Why in this hour of transport wound thy ears,
When thou must learn, what I must speak, with tears?
Heaven, by the Theban ghost, thy spouse decrees,
Torn from thy arms, to sail a length of seas;
From realm to realm a nation to explore
Who ne'er knew salt, or heard the billows roar,
Nor saw gay vessel stem the surgy plain,
A painted wonder, flying on the main:
An oar my hand must bear; a shepherd eyes
The unknown instrument with strange surprise,
And calls a corn-van: this upon the plain
I fix, and hail the monarch of the main;

Then bathe his altars with the mingled gore
Of victims vow'd, a ram, a bull, a boar:
Thence swift ressailing to my native shores,
Due victims slay to all the' ethereal powers.
Then heaven decrees in peace to end my days,
And steal myself from life by slow decays:
Unknown to pain in age resign my breath,
When late stern Neptune points the shaft of death;
To the dark grave retiring as to rest;
My people blessing, by my people bless'd.
'Such future scenes the' all-righteous powers display,
By their dread seer, and such my future day.'
To whom thus firm of soul:—'If ripe for death,
And full of days, thou gently yield thy breath,
While heaven a kind release from ills foreshows;
Triumph, thou happy victor of thy woes!'
But Eurycléa with dispatchful care,
And sage Eurynomè, the couch prepare:
Instant they bid the blazing torch display
Around the dome an artificial day;
Then to repose her steps the matron bends,
And to the queen Eurynomè descends;
A torch she bears to light with guiding fires
The royal pair; she guides them, and retires.
Then instant his fair spouse Ulysses led
To the chaste love-rites of the nuptial bed.
And now the blooming youths and sprightly fair
Cease the gay dance, and to their rest repair:
But in discourse the king and consort lay,
While the soft hours stole unperceiv'd away.
Intent he hears Penelope disclose
A mournful story of domestic woes:

His servants' insults; his invaded bed;
How his whole flocks and herds exhausted bled;
His generous wines dishonour'd shed in vain,
And the wild riots of the suitor-train.
The king alternate a dire tale relates,
Of wars, of triumphs, and disastrous fates:
All he unfolds: his listening spouse turns pale
With pleasing horror at the dreadful tale;
Sleepless devours each word: and hears, how slain
Cicons on Cicons swell the' ensanguin'd plain;
How to the land of Lote unbless'd he sails;
(And images the rills, and flowery vales!)
How dash'd like dogs, his friends the Cyclops tore,
(Not unreveng'd) and quaff'd the spouting gore;
How, the loud storms in prison bound, he sails
From friendly Æolus with prosperous gales;
Yet fate withstands! a sudden tempest roars
And whirls him groaning from his native shores:
How on the barbarous Læstrigonian coast,
By savage hands his fleet and friends he lost;
How scarce himself surviv'd: he paints the bower
The spells of Circe, and her magic power;
His dreadful journey to the realms beneath,
To seek Tiresias in the vales of death;
How in the doleful mansions he survey'd
His royal mother, pale Anticlea's shade;
And friends in battle slain, heroic ghosts;
Then how unarm'd he past the Siren-coasts,
The justling rocks where fierce Charybdis raves,
And howling Scylla whirls her thunderous waves,
The cave of death! How his companions slay
The oxen sacred to the god of day,
Till Jove in wrath the rattling tempest guides,
And whelms the' offenders in the roaring tides:

How struggling through the surge, he reach'd the
Of fair Ogygia, and Calypso's bow'rs, [shores
Where the gay-blooming nymph constrain'd his stay,
With sweet, reluctant, amorous delay;
And promis'd, vainly promis'd, to bestow
Immortal life exempt from age and woe:
How sav'd from storms Phæacia's coast he trod,
By great Alcinous honour'd as a god,
Who gave him last his country to behold,
With change of raiment, brass, and heaps of gold.
He ended, sinking into sleep, and shares
A sweet forgetfulness of all his cares.
Soon as soft slumber eas'd the toils of day,
Minerva rushes through the' aërial way,
And bids Aurora with her golden wheels
Flame from the ocean o'er the eastern hills:
Uprose Ulysses from the genial bed,
And thus with thought mature the monarch said:
'My queen; my consort! through a length of years,
We drank the cup of sorrow mix'd with tears:
Thou, for thy lord; while me the' immortal pow'rs
Detain'd reluctant from my native shores.
Now, bless'd again by heaven, the queen display,
And rule our palace with an equal sway;
Be it my care, by loans, or martial toils,
To throng my empty folds, with gifts or spoils.
But now I haste to bless Laertes' eyes
With sight of his Ulysses ere he dies:
The good old man, to wasting woes a prey,
Weeps a sad life in solitude away.
But hear, though wise! This morning shall unfold
The deathful scene, on heroes, heroes roll'd;
Thou with thy maids within the palace stay,
From all the scene of tumult far away!'

He spoke, and, sheath'd in arms, incessant flies
To wake his son; and bid his friends arise.
'To arms!' aloud he cries: his friends obey,
With glittering arms their manly limbs array,
And pass the city-gate; Ulysses leads the way.
Now flames the rosy dawn, but Pallas shrouds
The latent warriors in a veil of clouds.

THE

TWENTY-FOURTH BOOK

OF THE

ODYSSEY.

THE ARGUMENT.

THE souls of the suitors are conducted by Mercury to the infernal shades. Ulysses in the country goes to the retirement of his father Laertes; he finds him busied in his garden all alone: the manner of his discovery to him is beautifully described. They return together to his lodge; and the king is acknowledged by Dolius and the servants. The Ithacensians, led by Eupithes the father of Antinous, rise against Ulysses; who gives them battle, in which Eupithes is killed by Laertes: and the goddess Pallas makes a lasting peace between Ulysses and his subjects; which concludes the Odyssey.

THE

ODYSSEY.

BOOK XXIV.

Cyllenius now to Pluto's dreary reign
Conveys the dead, a lamentable train!
The golden wand, that causes sleep to fly,
Or in soft slumber seals the wakeful eye,
That drives the ghosts to realms of night or day,
Points out the long uncomfortable way.
Trembling the spectres glide, and plaintive vent
Thin hollow screams, along the deep descent.
As in the cavern of some rifted den,
Where flock nocturnal bats, and birds obscene,
Cluster'd they hang, till at some sudden shock,
They move, and murmurs run through all the rock:
So cowering fled the sable heaps of ghosts;
And such a scream fill'd all the dismal coasts.
And now they reach'd the earth's remotest ends;
And now the gates where evening Sol descends,
And Leucas' rock, and ocean's utmost streams;
And now pervade the dusky land of dreams,
And rest at last, where souls unbodied dwell
In ever-flowering meads of asphodel.
The empty forms of men inhabit there;
Impassive semblance, images of air!
Nought else are all that shin'd on earth before;
Ajax, and great Achilles, are no more!

Yet still a master-ghost the rest he aw'd,
The rest ador'd him, towering as he trod:
Still at his side is Nestor's son survey'd;
And lov'd Patroclus still attends his shade.
New as they were to that infernal shore,
The suitors stopt, and gaz'd the hero o'er:
When, moving slow, the regal form they view'd
Of great Atrides: him in pomp pursued
And solemn sadness, through the gloom of hell,
The train of those who by Egisthus fell.
'O mighty chief! (Pelides thus began)
Honour'd by Jove above the lot of man!
King of a hundred kings! to whom resign'd
The strongest, bravest, greatest of mankind;
Com'st thou the first, to view this dreary state?
And was the noblest the first mark of fate?
Condemn'd to pay the great arrear so soon;
The lot, which all lament, and none can shun!
Oh! better hadst thou sunk in Trojan ground,
With all thy full-blown honours cover'd round!
Then grateful Greece with streaming eyes might raise
Historic marbles to record thy praise:
Thy praise eternal on the faithful stone
Had with transmissive glories grac'd thy son.
But heavier fates were destin'd to attend!
What man is happy, till he knows his end?'
'O son of Peleus! greater than mankind!
(Thus Agamemnon's kingly shade rejoin'd)
Thrice happy thou! to press the martial plain
Midst heaps of heroes in thy quarrel slain:
In clouds of smoke, rais'd by the noble fray,
Great and terrific e'en in death you lay,
And deluges of blood flow'd round you every way.

Nor ceas'd the strife, till Jove himself oppos'd,
And all in tempests the dire evening clos'd.
Then to the fleet we bore thy honour'd load,
And decent on the funeral bed bestow'd.
Then unguents sweet and tepid streams we shed;
Tears flow'd from every eye, and o'er the dead
Each clipt the curling honours of his head.
Struck at the news, thy azure mother came;
The sea-green sisters waited on the dame:
A voice of loud lament through all the main
Was heard, and terror seiz'd the Grecian train:
Back to their ships the frighted host had fled,
But Nestor spoke;—they listen'd, and obey'd.
(From old experience Nestor's counsel springs,
And long vicissitudes of human things.)
"Forbear your flight: fair Thetis from the main
To mourn Achilles leads her azure train."
Around thee stand the daughters of the deep,
Robe thee in heavenly vests, and round thee weep;
Round thee, the Muses, with alternate strain,
In ever-consecrating verse complain.
Each warlike Greek the moving music hears,
And iron-hearted heroes melt in tears.
Till seventeen nights and seventeen days return'd,
All that was mortal or immortal mourn'd.
To flames we gave thee, the succeeding day;
And fatted sheep, and sable oxen, slay;
With oils and honey blaze the' augmented fires,
And like a god adorn'd, thy earthly part expires.
Unnumber'd warriors round the burning pile
Urge the fleet courser's or the racer's toil;
Thick clouds of dust o'er all the circle rise,
And the mix'd clamour thunders in the skies.
Soon as absorpt in all-embracing flame
Sunk what was mortal of thy mighty name,

We then collect thy snowy bones, and place
With wines and unguents in a golden vase;
(The vase to Thetis Bacchus gave of old,
And Vulcan's art enrich'd the sculptur'd gold)
There we thy reliques, great Achilles, blend
With dear Patroclus, thy departed friend:
In the same urn a separate space contains
Thy next belov'd, Antilochus' remains.
Now all the sons of warlike Greece surround
Thy destin'd tomb, and cast a mighty mound:
High on the shore the growing hill we raise,
That wide the' extended Hellespont surveys;
Where all, from age to age who pass the coast,
May point Achilles' tomb, and hail the mighty ghost.
Thetis herself to all our peers proclaims
Heroic prizes and exequial games;
The gods assented; and around thee lay
Rich spoils and gifts that blaz'd against the day.
Oft have I seen with solemn funeral games
Heroes and kings committed to the flames;
But strength of youth, or valour of the brave,
With nobler contest ne'er renown'd a grave.
Such were the games by azure Thetis given;
And such thy honours, O belov'd of heaven!
Dear to mankind thy fame survives; nor fades
Its bloom eternal in the Stygian shades.
But what to me avail my honours gone,
Successful toils, and battles bravely won?
Doom'd by stern Jove, at home to end my life,
By curs'd Ægisthus, and a faithless wife!'

Thus they:—while Hermes o'er the dreary plain
Led the sad numbers by Ulysses slain.
On each majestic form they cast a view;
And timorous pass'd, and awfully withdrew.

But Agamemnon, through the gloomy shade,
His ancient host Amphimedon survey'd:
'Son of Melanthius! (he began) O say!
What cause compell'd so many, and so gay,
To tread the downward melancholy way?
Say, could one city yield a troop so fair?
Were all these partners of one native air?
Or did the rage of stormy Neptune sweep
Your lives at once, and whelm beneath the deep?
Did nightly thieves, or pirates' cruel hands,
Drench with your blood your pillag'd country's sands?
Or well-defending some beleagur'd wall,
Say, for the public did ye greatly fall?
Inform thy guest, for such I was of yore
When our triumphant navies touch'd your shore;
Forc'd a long month the wintry seas to bear,
To move the great Ulysses to the war.'
'O king of men! I faithful shall relate
(Replied Amphimedon) our hapless fate.
Ulysses absent, our ambitious aim
With rival loves pursued his royal dame:
Her coy reserve, and prudence mix'd with pride,
Our common suit nor granted, nor denied;
But close with inward hate our deaths design'd;
Vers'd in all arts of wily womankind.
Her hand, laborious, in delusion, spread
A spacious loom, and mix'd the various thread;
"Ye peers (she cried), who press to gain my heart,
Where dead Ulysses claims no more a part,
Yet a short space, your rival-suit suspend,
Till this funereal web my labours end:
Cease, till to good Laertes I bequeath
A task of grief, his ornaments of death:

Lest, when the fates his royal ashes claim,
The Grecian matrons taint my spotless fame;
Should he, long honour'd with supreme command,
Want the last duties of a daughter's hand."

'The fiction pleas'd: our generous train complies;
Nor fraud mistrusts in virtue's fair disguise.
The work she plied; but, studious of delay,
Each following night revers'd the toils of day.
Unheard, unseen, three years her arts prevail;
The fourth, her maid reveal'd the' amazing tale,
And show'd, as unperceiv'd we took our stand,
The backward labours of her faithless hand.
Forc'd, she completes it; and before us lay
The mingled web, whose gold and silver ray
Display'd the radiance of the night and day.

'Just as she finish'd her illustrious toil,
Ill fortune led Ulysses to our isle.
Far in a lonely nook, beside the sea,
At an old swineherd's rural lodge he lay:
Thither his son from sandy Pyle repairs,
And speedy lands, and secretly confers.
They plan our future ruin, and resort
Confederate to the city and the court.
First came the son; the father next succeeds
Clad like a beggar, whom Eumæus leads;
Propt on a staff, deform'd with age and care,
And hung with rags that flutter'd in the air.
Who could Ulysses in that form behold?
Scorn'd by the young, forgotten by the old,
Ill us'd by all!—to every wrong resign'd,
Patient he suffer'd with a constant mind.
But when, arising in his wrath to' obey
The will of Jove, he gave the vengeance way;

The scatter'd arms that hung around the dome
Careful he treasur'd in a private room:
Then, to her suitors bade his queen propose
The archer's strife; the source of future woes,
And omen of our death!—In vain we drew
The twanging string, and tried the stubborn yew:
To none it yields but great Ulysses' hands;
In vain we threat; Telemachus commands:
The bow he snatch'd, and in an instant bent;
Through every ring the victor arrow went.
Fierce on the threshold then in arms he stood,
Pour'd forth the darts, that thirsted for our blood,
And frown'd before us, dreadful as a god!
First bleeds Antinous: thick the shafts resound;
And heaps on heaps the wretches strow the ground;
This way, and that, we turn, we fly, we fall;
Some god assisted, and unmann'd us all:
Ignoble cries precede the dying groans;
And batter'd brains and blood besmear the stones.
'Thus, great Atrides! thus Ulysses drove
The shades thou seest, from yon fair realms above.
Our mangled bodies now deform'd with gore,
Cold and neglected, spread the marble floor.
No friend to bathe our wounds! or tears to shed
O'er the pale corpse,—the honours of the dead.'
'Oh bless'd Ulysses (thus the king express'd
His sudden rapture), in thy consort bless'd!
Not more thy wisdom, than her virtue, shin'd;
Not more thy patience, than her constant mind:
Icarius' daughter, glory of the past,
And model to the future age, shall last:
The gods, to honour her fair fame, shall raise
(Their great reward) a poet in her praise.

Not such, O Tyndarus! thy daughter's deed,
By whose dire hand her king and husband bled:
Her shall the muse to infamy prolong,
Example dread! and theme of tragic song!
The general sex shall suffer in her shame;
And e'en the best that bears a woman's name.'

Thus in the regions of eternal shade
Conferr'd the mournful phantoms of the dead:
While from the town, Ulysses, and his band,
Pass'd to Laertes' cultivated land.
The ground himself had purchas'd with his pain;
And labour made the rugged soil a plain.
There stood his mansion of the rural sort,
With useful buildings round the lowly court:
Where the few servants that divide his care,
Took their laborious rest, and homely fare;
And one Sicilian matron, old and sage,
With constant duty tends his drooping age.

Here now arriving, to his rustic band
And martial son, Ulysses gave command:
'Enter the house, and of the bristly swine
Select the largest to the powers divine.
Alone, and unattended, let me try
If yet I share the old man's memory:
If those dim eyes can yet Ulysses know,
(Their light and dearest object long ago) [woe?
Now chang'd with time, with absence, and with

Then to his train he gives his spear and shield;
The house they enter; and he seeks the field,
Through rows of shade with various fruitage crown'd,
And labour'd scenes of richest verdure round.
Nor aged Dolius nor his sons were there:
Nor servants, absent on another care;

To search the woods for sets of flowery thorn,
Their orchard-bounds to strengthen and adorn.
But all alone the hoary king he found:
His habit coarse, but warmly wrapt around;
His head, that bow'd with many a pensive care,
Fenc'd with a double cap of goatskin hair:
His buskins old, in former service torn,
But well repair'd; and gloves against the thorn.
In this array the kingly gardener stood,
And clear'd a plant, encumber'd with its wood.
Beneath a neighbouring tree, the chief divine
Gaz'd o'er his sire, retracing every line,
The ruins of himself! now worn away
With age, yet still majestic in decay!
Sudden his eyes releas'd their watery store;
The much-enduring man could bear no more.
Doubtful he stood, if instant to embrace
His aged limbs, to kiss his reverend face,
With eager transport to disclose the whole,
And pour at once the torrent of his soul.—
Not so:—his judgment takes the winding way
Of question distant, and of soft essay;
More gentle methods on weak age employs,
And moves the sorrows, to enhance the joys.
Then, to his sire with beating heart he moves;
And with a tender pleasantry reproves:
Who digging round the plant still hangs his head,
Nor aught remits the work, while thus he said:
'Great is thy skill, O father! great thy toil:
Thy careful hand is stamp'd on all the soil,
Thy squadron'd vineyards well thy art declare,
The olive green, blue fig, and pendent pear;
And not one empty spot escapes thy care.

On every plant and tree thy cares are shown;
Nothing neglected, but thyself alone.
Forgive me, father, if this fault I blame;
Age so advanc'd may some indulgence claim.
Not for thy sloth, I deem thy lord unkind;
Nor speaks thy form a mean or servile mind:
I read a monarch in that princely air,
The same thy aspect, if the same thy care;
Soft sleep, fair garments, and the joys of wine,
These are the rights of age, and should be thine.
Who then thy master, say? and whose the land
So dress'd and manag'd by thy skilful hand?
But chief, O tell me! (what I question most)
Is this the far-fam'd Ithacensian coast?
For so reported the first man I view'd
(Some surly islander, of manners rude),
Nor further conference vouchsaf'd to stay;
Heedless he whistled, and pursued his way.
But thou! whom years have taught to understand,
Humanely hear, and answer my demand:
A friend I seek, a wise one and a brave;
Say, lives he yet, or moulders in the grave?
Time was (my fortunes then were at the best)
When at my house I lodg'd this foreign guest;
He said from Ithaca's fair isle he came,
And old Laertes was his father's name.
To him, whatever to a guest is ow'd
I paid, and hospitable gifts bestow'd;
To him seven talents of pure ore I told, [gold,
Twelve cloaks, twelve vests, twelve tunics stiff with
A bowl, that rich with polish'd silver flames;
And, skill'd in female works, four lovely dames.'

At this the father, with a father's fears
(His venerable eyes bedimm'd with tears):

'This is the land; but, ah! thy gifts are lost,
For godless men, and rude, possess the coast:
Sunk is the glory of this once fam'd shore!
Thy ancient friend, O stranger, is no more!
Full recompense thy bounty else had borne;
For every good man yields a just return:
So civil rights demand; and who begins
The track of friendship, not pursuing, sins.
'But tell me, stranger, be the truth confess'd,
What years have circled since thou saw'st that guest?
That hapless guest, alas! for ever gone!
(Wretch that he was; and that I am!) my son!
If ever man to misery was born,
'Twas his to suffer, and 'tis mine to mourn!
Far from his friends, and from his native reign,
He lies, a prey to monsters of the main;
Or savage beasts his mangled reliques tear,
Or screaming vultures scatter through the air:
Nor could his mother funeral unguents shed;
Nor wail'd his father o'er the untimely dead;
Nor his sad consort, on the mournful bier,
Seal'd his cold eyes, or drop'd a tender tear!
'But tell me, who thou art? and what thy race?
Thy town, thy parents, and thy native place?
Or if a merchant in pursuit of gain,
What port receiv'd thy vessel from the main?
Or com'st thou single, or attend thy train?'
Then thus the son:—'From Alybas I came,
My palace there; Eperitus my name.
Not vulgar born; from Aphidas, the king
Of Polypemon's royal line, I spring.
Some adverse dæmon from Sicania bore
Our wandering course, and drove us on your shore.

Far from the town, an unfrequented bay
Reliev'd our wearied vessel from the sea.
Five years have circled since these eyes pursued
Ulysses parting through the sable flood;
Prosperous he sail'd, with dexter auguries,
And all the wing'd good omens of the skies.
Well hop'd we, then, to meet on this fair shore;
Whom heaven, alas! decreed to meet no more.'

Quick through the father's heart these accents ran;
Grief seiz'd at once, and wrapt up all the man:
Deep from his soul he sigh'd, and sorrowing spread
A cloud of ashes on his hoary head.
Trembling with agonies of strong delight
Stood the great son, heart-wounded with the sight:
He ran, he seiz'd him with a strict embrace,—
With thousand kisses wander'd o'er his face,
'I, I am he;—O father, rise!—behold
Thy son, with twenty winters now grown old;
Thy son,—so long desir'd, so long detain'd,—
Restor'd, and breathing in his native land:
These floods of sorrow, oh my sire, restrain!
The vengeance is complete; the suitor-train,
Stretch'd in our palace, by these hands lie slain.'

Amaz'd, Laertes:—'Give some certain sign,
(If such thou art) to manifest thee mine.'
'Lo here the wound (he cries) receiv'd of yore,
The scar indented by the tusky boar,
When by thyself and by Anticlea sent,
To old Autolycus's realms I went.
Yet by another sign thy offspring know:
The several trees you gave me long ago,
While, yet a child, these fields I lov'd to trace,
And trod thy footsteps with unequal pace;

To every plant in order as we came,
Well-pleas'd you told its nature, and its name;
Whate'er my childish fancy ask'd, bestow'd;
Twelve pear-trees bowing with their pendent load,
And ten, that red with blushing apples glow'd;
Full fifty purple figs; and many a row
Of various vines that then began to blow,
A future vintage! when the Hours produce
Their latent buds, and Sol exalts the juice.'

Smit with the signs which all his doubts explain,
His heart within him melts; his knees sustain
Their feeble weight no more; his arms alone
Support him, round the lov'd Ulysses thrown:
He faints, he sinks, with mighty joys oppress'd:
Ulysses clasps him to his eager breast.
Soon as returning life regains its seat,
And his breath lengthens, and his pulses beat;
'Yes, I believe (he cries) almighty Jove!
Heaven rules us yet, and gods there are above.
'Tis so—the suitors for their wrongs have paid—
But what shall guard us, if the town invade?
If, while the news through every city flies,
All Ithaca and Cephalenia rise?'

To this Ulysses:—'As the gods shall please
Be all the rest; and set thy soul at ease.
Haste to the cottage by this orchard side;
And take the banquet which our cares provide:
There wait thy faithful band of rural friends;
And there the young Telemachus attends.'

Thus having said, they trac'd the garden o'er,
And stooping enter'd at the lowly door.
The swains and young Telemachus they found,
The victim portion'd, and the goblet crown'd.

The hoary king, his old Sicilian maid
Perfum'd and wash'd, and gorgeously array'd.
Pallas attending gives his frame to shine
With awful port, and majesty divine;
His gazing son admires the godlike grace,
And air celestial dawning o'er his face.
'What god (he cried) my father's form improves?
How high he treads, and how enlarg'd he moves?'
'Oh! would to all the deathless powers on high,
Pallas and Jove, and him who gilds the sky!
(Replied the king elated with his praise)
My strength were still, as once in better days:
When the bold Cephalens the leaguer form'd,
And proud Nericus trembled as I storm'd.
Such were I now, not absent from your deed
When the last sun beheld the suitors bleed,
This arm had aided yours; this hand bestrown
Our floors with death, and push'd the slaughter on;
Nor had the sire been separate from the son.'
They commun'd thus:—while homeward bent their way
The swains, fatigued with labours of the day;
Dolius the first, the venerable man;
And next his sons, a long-succeeding train:
For due refection to the bower they came,
Call'd by the careful old Sicilian dame,
Who nurs'd the children, and now tends the sire:
They see their lord, they gaze, and they admire.
On chairs and beds in order seated round,
They share the gladsome board; the roofs resound.
While thus Ulysses to his ancient friend:
'Forbear your wonder, and the feast attend;
The rites have waited long.' The chief commands
Their loves in vain; old Dolius spreads his hands,

Springs to his master with a warm embrace,
And fastens kisses on his hands and face;
Then thus broke out:—'Oh long, oh daily mourn'd,
Beyond our hopes, and to our wish, return'd!
Conducted sure by heaven! for heaven alone
Could work this wonder: welcome to thy own!
And joys and happiness attend thy throne!
Who knows thy bless'd, thy wish'd return? O say,
To the chaste queen shall we the news convey?
Or hears she, and with blessings loads the day?'
'Dismiss that care, for to the royal bride
Already is it known.' The king replied,
And straight resum'd his seat; while round him bows
Each faithful youth, and breathes out ardent vows:
Then all beneath their father take their place,
Rank'd by their ages, and the banquet grace.
Now flying fame the swift report had spread
Through all the city, of the suitors dead.
In throngs they rise, and to the palace crowd;
Their sighs were many, and the tumult loud.
Weeping, they bear the mangled heaps of slain,
Inhume the natives in their native plain,
The rest in ships are wafted o'er the main.
Then sad in council all the seniors sate,
Frequent and full, assembled to debate.
Amid the circle first Eupithes rose,
Big was his eye with tears, his heart with woes:
The bold Antinous was his age's pride,
The first who by Ulysses' arrow died.
Down his wan cheek the trickling torrent ran,
As, mixing words with sighs, he thus began:
'Great deeds, O friends! this wondrous man has wrought,
And mighty blessings to his country brought.

With ships he parted and a numerous train;
Those, and their ships, he buried in the main:
Now he returns, and first essays his hand
In the best blood of all his native land.
Haste then, and ere to neighbouring Pyle he flies,
Or sacred Elis, to procure supplies,
Arise (or ye for ever fall), arise!
Shame to this age, and all that shall succeed,
If unreveng'd your sons and brothers bleed!
Prove that we live, by vengeance on his head,
Or sink at once forgotten with the dead.'

Here ceas'd he, but indignant tears let fall [all.
Spoke when he ceas'd!—dumb sorrow touch'd them
When from the palace to the wondering throng
Sage Medon came, and Phemius came along;
(Restless and early sleep's soft bands they broke)
And Medon first the assembled chiefs bespoke:

'Hear me, ye peers and elders of the land,
Who deem this act the work of mortal hand!
As o'er the heaps of death Ulysses strode,
These eyes, these eyes beheld a present god,
Who now before him, now beside him stood,
Fought as he fought, and mark'd his way with blood:
In vain old Mentor's form the god belied;
'Twas heaven that struck, and heaven was on his side.'

A sudden horror all the assembly shook;
When, slowly rising, Halitherses spoke
(Reverend and wise, whose comprehensive view
At once the present and the future knew):
'Me too, ye fathers, hear!—from you proceed
The ills ye mourn; your own the guilty deed.
Ye gave your sons, your lawless sons, the rein
(Oft warn'd by Mentor and myself in vain):

An absent hero's bed they sought to soil;
An absent hero's wealth they made their spoil:
Immoderate riot, and intemperate lust!
The' offence was great, the punishment was just.
Weigh then my counsels in an equal scale,
Nor rush to ruin. Justice will prevail.'
His moderate words some better minds persuade:
They part, and join him, but the number stay'd.
They storm, they shout, with hasty frenzy fir'd,
And second all Eupithes' rage inspir'd.
They case their limbs in brass; to arms they run:
The broad effulgence blazes in the sun.
Before the city, and in ample plain,
They meet: Eupithes heads the frantic train.
Fierce for his son, he breathes his threats in air;
Fate hears them not, and death attends him there.
This pass'd on earth, while in the realms above
Minerva thus to cloud-compelling Jove:
'May I presume to search thy secret soul?
O power supreme, O ruler of the whole!
Say, hast thou doom'd to this divided state,
Or peaceful amity, or stern debate?
Declare thy purpose; for thy will is fate.'
'Is not thy thought my own? (the god replies
Who rolls the thunder o'er the vaulted skies)
Hath not long since thy knowing soul decreed,
The chief's return should make the guilty bleed?
'Tis done; and at thy will the fates succeed.
Yet hear the issue:—since Ulysses' hand
Has slain the suitors, heaven shall bless the land.
None now the kindred of the' unjust shall own
Forgot the slaughter'd brother, and the son:
Each future day increase of wealth shall bring
And o'er the past, oblivion stretch

Long shall Ulysses in his empire rest,
His people blessing, by his people bless'd.
LET ALL BE PEACE'—He said, and gave the nod
That binds the fates; the sanction of the god:
And prompt to execute the' eternal will,
Descended Pallas from the' Olympian hill.
Now sat Ulysses at the rural feast,
The rage of hunger and of thirst repress'd:
To watch the foe a trusty spy he sent:
A son of Dolius on the message went,
Stood in the way, and at a glance beheld
The foe approach, embattled on the field.
With backward step he hastens to the bower,
And tells the news. They arm with all their power.
Four friends alone Ulysses' cause embrace;
And six were all the sons of Dolius' race:
Old Dolius too his rusted arms put on;
And, still more old, in arms Laertes shone.
Trembling with warmth, the hoary heroes stand,
And brazen panoply invests the band.
The opening gates at once their war display:
Fierce they rush forth: Ulysses leads the way.
That moment joins them with celestial aid,
In Mentor's form, the Jove-descended maid:
The suffering hero felt his patient breast
Swell with new joy, and thus his son address'd:
'Behold, Telemachus! nor fear the sight!
The brave embattled; the grim front of fight!
The valiant with the valiant must contend:
Shame not the line whence glorious you descend:
Wide o'er the world their martial fame was spread;
Regard thyself, the living, and the dead.'
'Thy eyes, great father! on this battle cast,
Shall learn from me Penelope was chaste.'

So spoke Telemachus! the gallant boy
Good old Laertes heard with panting joy;
'And, bless'd! thrice bless'd this happy day! (he cries)
The day that shows me, ere I close my eyes,
A son and grandson of the' Arcesian name
Strive for fair virtue, and contest for fame!'
Then thus Minerva in Laertes' ear:
'Son of Arcesius, reverend warrior, hear!
Jove and Jove's daughter first implore in pray'r,
Then, whirling high, discharge thy lance in air.'
She said, infusing courage with the word.
Jove and Jove's daughter then the chief implor'd,
And, whirling high, dismiss'd the lance in air:
Full at Eupithes drove the deathful spear:
The brass-cheek'd helmet opens to the wound;
He falls, earth thunders, and his arms resound.
Before the father and the conquering son
Heaps rush on heaps: they fight, they drop, they run.
Now by the sword and now the javelin fall
The rebel race! and death had swallow'd all;
But from on high the blue-ey'd virgin cried;
Her awful voice detain'd the headlong tide:
'Forbear, ye nations! your mad hands forbear
From mutual slaughter: PEACE DESCENDS TO SPARE.'
Fear shook the nations: at the voice divine
They drop their javelins, and their rage resign.
All scatter'd round their glittering weapons lie;
Some fall to earth, and some confus'dly fly.
With dreadful shouts Ulysses pour'd along,
Swift as an eagle, as an eagle strong.
But Jove's red arm the burning thunder aims;
Before Minerva shot the livid flames;

Blazing they fell, and at her feet expir'd:
Then stop'd the goddess, trembled, and retir'd.
'Descended from the gods! Ulysses, cease:
Offend not Jove: obey, and give the peace.'
So Pallas spoke: the mandate from above
The king obey'd. The virgin-seed of Jove,
In Mentor's form, confirm'd the full accord,
'And willing nations knew their lawful lord.'

POSTSCRIPT

BY

MR. POPE.

I CANNOT dismiss this work without a few observations on the true character and style of it. Whoever reads the Odyssey with an eye to the Iliad, expecting to find it of the same character, or of the same sort of spirit, will be grievously deceived; and err against the first principle of criticism, which is to consider the nature of the piece, and the intent of its author. The Odyssey is a moral and political work, instructive to all degrees of men, and filled with images, examples, and precepts of civil and domestic life. Homer is here a person

> 'Qui didicit, patriæ quid debeat et quid amicis,
> Quo sit amore parens, quo frater amandus, et hospes.
> Qui quid sit pulchrum, quid turpe, quid utile, quid non,
> Plenius ac melius Chrysippo ac Crantore dicit.
> A. P. 312, 1 Ep. ii. 3, 4.

The Odyssey is the reverse of the Iliad, in moral, subject, manner, and style; to which it has no sort of relation, but as the story happens to follow in order of time, and as some of the same persons are

actors in it. Yet from this incidental connexion many have been misled to regard it as a continuation or second part, and thence to expect a parity of character inconsistent with its nature.

It is no wonder that the common reader should fall into this mistake, when so great a critic as Longinus seems not wholly free from it; although what he has said has been generally understood to import a severer censure of the Odyssey than it really does, if we consider the occasion on which it is introduced, and the circumstances to which it is confined.

'The Odyssey (says he) is an instance, how natural it is to a great genius, when it begins to grow old and decline, to delight itself in narrations and fables: for, that Homer composed the Odyssey after the Iliad, many proofs may be given, &c. From hence in my judgment it proceeds, that as the Iliad was written while his spirit was in its greatest vigour, the whole structure of that work is dramatic and full of action: whereas the greater part of the Odyssey is employed in narration, which is the taste of old age; so that in this latter piece we may compare him to the setting sun, which has still the same greatness, but not the same ardour, or force. He speaks not in the same strain: we see no more that sublime of the Iliad which marches on with a constant pace, without ever being stopped, or retarded; there appears no more that hurry, and that strong tide of motions and passions, pouring one after another: there is no more the same fury, or the same volubility of diction, so suitable to action, and all along drawing in such innumerable images of nature. But Homer,

like the ocean, is always great, even when he ebbs and retires; even when he is lowest, and loses himself most in narrations and incredible fictions: as instances of this, we cannot forget the descriptions of tempests, the adventures of Ulysses with the Cyclops, and many others. But though all this be age, it is the age of Homer:—and it may be said, for the credit of these fictions, that they are beautiful dreams, or if you will, the dreams of Jupiter himself. I spoke of the Odyssey only to show, that the greatest poets when their genius wants strength and warmth for the pathetic, for the most part employ themselves in painting the manners. This Homer has done, in characterizing the suitors, and describing their way of life; which is properly a branch of comedy, whose peculiar business it is to represent the manners of men.'

We must first observe, it is the sublime of which Longinus is writing: that, and not the nature of Homer's poem, is his subject. After having highly extolled the sublimity and fire of the Iliad, he justly observes the Odyssey to have less of those qualities, and to turn more on the side of moral, and reflections on human life. Nor is it his business here to determine, whether the elevated spirit of the one, or the just moral of the other, be the greater excellence in itself.

Secondly, that fire and fury of which he is speaking, cannot well be meant of the general spirit and inspiration which is to run through a whole epic poem, but of that particular warmth and impetuosity necessary in some parts, to image or represent actions or passions, of haste, tumult, and violence. It is on occasion of citing some such particular pas-

sages in Homer, that Longinus breaks into this reflection; which seems to determine his meaning chiefly to that sense.

Upon the whole, he affirms the Odyssey to have less sublimity and fire than the Iliad; but he does not say it wants the sublime or wants fire. He affirms it to be narrative; but not that the narration is defective. He affirms it to abound in fictions; not that those fictions are ill invented, or ill executed. He affirms it to be nice and particular in painting the manners; but not that those manners are ill painted. If Homer has fully in these points accomplished his own design, and done all that the nature of his poem demanded or allowed, it still remains perfect in its kind, and as much a masterpiece as the Iliad.

The amount of the passage is this; that in his own particular taste, and with respect to the sublime, Longinus preferred the Iliad: and because the Odyssey was less active and lofty, he judged it the work of the old age of Homer.

If this opinion be true, it will only prove, that Homer's age might determine him in the choice of his subject; not that it affected him in the execution of it: and that which would be a very wrong instance to prove the decay of his imagination, is a very good one to evince the strength of his judgment. For had he (as Madam Dacier observes) composed the Odyssey in his youth, and the Iliad in his age, both must in reason have been exactly the same as they now stand. To blame Homer for his choice of such a subject, as did not admit the same incidents and the same pomp of style as his former, is to take offence at too much variety,

and to imagine, that when a man has written one good thing, he must ever after only copy himself.

The Battle of Constantine, and the School of Athens, are both pieces of Raphael. Shall we censure the School of Athens as faulty, because it has not the fury and fire of the other? or shall we say, that Raphael was grown old, because he chose to represent the manners of old men and philosophers? There is all the silence, tranquillity, and composure in the one, and all the warmth, hurry, and tumult in the other, which the subject of either required: both of them had been imperfect, if they had not been as they are. And let the painter or poet be young or old, who designs and performs in this manner, it proves him to have made the piece at a time of life when he was master not only of his art, but of his discretion.

Aristotle makes no such distinction between the two poems: he constantly cites them with equal praise, and draws the rules and examples of epic writing equally from both. But it is rather to the Odyssey that Horace gives the preference, in the Epistle to Lollius, and in the Art of Poetry. It is remarkable how opposite his opinion is to that of Longinus: and that the particulars he chooses to extol, are those very fictions, and pictures of the manners, which the other seems least to approve. Those fables and manners are of the very essence of the work: but even without that regard, the fables themselves have both more invention and more instruction, and the manners more moral and example, than those of the Iliad.

In some points (and those the most essential to the epic poem) the Odyssey is confessed to excel

the Iliad, and principally in the great end of it, the moral. The conduct, turn, and disposition of the fable is also what the critics allow to be the better model for epic writers to follow: accordingly we find much more of the cast of this poem than of the other in the Æneid; and (what next to that is perhaps the greatest example) in the Telemachus. In the manners, it is no way inferior: Longinus is so far from finding any defect in these, that he rather taxes Homer with painting them too minutely. As to the narrations, although they are more numerous as the occasions are more frequent, yet they carry no more the marks of old age, and are neither more prolix nor more circumstantial, than the conversations and dialogues of the Iliad. Not to mention the length of those of Phœnix in the ninth book, and of Nestor in the eleventh (which may be thought in compliance to their characters), those of Glaucus in the sixth, of Æneas in the twentieth, and some others, must be allowed to exceed any in the whole Odyssey. And that the propriety of style, and the numbers, in the narrations of each are equal, will appear to any who compare them.

To form a right judgment, whether the genius of Homer had suffered any decay, we must consider, in both his poems, such parts as are of a similar nature, and will bear comparison. And it is certain we shall find in each, the same vivacity and fecundity of invention, the same life and strength of imaging and colouring, the particular descriptions as highly painted, the figures as bold, the metaphors as animated, and the numbers as harmonious and as various.

The Odyssey is a perpetual source of poetry: the

stream is not the less full, for being gentle; though it is true (when we speak only with regard to the sublime) that a river, foaming and thundering in cataracts from rocks and precipices, is what more strikes, amazes, and fills the mind, than the same body of water, flowing afterwards through peaceful vales and agreeable scenes of pasturage.

The Odyssey (as I have before said) ought to be considered according to its own nature and design; not with an eye to the Iliad. To censure Homer because it is unlike what it was never meant to resemble, is, as if a gardener who had purposely cultivated two beautiful trees of contrary natures, as a specimen of his skill in the several kinds, should be blamed for not bringing them into pairs; when in root, stem, leaf, and flower, each was so entirely different, that one must have been spoiled in the endeavour to match the other.

Longinus, who saw this poem was 'partly of the nature of comedy,' ought not, for that very reason, to have considered it with a view to the Iliad. How little any such resemblance was the intention of Homer, may appear hence, that although the character of Ulysses there was already drawn, yet here he purposely turns to another side of it, and shows him not in that full light of glory, but in the shade of common life, with a mixture of such qualities as are requisite to all the lowest accidents of it, struggling with misfortunes, and on a level with the meanest of mankind. As for the other persons, none of them are above what we call the higher comedy: Calypso, though a goddess, is a character of intrigue; the suitors yet more approaching to it; the Phæacians are of the same

east; the Cyclops, Melanthius, and Irus, descend even to droll characters; and the scenes that appear throughout, are generally of the comic kind; banquets, revels, sports, loves, and the pursuit of a woman.

From the nature of the poem, we shall form an idea of the style. The diction is to follow the images, and to take its colour from the complexion of the thoughts. Accordingly the Odyssey is not always clothed in the majesty of verse proper to tragedy; but sometimes descends into the plainer narrative, and sometimes even to that familiar dialogue essential to comedy. However, where it cannot support a sublimity, it always preserves a dignity, or at least a propriety.

There is a real beauty in an easy, pure, perspicuous description even of a low action. There are numerous instances of this both in Homer and Virgil: and perhaps those natural passages are not the least pleasing of their works. It is often the same in history, where the representations of common, or even domestic things, in clear, plain, and natural words, are frequently found to make the liveliest impression on the reader.

The question is, how far a poet, in pursuing the description or image of an action, can attach himself to little circumstances, without vulgarity or trifling? what particulars are proper, and enliven the image; or what are impertinent, and clog it? In this matter painting is to be consulted, and the whole regard had to those circumstances which contribute to form a full, and yet not a confused, idea of a thing.

Epithets are of vast service to this effect: and

the right use of these is often the only expedient to render the narration poetical.

The great point of judgment is to distinguish when to speak simply, and when figuratively: but whenever the poet is obliged by the nature of his subject to descend to the lower manner of writing, an elevated style would be affected, and therefore ridiculous; and the more he was forced upon figures and metaphors to avoid that lowness, the more the image would be broken, and consequently obscure.

One may add, that the use of the grand style on little subjects, is not only ludicrous, but a sort of transgression against the rules of proportion and mechanics: it is using a vast force to lift a feather.

I believe, now I am upon this head, it will be found a just observation, that the low actions of life cannot be put into a figurative style without being ridiculous; but things natural can. Metaphors raise the latter into dignity, as we see in the Georgics: but throw the former into ridicule, as in the Lutrin. I think this may very well be accounted for: laughter implies censure; inanimate and irrational beings are not objects of censure; therefore these may be elevated as much as you please, and no ridicule follows: but when rational beings are represented above their real character, it becomes ridiculous in art, because it is vicious in morality. The bees in Virgil, were they rational beings, would be ridiculous by having their actions and manners represented on a level with creatures so superior as men; since it would imply folly or pride, which are the proper objects of ridicule.

The use of pompous expression, for low actions or thoughts, is the true sublime of Don Quixote.

How far unfit it is for epic poetry, appears in its being the perfection of the mock epic. It is so far from being the sublime of tragedy, that it is the cause of all bombast: when poets, instead of being (as they imagine) constantly lofty, only preserve throughout a painful equality of fustian; that continued swell of language (which runs indiscriminately even through their lowest characters, and rattles like some mightiness of meaning in the most indifferent subjects) is of a piece with that perpetual elevation of tone which the players have learned from it; and which is not speaking, but vociferating.

There is still more reason for a variation of style in epic poetry than in tragic, to distinguish between that language of the gods proper to the muse who sings, and is inspired, and that of men who are introduced speaking only according to nature. Further, there ought to be a difference of style observed in the speeches of human persons, and those of deities; and again, in those which may be called set harangues, or orations, and those which are only conversation or dialogue. Homer has more of the latter than any other poet: what Virgil does by two or three words of narration, Homer still performs by speeches; not only replies, but even rejoinders are frequent in him; a practice almost unknown to Virgil. This renders his poems more animated; but less grave and majestic: and consequently necessitates the frequent use of a lower style. The writers of tragedy lie under the same necessity, if they would copy nature: whereas that painted and poetical diction which they perpetually use, would be improper even in orations designed to move with all the arts of rhetoric.

This is plain from the practice of Demosthenes and Cicero; and Virgil in those of Drances and Turnus gives an eminent example, how far removed the style of them ought to be from such an excess of figures and ornaments: which indeed fits only that language of the gods we have been speaking of, or that of a muse under inspiration.

To read through a whole work in this strain, is like travelling all along on the ridge of a hill; which is not half so agreeable as sometimes gradually to rise, and sometimes gently to descend, as the way leads, and as the end of the journey directs.

Indeed the true reason that so few poets have imitated Homer in these lower parts, has been the extreme difficulty of preserving that mixture of ease and dignity essential to them. For it is as hard for an epic poem to stoop to the narrative with success, as for a prince to descend to be familiar, without diminution to his greatness.

The sublime style is more easily counterfeited than the natural: something that passes for it, or sounds like it, is common in all false writers: but nature, purity, perspicuity, and simplicity, never walk in the clouds: they are obvious to all capacities; and where they are not evident, they do not exist.

The most plain narration not only admits of these, and of harmony (which are all the qualities of style), but it requires every one of them to render it pleasing. On the contrary, whatever pretends to a share of the sublime, may pass, notwithstanding any defects in the rest; nay, sometimes without any of them, and gain the admiration of all ordinary readers.

Homer, in his lowest narrations or speeches, is ever easy, flowing, copious, clear, and harmonious. He shows no less invention, in assembling the humbler than the greater thoughts and images; nor less judgment, in proportioning the style and the versification to these, than to the other. Let it be remembered, that the same genius that soared the highest, and from whom the greatest models of the sublime are derived, was also he who stooped the lowest, and gave to the simple narrative its utmost perfection. Which of these was the harder task to Homer himself, I cannot pretend to determine; but to his translator I can affirm (however unequal all his imitations must be) that of the latter has been much more difficult.

Whoever expects here the same pomp of verse, and the same ornaments of diction, as in the Iliad, will, and ought to be disappointed. Were the original otherwise, it had been an offence against nature: and were the translation so, it were an offence against Homer; which is the same thing.

It must be allowed that there is a majesty and harmony in the Greek language which greatly contribute to elevate and support the narration. But I must also observe, that this is an advantage grown upon the language since Homer's time: for things are removed from vulgarity by being out of use; and if the words we could find in any present language were equally sonorous or musical in themselves, they would still appear less poetical and uncommon than those of a dead one, from this only circumstance, of being in every man's mouth. I may add to this another disadvantage to a translator, from a different cause: Homer seems to have taken upon [illegible]ter of an historian, an-

tiquary, divine, and professor of arts and sciences, as well as a poet. In one or other of these characters he descends into many particularities, which as a poet only perhaps he would have avoided. All these ought to be preserved by a faithful translator; who in some measure takes the place of Homer: and all that can be expected from him is to make them as poetical as the subject will bear. Many arts, therefore, are requisite to supply these disadvantages; in order to dignify and solemnize these plainer parts, which hardly admit of any poetical ornaments.

Some use has been made to this end of the style of Milton. A just and moderate mixture of old words may have an effect like the working old abbey stones into a building; which I have sometimes seen to give a kind of venerable air, and yet not destroy the neatness, elegance, and equality requisite to a new work. I mean without rendering it too unfamiliar, or remote from the present purity of writing, or from that ease and smoothness which ought always to accompany narration or dialogue. In reading a style judiciously antiquated, one finds a pleasure not unlike that of travelling on an old Roman way: but then the road must be as good as the way is ancient; the style must be such in which we may evenly proceed, without being put to short stops by sudden abruptnesses, or puzzled by frequent turnings and transpositions. No man delights in furrows and stumbling-blocks: and let our love to antiquity be ever so great, a fine ruin is one thing, and a heap of rubbish another. The imitators of Milton, like most other imitators, are not copies but cari-

caturas of their original; they are a hundred times more obsolete and cramp than he, and equally so in all places: whereas it should have been observed of Milton, that he is not lavish of his exotic words and phrases every where alike; but employs them much more where the subject is marvellous, vast, and strange, as in the scenes of heaven, hell, chaos, &c. than where it is turned to the natural and agreeable, as in the pictures of paradise, the loves of our first parents, the entertainments of angels, and the like. In general, this unusual style better serves to awaken our ideas in the descriptions and in the imaging and picturesque parts, than it agrees with the lower sort of narrations, the character of which is simplicity and purity. Milton has several of the latter, where we find not an antiquated, affected, or uncouth word, for some hundred lines together; as in his fifth book, the latter part of the eighth, the former of the tenth and eleventh books, and in the narration of Michael in the twelfth. I wonder indeed that he, who ventured (contrary to the practice of all other epic poets) to imitate Homer's lowness in the narrative, should not also have copied his plainness and perspicuity in the dramatic parts: since in his speeches (where clearness above all is necessary) there is frequently such transposition and forced construction, that the very sense is not to be discovered without a second or third reading: and in this certainly he ought to be no example.

To preserve the true character of Homer's style in the present translation, great pains have been taken to be easy and natural. The chief merit I can pretend to is, not to have been carried into a

more plausible and figurative manner of writing, which would better have pleased all readers, but the judicious ones. My errors had been fewer, had each of those gentlemen who joined with me shown as much of the severity of a friend to me, as I did to them, in a strict animadversion and correction. What assistance I received from them, was made known in general to the public in the original proposals for this work, and the particulars are specified at the conclusion of it; to which I must add (to be punctually just), some part of the tenth and fifteenth books. The reader will now be too good a judge, how much the greater part of it, and consequently of its faults, is chargeable upon me alone. But this I can with integrity affirm, that I have bestowed as much time and pains upon the whole, as were consistent with the indispensable duties and cares of life, and with that wretched state of health which God has been pleased to make my portion. At the least, it is a pleasure to me to reflect, that I have introduced into our language this other work of the greatest and most ancient of poets, with some dignity; and I hope, with as little disadvantage as the Iliad. And if, after the unmerited success of that translation, any one will wonder why I would enterprize the Odyssey, I think it sufficient to say, that Homer himself did the same, or the world would never have seen it.

I designed to have ended this postscript here; but since I am now taking my leave of Homer, and of all controversy relating to him, I beg leave to be indulged, if I make use of this last opportunity, to say a very few words about some reflec-

tions which the late Madam Dacier bestowed on the first part of my preface to the Iliad, and which she published at the end of her translation of that poem.

To write gravely an answer to them would be too much for the reflections; and to say nothing concerning them, would be too little for the author. It is owing to the industry of that learned lady, that our polite neighbours are become acquainted with many of Homer's beauties, which were hidden from them before in Greek and in Eustathius. She challenges on this account a particular regard from all the admirers of that great poet: and I hope that I shall be thought, as I mean, to pay some part of this debt to her memory in what I am now writing.

Had these reflections fallen from the pen of an ordinary critic, I should not have apprehended their effect; and should therefore have been silent concerning them: but since they are Madam Dacier's, I imagine that they must be of weight; and in a case where I think her reasoning very bad, I respect her authority.

I have fought under Madam Dacier's banner, and have waged war in defence of the divine Homer against all the heretics of the age. And yet it is Madam Dacier who accuses me, and who accuses me of nothing less than betraying our common cause. She affirms, that the most declared enemies of this author have never said any thing against him more injurious or more unjust than I. What must the world think of me, after such a judgment passed by so great a critic: the world, who decides so often, and who examines so sel-

dom; the world, who even in matters of literature is almost always the slave of authority? Who will suspect that so much learning should mistake, that so much accuracy should be misled, or that so much candour should be biassed?

All this, however, has happened: and Madam Dacier's criticisms on my preface flow from the very same error, from which so many false criticisms of her countrymen upon Homer have flowed, and which she has so justly and so severely reproved; I mean the error of depending on injurious and unskilful translations.

An indifferent translation may be of some use; and a good one will be of a great deal. But I think that no translation ought to be the ground of criticism; because no man ought to be condemned upon another man's explanation of his meaning.—Could Homer have had the honour of explaining his, before that august tribunal where Monsieur de la Motte presides, I make no doubt but he had escaped many of those severe animadversions with which some French authors have loaded him; and from which even Madam Dacier's translation of the Iliad could not preserve him.

How unhappy was it for me, that the knowledge of our island-tongue was as necessary to Madam Dacier in my case, as the knowledge of Greek was to Monsieur de la Motte in that of our great author: or to any of those whom she styles 'blind censurers,' and blames for condemning what they did not understand.

I may say with modesty, that she knew less of my true sense from that faulty translation of part of my preface, than those blind censurers might

have known of Homer's, even from the translation of la Valterie, which preceded her own.

It pleased me, however, to find, that her objections were not levelled at the general doctrine, or at any essentials of my preface; but only at a few particular expressions. She proposed little more than (to use her own phrase) 'to combat two or three similes;' and I hope that to combat a simile is no more than to fight with a shadow, since a simile is no better than the shadow of an argument.

She lays much weight where I laid but little; and examines with more scrupulosity than I writ, or than perhaps the matter requires.

These unlucky similes taken by themselves may perhaps render my meaning equivocal to an ignorant translator; or there may have fallen from my pen some expressions, which, taken by themselves likewise, may to the same person have the same effect. But if the translator had been master of our tongue, the general tenour of my argument, that which precedes and that which follows the passages objected to, would have sufficiently determined him as to the precise meaning of them: and if Madam Dacier had taken up her pen a little more leisurely, or had employed it with more temper, she would not have answered paraphrases of her own, which even the translation will not justify, and which say, more than once, the very contrary to what I have said in the passages themselves.

If any person has curiosity enough to read the whole paragraphs in my preface, or some mangled parts of which these reflections are made, he will

easily discern that I am as orthodox as Madam Dacier herself in those very articles on which she treats me like an heretic: he will easily see that all the difference between us consists in this, that I offer opinions, and she delivers doctrines; that my imagination represents Homer as the greatest of human poets, whereas in hers he was exalted above humanity; infallibility and impeccability were two of his attributes. There was, therefore, no need of defending Homer against me: who (if I mistake not) had carried my admiration of him, as far as it can be carried, without giving a real occasion of writing in his defence.

After answering my harmless similes, she proceeds to a matter which does not regard so much the honour of Homer, as that of the times he lived in: and here I must confess she does not wholly mistake my meaning; but I think she mistakes the state of the question. She had said, the manners of those times were so much the better, the less they were like ours. I thought this required a little qualification. I confessed that in my opinion the world was mended in some points: such as the custom of putting whole nations to the sword, condemning kings and their families to perpetual slavery, and a few others. Madam Dacier judges otherwise in this: but as to the rest, particularly in preferring the simplicity of the ancient world to the luxury of ours, which is the main point contended for, she owns we agree. This I thought was well: but I am so unfortunate, that this too is taken amiss, and called adopting, or (if you will) stealing her sentiment. The truth is, she might have said, her words; for

them on purpose; being then professedly citing from her: though I might have done the same without intending that compliment; for they are also to be found in Eustathius, and the sentiment I believe is that of all mankind. I cannot really tell what to say to this whole remark; only that in the first part of it, Madam Dacier is displeased that I do not agree with her, and in the last that I do: but this is a temper which every polite man should overlook in a lady.

To punish my ingratitude, she resolves to expose my blunders: and selects two which I suppose are the most flagrant, out of the many for which she could have chastised me. It happens that the first of these is in part the translator's, and in part her own, without any share of mine: she quotes the end of a sentence, and he puts in French what I never wrote in English: 'Homer (I said) opened a new and boundless walk for his imagination, and created a world for himself in the invention of fable;' which he translates, 'Homere créa pour son usage un monde mouvant, en inventant la fable.'

Madam Dacier justly wonders at this nonsense in me; and I, in the translator. As to what I meant by Homer's invention of fable, it is afterwards particularly distinguished from that extensive sense in which she took it, by these words; 'If Homer was not the first who introduced the deities (as Herodotus imagines) into the religion of Greece, he seems the first who brought them into a system of machinery for poetry.'

The other blunder she accuses me of is, the mistaking a passage in Aristotle: and she is

pleased to send me back to this philosopher's Treatise of Poetry, and to her Preface on the Odyssey, for my better instruction. Now though I am saucy enough to think that one may sometimes differ from Aristotle without blundering, and though I am sure one may sometimes fall into an error by following him servilely; yet I own, that to quote any author for what he never said is a blunder: (but, by the way, to correct an author for what he never said, is somewhat worse than a blunder.) My words were these: 'As there is a greater variety of characters in the Iliad than in any other poem, so there is of speeches. Every thing in it has manners, as Aristotle expresses it; that is, every thing is acted or spoken: very little passes in narration.' She justly says, that 'Every thing which is acted or spoken, has not necessarily manners merely because it is acted or spoken.' Agreed: but I would ask the question, whether any thing can have manners which is neither acted nor spoken? If not, then the whole Iliad being almost spent in speech and action, almost every thing in it has manners; since Homer has been proved before, in a long paragraph of the preface, to have excelled in drawing characters and painting manners: and indeed his whole poem is one continued occasion of showing this bright part of his talent.

To speak fairly, it is impossible she could read even the translation, and take my sense so wrong as she represents it; but I was first translated ignorantly, and then read partially. My expression indeed was not quite exact; it should have been,

'Every thing has manners, as Aristotle calls them.' But such a fault methinks might have been spared, since if one was to look with that disposition she discovers towards me, even on her own excellent writings, one might find some mistakes which no context can redress; as where she makes Eustathius call Cratisthenes the Philasian, Callisthenes the Physician [1]. What a triumph might some slips of this sort have afforded to Homer's, hers, and my enemies: from which she was only screened by their happy ignorance? How unlucky had it been, when she insulted Mr. de la Motte for omitting a material passage in the speech [2] of Helen to Hector, Iliad vi. if some champion for the moderns had by chance understood so much Greek, as to whisper him, that there was no such passage in Homer?

Our concern, zeal, and even jealousy, for our great author's honour were mutual; our endeavours to advance it were equal: and I have as often trembled for it in her hands, as she could in mine. It was one of the many reasons I had to wish the longer life of this lady, that I must certainly have regained her good opinion, in spite of all misrepresenting translators whatever. I could not have expected it on any other terms than being approved as great, if not as passionate, an admirer of Homer as herself. For that was the first condition of her favour and friendship: otherwise not one's taste alone, but one's morality, had

[1] Dacier, Remarques sur le 4me livre de l'Odyss. p. 467.

[2] De la Corruption du Gout.

been corrupted; nor would any man's religion have been unsuspected, who did not implicitly believe in an author whose doctrine is so conformable to Holy Scripture. However, as different people have different ways of expressing their belief, some purely by public and general acts of worship, others by a reverend sort of reasoning and inquiry about the grounds of it, it is the same in admiration; some prove it by exclamations, others by respect. I have observed that the loudest huzzas given to a great man in a triumph, proceed not from his friends, but the rabble; and as I have fancied it the same with the rabble of critics, a desire to be distinguished from them has turned me to the more moderate, and, I hope, more rational method. Though I am a poet, I would not be an enthusiast; and though I am an Englishman, I would not be furiously of a party. I am far from thinking myself that genius, upon whom, at the end of these remarks, Madam Dacier congratulates my country: one capable of correcting Homer, and consequently of reforming mankind, and amending this constitution. It was not to Great Britain this ought to have been applied: since our nation has one happiness for which she might have preferred it to her own, that as much as we abound in other miserable misguided sects, we have at least none of the blasphemers of Homer. We stedfasly and unanimously believe, both his poem, and our constitution, to be the best that ever human wit invented: that the one is not more incapable of amendment than the other; and (old as they both are) we despise any French or Englishman what-

ever, who shall presume to retrench, to innovate, or to make the least alteration in either. Far therefore from the genius for which Madam Dacier mistook me, my whole desire is but to preserve the humble character of a faithful translator, and a quiet subject.

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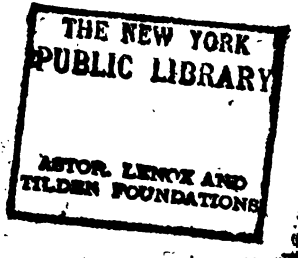
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HOMER

Iris in vain her soothing words addrest:
The Goddess yields not to her kind request;

Hymn to Ceres.

Painted by R. Cook. *Engraved by E. Englehart.*

Suttaby London.
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THE

BATRACHOMUOMACHIA;

OR, THE

BATTLE OF THE FROGS AND MICE.

WITH THE

HYMNS AND EPIGRAMS

OF

HOMER.

TRANSLATED BY

THOMAS PARNELL, M. A.

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AND

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HOMER'S

BATRACHOMUOMACHIA;

OR, THE

BATTLE OF THE FROGS AND MICE,

IN THREE BOOKS.

NAMES OF THE FROGS.

PHYSIGNATHUS, *one who swells his cheeks.*
Pelens, *a name from mud.*
Hydromeduse, *a ruler in the waters.*
Hypsiboas, *a loud bawler.*
Pelion, *from mud.*
Scutlæus, *called from the beets.*
Polyphonus, *a great babbler.*
Lymnocharis, *one who loves the lake*
Crambophagus, *a cabbage-eater.*
Lymnisius, *called from the lake.*
Calaminthius, *from the herb.*
Hydrocharis, *who loves the water.*
Borboreetes, *who lies in the mud.*
Prasophagus, *an eater of garlic.*
Pelusius, *from mud.*
Pelobates, *who walks in the dirt.*
Prasæus, *called from garlic.*
Craugasides, *from croaking.*

NAMES OF THE MICE.

PSYCARPAX, *one who plunders granaries.*
Troxartus, *a bread eater.*
Lychomile, *a licker of meal.*
Pternotractas, *a bacon eater.*
Lychopynax, *a licker of dishes.*
Embasichytros, *a creeper into pots.*
Lychenor, *a name for licking.*
Troglodytes, *one who runs into holes.*
Artophagus, *who feeds on bread.*
Tyroglyphus, *a cheese scooper,*
Pternoglyphus, *a bacon scooper.*
Pternophagus, *a bacon eater.*
Cnissodioctes, *one who follows the steam of kitchens.*
Sitophagus, *an eater of wheat.*
Meridarpax, *one who plunders his share.*

HOMER'S

BATTLE OF THE FROGS,

&c.

BOOK I.

To fill my rising song with sacred fire,
Ye tuneful Nine, ye sweet celestial choir!
From Helicon's imbowering height repair,
Attend my labours, and reward my pray'r;
The dreadful toils of raging Mars I write,
The springs of contest, and the fields of fight;
How threatening Mice advanc'd with warlike grace,
And wag'd dire combats with the croaking race.
Not louder tumults shook Olympus' tow'rs,
When earth-born giants dar'd immortal pow'rs.
These equal acts an equal glory claim,
And thus the Muse records the tale of fame.

Once on a time, fatigued and out of breath,
And just escap'd the stretching claws of death,
A gentle Mouse, whom cats pursued in vain,
Fled swift of foot across the neighbouring plain,
Hung o'er a brink, his eager thirst to cool,
And dip'd his whiskers in the standing pool;
When near a courteous Frog advanc'd his head;
And from the waters, hoarse-resounding, said;—

'What art thou, stranger? what the line you boast?
What chance has cast thee panting on our coast?
With strictest truth let all thy words agree,
Nor let me find a faithless Mouse in thee.
If worthy friendship, proffer'd friendship take,
And entering view the pleasurable lake:
Range o'er my palace, in my bounty share,
And glad return from hospitable fare.
This silver realm extends beneath my sway,
And me, their monarch, all its Frogs obey.
Great Physignathus I, from Peleus' race,
Begot in fair Hydromeduse' embrace,
Where by the nuptial bank that paints his side,
The swift Eridanus delights to glide.
Thee too, thy form, thy strength, and port proclaim
A scepter'd King; a son of martial fame;
Then trace thy line, and aid my guessing eyes.' —
Thus ceas'd the Frog, and thus the Mouse replies:
'Known to the gods, the men, the birds that fly
Through wild expanses of the midway sky,
My name resounds; and if unknown to thee,
The soul of great Psycarpax lives in me.
Of brave Troxartas' line, whose sleeky down
In love compress'd Lychomilè the brown:
My mother she, and princess of the plains
Where'er her father Pternotractas reigns:
Born where a cabin lifts its airy shed,
With figs, with nuts, with varied dainties fed.
But since our natures nought in common know,
From what foundation can a friendship grow?
These curling waters o'er thy palace roll;
But man's high food supports my princely soul.

In vain the circled loaves attempt to lie
Conceal'd in flaskets from my curious eye.
In vain the tripe that boasts the whitest hue,
In vain the gilded bacon shuns my view,
In vain the cheeses, offspring of the pail,
Or honey'd cakes, which gods themselves regale.
And as in arts I shine, in arms I fight,
Mix'd with the bravest, and unknown to flight:
Though large to mine the human form appear,
Not man himself can smite my soul with fear.
Sly to the bed with silent steps I go,
Attempt his finger, or attack his toe,
And fix indented wounds with dextrous skill,
Sleeping he feels, and only seems to feel.
Yet have we foes which direful dangers cause,
Grim owls with talons arm'd, and cats with claws,
And that false trap, the den of silent fate,
Where Death his ambush plants around the bait:
All-dreaded these, and dreadful o'er the rest
The potent warriors of the tabby vest;
If to the dark we fly, the dark they trace,
And rend our heroes of the nibbling race;
But me, nor stalks nor watrish herbs delight,
Nor can the crimson radish charm my sight,
The lake-resounding Frogs' selected fare,
Which not a Mouse of any taste can bear.'

As thus the downy prince his mind express'd,
His answer thus the croaking king address'd:

'Thy words luxuriant on thy dainties rove,
And, stranger, we can boast of bounteous Jove:
We sport in water, or we dance on land,
And, born amphibious, food from both command.
But trust thyself where wonders ask thy view,
And safely tempt those seas, I'll bear thee through:

Ascend my shoulders, firmly keep thy seat,
And reach my marshy court, and feast in state.'
He said, and bent his back; with nimble bound
Leaps the light Mouse, and clasps his arms around,
Then wondering floats, and sees with glad survey
The winding banks resembling ports at sea.
But when aloft the curling water rides,
And wets with azure wave his downy sides,
His thoughts grow conscious of approaching woe,
His idle tears with vain repentance flow,
His locks he rends, his trembling feet he rears,
Thick beats his heart with unaccustom'd fears;
He sighs, and, chill'd with danger, longs for shore;
His tail extended forms a fruitless oar;
Half drench'd in liquid death his prayers he spake,
And thus bemoan'd him from the dreadful lake:
'So pass'd Europa through the rapid sea,
Trembling and fainting all the vent'rous way;
With oary feet the bull triumphant rode,
And safe in Crete depos'd his lovely load.
Ah, safe at last! may thus the Frog support
My trembling limbs to reach his ample court.'
As thus he sorrows, death ambiguous grows,
Lo! from the deep a water-Hydra rose;
He rolls his sanguin'd eyes, his bosom heaves,
And darts with active rage along the waves.
Confus'd, the monarch sees his hissing foe,
And dives, to shun the sable fates, below.
Forgetful Frog! the friend thy shoulders bore,
Unskill'd in swimming, floats remote from shore:
He grasps with fruitless hands to find relief,
Supinely falls, and grinds his teeth with grief:
Plunging he sinks, and struggling mounts again,
And sinks, and strives, but strives with fate in vain.

The weighty moisture clogs his hairy vest;
And thus the prince his dying rage express'd:
'Nor thou, that fling'st me floundering from thy back,
As from hard rocks rebounds the shattering wrack,
Nor thou shalt 'scape thy due, perfidious king!
Pursued by vengeance on the swiftest wing;
At land thy strength could never equal mine,
At sea to conquer, and by craft, was thine.
But heaven has gods, and gods have searching eyes:
Ye Mice, ye Mice, my great avengers rise!'
This said, he sighing gasp'd, and gasping died,
His death the young Lychopynax espied,
As on the flowery brink he pass'd the day,
Bask'd in the beams, and loiter'd life away.
Loud shrieks the Mouse, his shrieks the shores repeat;
The nibbling nation learn their hero's fate;
Grief, dismal grief, ensues; deep murmurs sound,
And shriller fury fills the deafen'd ground.
From lodge to lodge the sacred heralds run,
To fix their council with the rising sun;
Where great Troxartas crown'd in glory reigns,
And winds his lengthening court beneath the plains,
Psycarpax' father, father now no more!
For poor Psycarpax lies remote from shore;
Supine he lies! the silent waters stand,
And no kind billow wafts the dead to land!

BOOK II.

When rosy-finger'd Morn had ting'd the clouds,
Around their monarch-mouse the nation crowds,
Slow rose the sovereign, heav'd his anxious breast,
And thus the council, fill'd with rage, address'd:
'For lost Psycarpax much my soul endures,
'Tis mine the private grief, the public, yours.
Three warlike sons adorn'd my nuptial bed,
Three sons, alas, before their father dead!
Our eldest perish'd by the ravening cat,
As near my court the prince unheedful sat:
Our next, an engine fraught with danger drew,
The portal gap'd, the bait was hung in view,
Dire arts assist the trap, the fates decoy,
And men unpitying kill'd my gallant boy!
The last, his country's hope, his parent's pride,
Plung'd in the lake by Physignathus, died.
Rouse all the war, my friends! avenge the deed:
And bleed that monarch, and his nation bleed.'
His words in every breast inspir'd alarms,
And careful Mars supplied their host with arms.
In verdant hulls, despoil'd of all their beans,
The buskin'd warriors stalk'd along the plains:
Quills, aptly bound, their bracing corselet made,
Fac'd with the plunder of a cat they flay'd:
The lamp's round boss affords their ample shield;
Large shells of nuts their covering helmet yield;
And o'er the region, with reflected rays,
Tall groves of needles for their lances blaze.

Dreadful in arms the marching Mice appear;
The wondering Frogs perceive the tumult near,
Forsake the waters, thickening from a ring,
And ask, and hearken, whence the noises spring.
When near the crowd, disclos'd to public view,
The valiant chief Embasichytros drew:
The sacred herald's sceptre grac'd his hand,
And thus his word express'd his king's command:
'Ye Frogs! the Mice, with vengeance fir'd, advance,
And deck'd in armour shake the shining lance;
Their hapless prince, by Physignathus slain,
Extends incumbent on the watry plain:
Then arm your host, the doubtful battle try;
Lead forth those Frogs that have the soul to die.'
The chief retires, the crowd the challenge hear,
And proudly swelling, yet perplex'd appear:
Much they resent, yet much their monarch blame,
Who, rising, spoke to clear his tainted fame:
'O friends! I never forc'd the Mouse to death,
Nor saw the gasping of his latest breath.
He, vain of youth, our art of swimming tried,
And, venturous, in the lake the wanton died.
To vengeance now by false appearance led,
They point their anger at my guiltless head:
But wage the rising war by deep device,
And turn its fury on the crafty Mice.
Your king directs the way; my thoughts, elate
With hopes of conquest, form designs of fate.
Where high the banks their verdant surface heave,
And the steep sides confine the sleeping wave,
There, near the margin, clad in armour bright,
Sustain the first impetuous shocks of fight:
Then, where the dancing feather joins the crest,
Let each brave Frog his obvious Mouse arrest;

Each strongly grasping, headlong plunge a foe,
Till countless circles whirl the lake below;
Down sink the Mice in yielding waters drown'd;
Loud flash the waters; and the shores resound:
The Frogs triumphant tread the conquer'd plain,
And raise their glorious trophies of the slain.'

He spake no more, his prudent scheme imparts
Redoubling ardour to the boldest hearts.
Green was the suit his arming heroes chose,
Around their legs the greaves of mallows close,
Green were the beets about their shoulders laid,
And green the colewort, which the target made.
Form'd of the varied shells the waters yield,
Their glossy helmets glisten'd o'er the field:
And tapering sea-reeds for the polish'd spear,
With upright order pierc'd the ambient air.
Thus dress'd for war, they take the' appointed height,
Poise the long arms, and urge the promis'd fight.

But now, where Jove's irradiate spires arise,
With stars surrounded in ethereal skies,
(A solemn council call'd) the brazen gates
Unbar; the gods assume their golden seats:
The sire superior leans, and points to show
What wondrous combats mortals wage below:
How strong, how large, the numerous heroes stride!
What length of lance they shake with warlike pride!
What eager fire their rapid march reveals!
So the fierce Centaurs ravag'd o'er the dales;
And so confirm'd, the daring Titans rose,
Heap'd hills on hills, and bid the gods be foes.

This seen, the power his sacred visage rears,
He casts a pitying smile on worldly cares,

And asks what heavenly guardians take the list,
Or who the Mice, or who the Frogs assist?
Then thus to Pallas:—'If my daughter's mind
Have join'd the Mice, why stays she still behind;
Drawn forth by savoury steams they wind their way,
And sure attendance round thine altar pay,
Where while the victims gratify their taste,
They sport to please the goddess of the feast.
Thus spake the ruler of the spacious skies,
But thus, resolv'd, the blue-eyed maid replies:
'In vain, my father! all their dangers plead;
To such thy Pallas never grants her aid.
My flowery wreaths they petulantly spoil,
And rob my crystal lamps of feeding oil:
(Ills following ills!) but what afflicts me more,
My veil that idle race profanely tore.
The web was curious, wrought with art divine:
Relentless wretches! all the work was mine!
Along the loom the purple warp I spread,
Cast the light shoot, and cross'd the silver thread;
In this their teeth a thousand breaches tear,
The thousand breaches skilful hands repair,
For which, vile earthly duns thy daughter grieve
(The gods, that use no coin, have none to give.
And learning's goddess never less can owe,
Neglected learning gains no wealth below).
Nor let the Frogs to win my succour sue,
Those clamorous fools have lost my favour too:
For late, when all the conflict ceas'd at night,
When my stretch'd sinews work'd with eager fight,
When, spent with glorious toil, I left the field,
And sunk for slumber on my swelling shield;
Lo! from the deep, repelling sweet repose,
With noisy croakings half the nation rose,

Devoid of rest, with aching brows I lay,
Till cocks proclaim'd the crimson dawn of day.
Let all, like me, from either host forbear,
Nor tempt the flying furies of the spear,
Lest heavenly blood (or what for blood may flow)
Adorn the conquest of a meaner foe.
Some daring Mouse may meet the wondrous odds,
Though gods oppose, and brave the wounded gods.
O'er gilded clouds reclin'd, the danger view,
And be the wars of mortals scenes for you.'
So mov'd the blue-eyed queen; her words persuade;
Great Jove assented, and the rest obey'd.

BOOK III.

Now front to front the marching armies shine,
Halt ere they meet, and form the lengthening line:
The chiefs, conspicuous seen and heard afar,
Give the loud signal to the rushing war; [sound,
Their dreadful trumpets deep-mouth'd hornets
The sounded charge remurmurs o'er the ground,
Even Jove proclaims a field of horror nigh,
And rolls low thunder through the troubled sky.
First to the fight large Hypsiboas flew,
And brave Lychenor with a javelin slew:
The luckless warrior, fill'd with generous flame,
Stood foremost glittering in the post of fame;
When in his liver struck, the javelin hung,
The Mouse fell thundering, and the target rung;
Prone to the ground, he sinks his closing eye,
And soil'd in dust his lovely tresses lie.

A spear at Pelion, Troglodytes cast,
The missive spear within the bosom pass'd;
Death's sable shades the fainting Frog surround,
And life's red tide runs ebbing from the wound.
Embasichytros felt Scutlæus' dart
Transfix and quiver in his panting heart;
But great Artophagus aveng'd the slain,
And big Scutlæus tumbling loads the plain,
And Polyphonus dies, a Frog renown'd
For boastful speech and turbulence of sound;
Deep through the belly pierc'd, supine he lay,
And breath'd his soul against the face of day.

The strong Lymnocharis, who view'd with ire
A victor triumph and a friend expire,
With heaving arms a rocky fragment caught,
And fiercely flung where Troglodytes fought;
(A warrior vers'd in arts of sure retreat,
But arts in vain elude impending fate;)
Full on his sinewy neck the fragment fell,
And o'er his eyelids clouds eternal dwell.
Lychenor (second of the glorious name)
Striding advanc'd, and took no wandering aim;
Through all the Frog the shining javelin flies,
And near the vanquish'd Mouse the victor dies.

The dreadful stroke Crambophagus affrights,
Long bred to banquets, less inur'd to fights,
Heedless he runs, and stumbles o'er the steep,
And, wildly floundering, flashes up the deep;
Lychenor following with a downward blow,
Reach'd in the lake his unrecover'd foe;
Gasping he rolls, a purple stream of blood
Distains the surface of the silver flood;
Through the wide wound the rushing entrails throng,
And slow the breathless carcass floats along.

Lymnisius good Tyroglyphus assails,
Prince of the Mice that haunt the flowery vales,
Lost to the milky fares and rural seat,
He came to perish on the bank of fate.
The dread Pternoglyphus demands the fight,
Which tender Calaminthius shuns by flight,
Drops the green target, springing quits the foe,
Glides through the lake, and safely dives below.
But dire Pternophagus divides his way
Through breaking ranks, and leads the dreadful day.
No nibbling prince excell'd in fierceness more,
His parents fed him on the savage boar;
But where his lance the field with blood imbrued,
Swift as he mov'd Hydrocharis pursued,
Till fall'n in death he lies; a shattering stone
Sounds on the neck, and crushes all the bone;
His blood pollutes the verdure of the plain,
And from his nostrils bursts the gushing brain.
Lychopynax with Borboreates fights,
A blameless Frog, whom humbler life delights;
The fatal javelin unrelenting flies,
And darkness seals the gentle croaker's eyes.
Incens'd Prassophagus with sprightly bound,
Bears Cnissodioctes off the rising ground,
Then drags him o'er the lake, depriv'd of breath,
And, downward plunging, sinks his soul to death.
But now the great Psycarpax shines afar,
(Scarce he so great whose loss provok'd the war)
Swift to revenge his fatal javelin fled,
And through the liver struck Pelusius dead;
His freckled corpse before the victor fell,
His soul indignant sought the shades of hell.
This saw Pelobates, and from the flood
Heav'd with both hands a monstrous mass of mud;

The cloud obscene o'er all the hero flies,
Dishonours his brown face, and blots his eyes.
Enrag'd, and wildly sputtering, from the shore
A stone immense of size the warrior bore,
A load for labouring earth, whose bulk to raise
Asks ten degenerate Mice of modern days:
Full on the leg arrives the crushing wound;
The Frog, supportless, writhes upon the ground.
Thus flush'd, the victor wars with matchless force,
Till loud Craugasides arrests his course;
Hoarse-croaking threats precede, with fatal speed
Deep through the belly runs the pointed reed,
Then, strongly tugg'd, return'd imbrued with gore,
And on the pile his reeking entrails bore.
The lame Sitophagus, oppress'd with pain,
Creeps from the desperate dangers of the plain;
And where the ditches rising weeds supply
To spread their lowly shades beneath the sky,
There lurks the silent Mouse, reliev'd from heat,
And, safe embower'd, avoids the chance of fate.
But here Troxartas, Physignathus there,
Whirl the dire furies of the pointed spear;
But where the foot around its ankle plies
Troxartas wounds, and Physignathus flies,
Halts to the pool, a safe retreat to find,
And trails a dangling length of leg behind:
The Mouse still urges, still the Frog retires,
And half in anguish of the flight expires.
Then pious ardour young Prassæus brings
Betwixt the fortunes of contending kings:
Lank, harmless Frog! with forces hardly grown,
He darts the reed in combats not his own,
Which, faintly tinkling on Troxartas' shield,
Hangs at the point, and drops upon the field.

Now nobly towering o'er the rest appears
A gallant prince that far transcends his years,
Pride of his sire, and glory of his house,
And more a Mars in combat than a Mouse:
His action bold, robust his ample frame,
And Meridarpax his resounding name.
The warrior, singled from the fighting crowd,
Boasts the dire honours of his arms aloud;
Then strutting near the lake, with looks elate,
To all its nations threats approaching fate;
And such his strength, the silver lakes around
Might roll their waters o'er unpeopled ground.
But powerful Jove, who shows no less his grace
To Frogs that perish, than to human race,
Felt soft compassion rising in his soul,
And shook his sacred head, that shook the pole;
Then thus to all the gazing powers began
The sire of gods, and Frogs, and Mice, and man:
'What seas of blood I view! what worlds of slain!
An Iliad rising from a day's campaign;
How fierce his javelin o'er the trembling lakes
The black-fur'd hero Meridarpax shakes!
Unless some favouring deity descend,
Soon will the Frogs' loquacious empire end.
Let dreadful Pallas wing'd with pity fly,
And make her ægis blaze before his eye:
While Mars, refulgent on his rattling car,
Arrests his raging rival of the war.'
He ceas'd, reclining with attentive head,
When thus the glorious god of combats said:
'Nor Pallas, Jove! though Pallas take the field,
With all the terrors of her hissing shield;
Nor Mars himself, though Mars in armour bright
Ascend his car, and wheel amidst the fight;

Not these can drive the desperate Mouse afar,
Or change the fortunes of the bleeding war.
Let all go forth, all heaven in arms arise,
Or launch thy own red thunder from the skies.
Such ardent bolts as flew that wondrous day,
When heaps of Titans mix'd with mountains lay,
When all the giant-race enormous fell,
And huge Enceladus was hurl'd to hell.'
'Twas thus the' armipotent advis'd the gods,
When from his throne the cloud-compeller nods;
Deep lengthening thunders run from pole to pole,
Olympus trembles as the thunders roll.
Then swift he whirls the brandish'd bolt around,
And headlong darts it at the distant ground;
The bolt discharg'd inwrap'd with lightning flies,
And rends its flaming passage through the skies:
Then earth's inhabitants, the nibblers, shake,
And Frogs, the dwellers in the waters, quake.
Yet still the Mice advance their dread design,
And the last danger threats the croaking line;
Till Jove, that inly mourn'd the loss they bore,
With strange assistants fill'd the frighted shore.
Pour'd from the neighbouring strand, deform'd to view,
They march, a sudden unexpected crew!
Strong suits of armour round their bodies close,
Which, like thick anvils, blunt the force of blows;
In wheeling marches turn'd oblique they go;
With harpy claws their limbs divide below:
Fell sheers the passage to their mouth command;
From out the flesh their bones by nature stand;
Broad spread their backs, their shining shoulders rise,
Unnumber'd joints distort their lengthen'd

With nervous cords their hands are firmly brac'd;
Their round black eyeballs in their bosom plac'd;
On eight long feet the wondrous warriors tread;
And either end alike supplies a head:
These, mortal wits to call the Crabs agree,
The gods have other names for things than we.
Now where the jointures from their loins depend,
The heroes' tails with severing grasps they rend;
Here, short of feet, depriv'd the power to fly,
There, without hands, upon the field they lie:
Wrench'd from their holds, and scatter'd all around,
The bended lances heap'd the cumber'd ground.
Helpless amazement, fear pursuing fear,
And mad confusion through their host appear:
O'er the wild waste with headlong flight they go,
Or creep conceal'd in vaulted holes below.
But down Olympus to the western seas
Far-shooting Phœbus drove with fainter rays;
And a whole war (so Jove ordain'd) begun,
Was fought, and ceas'd, in one revolving sun.

HOMER'S

HYMN TO CERES;

TRANSLATED FROM THE GREEK

BY RICHARD HOLE, LL. B.

—chartis nec furta nocent, et secula prosunt;
Solaque non norunt hæc monumenta mori.

Martial.

PREFACE.

THIS translation of the Hymn to Ceres was undertaken at the particular request of a gentleman, who favoured the world with a criticism on that most valuable fragment of antiquity, in the Appendix to the sixty-third volume of the Monthly Review; and to whose assistance the author acknowledges himself to have been greatly indebted.

The following extract from that criticism will, I apprehend, be sufficient to give the reader some general idea of the poem itself; and at the same time it will afford entertainment to the curious, to be informed of the extraordinary and unexpected circumstances which contributed to its publication.

The author of the criticism introduces his remarks with observing, that 'the discovery of this ancient and truly beautiful Greek poem was no less singular than interesting; and that the admirers of classic literature will think themselves under great obligations to the learned and ingenious editor [1] for the pains he hath taken to gratify their curiosity, not only by an elegant edition of the poem itself, but by his very valuable notes and

[1] David Ruhnkenius, an eminent professor at the university of Leyden.

observations, which tend to illustrate its beauties, and to throw a light on some of its obscurities.

'Ruhnkenius informs us, that nothing was more distant from his expectations than the discovery of this Hymn to Ceres. He knew, indeed, that a poem, bearing that title, and ascribed to Homer, existed in the second century: but as it had long been considered as irretrievably lost, he had formed no hopes of ever seeing it rescued from the obscurity to which it had been consigned:—at least he could not have flattered himself, that on a discovery of so unexpected a treasure, the charge of presenting it to the public would have been intrusted to him.

'For the satisfaction of our readers, it is necessary to mention the most interesting particulars that relate to this singular and valuable discovery.

'Some years since, a German, Christian Frederic Matthæi, (who had been educated by the learned Ernesti, and credited the discipline of that celebrated master, by his skill and erudition,) was invited to settle at Moscow, and to assist in a plan of literature, for which his abilities and acquirements most eminently qualified him. On his arrival at that city, he was informed, equally to his astonishment and satisfaction, that a very copious treasure of Greek manuscript was deposited in the library of the Holy Synod, which no person in that country had either the abilities to make use of, or the curiosity to examine. Struck with the relation of a circumstance so unexpected, and at the same time so peculiarly flattering to the taste of this learned man, he immediately seized the opportunity that was luckily offered him, to ex-

plore this repository of hidden treasure. After having examined several curious books, he discovered a manuscript copy of the works of Homer, (written about the conclusion of the 14th century, but evidently a transcript from a very ancient and most valuable copy,) which, besides the Iliad and the Odyssey, contained also sixteen of the hymns, which had been long published under the name of Homer.—But this was not all. Twelve lines of a lost Hymn to Bacchus, and the Hymn to Ceres, were preserved in this curious and long unnoticed manuscript. Exulting, as indeed he well might, in an acquisition so unexpected, and at the same time so valuable; he, with singular disinterestedness, communicated it to our editor, that he might present it to the world without those delays which would, in all probability, have retarded the publication of it at Moscow.

'Matthæi, indeed, was well acquainted with the talents and extraordinary erudition of Ruhnkenius; and as he knew too that his learned friend had been particularly engaged in the study of the hymns of Homer, in order to give the public a complete edition of them, he could not have intrusted this poem to the charge of a person more qualified to do justice to its publication than our editor. With this hymn many various readings, tending to illustrate and explain some obscure passages in those already published, were also communicated to Ruhnkenius.

'The editor observes, that as there was only one copy of this Hymn to Ceres, to which he could have recourse, he was frequently obliged to call in the aid of conjecture, in order to determine the

reading, or guess at the sense, of some obscure passages. And when an editor makes so good a use of his ingenuity [2] as Ruhnkenius, the most scrupulous and fastidious critic will scarcely be disposed to find fault with him.

'The editor declines the hazardous task of translation. We are sorry, that his scruples on this head should have deprived us of a pleasure, which we are sure he could have given us by a Latin version of this hymn. It is certain, that translations have been (as our editor says) the source of contentions; and we may add, that they have frequently been made the refuge of indolence. Nevertheless, they have their peculiar uses; and we hope ere long to see a translation of this poem executed with correctness and taste by some learned and ingenious hand. Such a translation would insure its own success; and would be as acceptacle to the learned, as to those who are incapable of reading the poem with ease and fluency in the original.

'Having given a general account of the discovery of this Hymn to Ceres, the editor examines with what propriety it may lay claim to the muse of Homer for its birth.

'Pausanias [3] hath asserted more than once, and

[2] Ad ingenium, codicis vicarium, confugi.' *Ruhn.*

[3] 'Homerum hymni auctorem edit. testis idoneus, Pausanias, nec semel, et quasi præterveundo, sed quatuor locis, et constanter, Attic. 38. bis. Messen. 30. Corinth. 14.'—See Ruhnkenius's preface, page 6. N. B. The lines quoted by Pausanias from this hymn have but a slight verbal variation, (together with the transposition of a line) easy enough to be accounted for from the inadvertence of some copyist; unless he himself made the mistake by having quoted from memory.

that not accidentally, but by design, that Homer had written such a hymn: and the old scholiast on the Alexipharmics of Nicander speaks of hymns that were attributed to Homer, in which a circumstance relating to Ceres is mentioned[4]. But this hymn records no such circumstance; and therefore the editor conjectures, that the critic, through forgetfulness or inadvertence, mistook Homer for Orpheus: or else he must have seen another hymn ascribed to Homer different from the present.

'As to Pausanias, our editor hints, that his judgment with respect to the subject of Homer's hymns is not to be implicitly followed. He allows this writer great merit, as a critic; but thinks, that the splendour of the subject too much dazzled his understanding to permit him to decide with impartiality.

[4] The old scholiast, in the passage referred to above, says, 'That the goddess laughed at the ludicrous speeches of Iambe, as is related in the hymns ascribed to Homer.' Now since Ruhnkenius can discover no trace of such a circumstance in this hymn, he suspects that the old critic, through forgetfulness, had confounded it with one of the hymns of Orpheus; or else that he had read some other hymn besides the present, which bore the name of Homer, and recorded this incident of Ceres and Iambe.

And yet it is by no means certain but that this may be the very hymn referred to by the scholiast on Nicander; for it is worthy of observation, that immediately after Iambe is introduced by the poet, as accommodating the goddess with a seat, there is undoubtedly an omission of some lines, which are necessary to connect one passage with another. In its present state, it is abrupt and disjointed: from whence this question naturally arises:—May it not be presumed, that the incident above mentioned occurred in the lines which are lost in the present copy?

'He ingenuously acknowledgeth, that he hath some doubts, with respect to the high and illustrious origin ascribed to this hymn. But as no positive external evidence can be produced to determine the point, he chooses to rest his argument on, what appears to him, the more certain ground of internal proof; and observes, that though it be exquisitely beautiful, yet that it is evidently deficient in some of Homer's more striking and predominant characteristics. It wants his energy and spirit:—that vigour, that inspiration, which animates and gives an irresistible power, as well as an enchanting beauty, to the poems of that sublime and inimitable bard.

'But though this poem be dispossessed of the claim ascribed to it in the old manuscript of Moscow, viz. as the production of Homer, yet the editor hesitates not to give it the honour of very high antiquity. He is of opinion, that it was written immediately after Homer; or at least in the age of Hesiod. The Χνυς αξχαιοπινης—the venerable wrinkles of hoary age, are deeply marked on the very face of it. This will be visible to all that are skilled in the Greek classics. Such will perceive, and as it were feel, its antiquity, by a sensation that cannot be communicated or explained to the reader who hath not been particularly conversant in those studies.

'The editor congratulates the age on the discovery of this curious poem,—rescued by mere accident from the darkest retreats of oblivion; and perhaps, but at a slight distance from inevitable perdition.—He deems it to be an acquisition, not only calculated to gratify the curiosity of the con-

noisseurs in classic antiquity, or to entertain those lovers of Greek poetry whose studies are made subservient to a refined and elegant species of amusement; but he also esteems it, as of particular use to the critic, as it tends to illustrate some obscure passages both in the Greek and Latin poets.

'He closes his preface with observing, that content with the honour of publishing this hymn, he leaves the further comparison of it with the other poets of antiquity, for the sake of mutual illustration, to the skill and industry of other critics.'

To the preceding remarks it may not be improper to add, that the account which Apollodorus hath given of Ceres, agrees with such peculiar exactness (a few incidents excepted) with the essential and leading circumstances of this hymn, that I imagine the curious reader would be pleased to see it entire; and at the same time it may be considered as a general argument to the hymn itself.

[5] 'Pluto, being inflamed with a violent love for Proserpine, carries her off secretly by the assistance of Jupiter.—Ceres traverses the earth day and night with lighted torches in quest of her. Having learned from some skilled in divination, that she was conveyed away by Pluto—enraged at the gods, she forsakes heaven, and assumes the form of a woman.' She goes to Eleusina, and sits down at first on a stone called Agelaston, from the grief she then suffered, not far from the fountain Callichorus; —from thence she proceeds to the house of Celeus,

[5] The lines marked with inverted commas perfectly agree with the story of the poem.

at that time king of Eleusis, and is introduced to the females of his family; by whom being requested to sit down, an old woman, called Iambe, excites mirth by reviling the goddess. On which account, it is said, a licence of speech is allowed to women when performing the mystical rites of Ceres.

'Celeus at that time had a son by Metarina, whom Ceres undertook to nurse; and being willing to make him immortal, she placed the child by night in the midst of the fire; by that means to take from him the corruptible part of his nature. The child, who was called Demophon, grew and flourished daily beyond belief. Metanira watched the actions of the goddess, and cried aloud when she saw him covered with fire.——On this, the child was instantly taken out, and Ceres revealed herself.' She then prepared a chariot for Triptolemus, Metarina's eldest son, drawn by winged dragons, that he should travel in it over the world, and instruct mankind in sowing wheat, which she gave him for that purpose.

'In the meantime, Jupiter commanded Pluto to restore Proserpine. But he, fearing she would stay a long time with her mother[6], gave her the seed of the pomegranate to eat; which she did in obedience to his commands, not foreseeing the consequence.'——Ceres placed a heavy stone over Ascalaphus, (the son of Acheron and Gorgyra) in the infernal regions, for bearing false testimony against her. 'At last Proserpine was compelled

[6] Ροιας εδωκε φαλεν κοκκον, are literally the words made use of by the poet in this hymn.

to stay with Pluto one third of the year[7], and the other part she spent with the gods.'——This is what they relate of Ceres. Ap. l. 1. c. 5.

I shall not enter into a particular discussion of the nature or merits of the Hymn to Ceres.—In the following attempt to translate it, I equally wished to avoid the extremes of a servile version, and a diffuse imitation. How far I have succeeded in adhering to the sense of the poet, without abridging the privilege of a free translator, must be left to the determination of the candid reader.

7 Ovid indeed represents the matter otherwise.

Nunc dea regnorum numen commune duorum,
Cum matre est totidem, *totidem cum conjuge menses.*
Metam. lib. v.

But the account of Apollodorus agrees, in this respect, with the hymn; and the general similarity is so striking, that one would imagine he had copied from it.

HYMN TO CERES.

CERES, to thee belongs the votive lay,
Whose locks in radiance round thy temples play,
And Proserpine, whom, distant from thy sight,
Fierce Pluto bore to realms of endless night.
For thus decreed the god, whose piercing eyes
Trace every act, whose thunder shakes the skies,
That she, whose hands the golden sickle bear,
And choicest product of the circling year,
Rich fruits, and fragrant breathing flowers, should know
The tender conflicts of maternal woe.
In Nisia's vale, with nymphs a lovely train,
Sprung from the hoary father of the main,
Fair Proserpine consum'd the fleeting hours
In pleasing sports, and pluck'd the gaudy flowers.
Around them wide the flamy crocus glows,
Through leaves of verdure blooms the opening rose;
The hyacinth declines his fragrant head,
And purple violets deck the' enamell'd mead.
The fair Narcissus far above the rest,
By magic form'd, in beauty rose confess'd.
So Jove, to' ensnare the virgin's thoughtless mind,
And please the ruler of the shades design'd.
He caus'd it from the opening earth to rise,
Sweet to the scent, alluring to the eyes.

Never did mortal, or celestial power,
Behold such vivid tints adorn a flower.
From the deep root an hundred branches sprung,
And to the winds ambrosial odours flung;
Which, lightly wafted on the wings of air,
The gladden'd earth and heaven's wide circuit share.
The joy-dispensing fragrance spreads around,
And ocean's briny swell with smiles is crown'd [32].
Pleas'd at the sight, nor dreaming danger nigh,
The fair beheld it with desiring eye:
Her eager hand she stretch'd to seize the flower,
(Beauteous illusion of the' ethereal power!)
When, dreadful to behold, the rocking ground
Disparted—widely yawn'd a gulf profound!—
Forth rushing from the black abyss, arose
The gloomy monarch of the realm of woes,
Pluto, from Saturn sprung—the trembling maid
He seiz'd, and to his golden car convey'd.
Borne by immortal steeds the chariot flies:
And thus she pours her supplicating cries—
'Assist, protect me, thou who reign'st above,
Supreme and best of gods, paternal Jove!'
But ah! in vain the hapless virgin rears
Her wild complaint——nor god nor mortal hears!—
Not to the white-arm'd nymphs with beauty crown'd [49],
Her lov'd companions, reach'd the mournful sound.

32. And ocean's briny swell with smiles is crown'd.

The same figure is used by the Psalmist somewhat heightened.—'The valleys shall stand so thick with corn that they shall laugh and sing.' Psal. lxv. 14.

49. Not to the white-arm'd nymphs with beauty crown'd,
Her lov'd companions reach'd the mournful sound.'

The original is, οὐδ' ἀγλαοκάρποι ἀλαῖαι; 'neither did the

Pale Hecate, who in the cell of night
Muses on youthful pleasure's rapid flight;
And bright Hyperion's son, who decks the skies
With splendour, only heard the virgin's cries
Invoke the father of the' ethereal powers—
But he, at distance from their airy bowers [56],
Sits in his hallow'd fane;—his votaries hears,
Accepts their offerings, and rewards their prayers:
While hell's dread ruler in his car convey'd
To realms of darkness the reluctant maid.
Long as she view'd the star-bespangled skies,
And ocean's many teeming waters rise;

beautiful-fruited olives bear her.' This passage Ruhnkenius gives up as unintelligible. Probably *εταιροι* should be read instead of *ελαιαι*, and in that case it would signify; 'Neither did her beautiful-wristed (white-armed) companions hear her voice.' *Αγλαοκαιρος* is used by Pindar in that sense, and applied to Thetis in his third Nemæan ode.

[56]. But he, at distance from their airy bowers,
Sits in his hallow'd fane'——

This idea is very consistent with the imperfect system of heathen polytheism in the earlier ages of Greece, when it was supposed Jupiter himself could know nothing of any transaction, unless locally present. Thus Thetis advises Achilles to leave the army, and retire to his ships; and promises that, when Jupiter returned from a feast in Ethiopia, she would request him to favour their cause. This passage is thus elegantly translated by Mr. Pope——

The sire of gods, and all the' ethereal train,
On the warm limits of the furthest main,
Now mix with mortals, nor disdain to grace
The feast of Ethiopia's blameless race.
Twelve days the powers indulge the genial rite:
Returning with the twelfth revolving light.
Then will I mount, &c.

Il. lib. 1. l. 586 ▸

While earth's gay verdure fled not from her view,
Nor Phœbus yet his cheerful light withdrew;
So long the ray of hope illum'd her breast,
Nor sunk her soul; undaunted though distress'd.
Her mother still she thought would meet her sight,
And friendly powers who dwelt in realms of light.—
E'en ocean's depth resounded to her cry,
And lofty mountains towering to the sky!
At length, the shrieks of woe her mother hears—
Her heavenly breast the shaft of anguish tears:
The blooming wreath she from her brow unbinds;
Rends her bright locks, and gives them to the winds:
Then (mournful emblem of her inward woes!)
A sable veil athwart her shoulders throws [76].

[76] A sable veil athwart her shoulders throws.

Ceres is said to have worn a black veil by the Grecian poets, either as a sign of sorrow for the loss of Proserpine, or to conceal her grief from observation. But it was used as an ornamental part of dress, richly embroidered and transparent, in very early ages. Homer describes a beautiful one offered by the Trojan matrons at the altar of Minerva: (Il. lib. 6. l. 293.) And Penelope's is thus described by Pope, in his translation of the eighteenth book of his Odyssey.

'A veil translucent o'er her brow display'd,
Her beauty seems, and only seems to shade.'

We find Rebecca makes use of one, on being informed that Isaac was approaching to meet her, (Gen. xxiv. 65.) When Judah meets Thamar likewise, she is described as covering herself with a veil, (Gen. xxxviii. 14.) This phrase is rather remarkable, as Judah, on that account possibly, supposed her to be a courtezan; and it is said, that slaves formerly in Greece wore larger veils than other people. Euripides makes Andromache complain in his play of that name—'I was conducted from my husband's bed to the strand, my face covered with the veil of a captive.' It is well known, that the veil of female

As some fond bird her ravish'd young deplores,
And every secret shade in vain explores;
To seek the fair she flies o'er sea and land,
The burning torches waving in her hand.
Nor gods, nor men, the author of her woes
Unfold—no birds of omen'd flight disclose.
Nine tedious days in vain, the queen ador'd
The various regions of the earth explor'd;
Nor did she taste, while she her course pursued,
The balmy nectar, or ambrosial food;
Nor ever in the cool translucent wave,
Toil's sweet relief, her form of beauty lave.
On the tenth morn, as chasing night's dull gloom,
Aurora's beams the purpled east illume,
Pale Hecate before her view appear'd,
Her hand the faintly-gleaming taper rear'd,
And thus began: 'O thou! to whom we owe
Those joys, the season's circling flight bestow;
What god, what mortal dar'd the impious deed,
That makes a heavenly breast with sorrow bleed?
I heard thy daughter's voice implore relief;
Unknown to me the author of her grief[98]——'

slaves in the Levant, at present, covers the whole body; and that the Greeks have been more tenacious of their old customs than most other nations. May not this account for the daughters of Celeus, though struck with the venerable appearance of Ceres, proposing an employment to her, on seeing her wear a veil appropriated to women of inferior rank, which, otherwise, would have scarcely been consistent with their amiable characters? (See l. 275.)

[98] Unknown to me the author of her grief.

Some part of Hecate's speech appears to have been lost. She relates nothing more to Ceres, than what she knew before; and yet, from what follows, one would suppose that her information had conveyed to the goddess some additional cause for grief and vexation.

She ceas'd; nor did the goddess make reply,
But sudden wav'd the flaming torch on high,
And sought the ruler of the day; whose sight
From the pure regions of unclouded light
All actions views.—Before his car they came;
The burning car, and horses breathing flame,
Stopp'd sudden. Ceres thus: 'O Phœbus, hear!
My fame, my ancient dignity revere!
If e'er my blessings gave thy soul delight,
Those blessings now by friendship's act requite:
A daughter late was mine of beauteous form—
(Sweet tender plant, uprooted by a storm!)
Distant I heard her loud lamenting cries;
But fate severe denied her to my eyes.
O thou! who crown'd with ether's purest light,
Through earth and ocean dart'st thy boundless sight,
Tell me what god, what mortal has convey'd
Reluctant from these arms my darling maid?'
'Daughter of Rhea! (he replied) I hear
With grief thy wrongs, and dignity revere.
Blame not the' ethereal race—from heaven's dread king,
Who dwells 'mid blackening clouds, thy sorrows spring.
Pluto, by his decree the virgin bore,
Where darkly frowning on the' infernal shore,
His lofty palace stands—no more repine;
No cause for anguish nor for shame is thine.
He, brother to the god who rules on high,
Now hails her empress of the lower sky:
For Saturn's awful race superior reign
O'er heaven, o'er hell, and earth-encircling main.'
He said; and then (his course no more delay'd)
Spoke to his fiery steeds—his steeds obey'd.

Whirl'd rapid onwards through the' illumin'd skies,
The flame-rob'd chariot kindles as it flies:
Swift, as when rushing through the blaze of day,
Darts the fierce eagle on his distant prey.
But deeper anguish rends the mother's soul,
And thoughts of vengeance in her bosom roll;
She shuns the' imperious power who rules on high,
And quits the' immortal synod of the sky.
Then, furious from Olympus' airy height
To earth precipitates her rapid flight.
There mingling with the race of man, she shares
Their various toils—consum'd with grief appears
Her beauteous form;—unknown from shore to shore
She roves; till Celeus' hospitable door
Receives her steps—He in Eleusis reign'd,
Where still her rites and honours are maintain'd.
Beside a path, while o'er her drooping head
His grateful shade the verdant olive spread;
As by her feet Parthenius' waters flow,
She sits, a pallid spectacle of woe.
Her faded cheeks no more with beauty bloom'd,
But now the form of wrinkled age assum'd,
She seem'd like those whom each attractive grace
Forsakes, when time with wrinkles marks the face;
From whom the Cyprian power indignant flies,
Her gifts refuses, and her charms denies;
Who, in some regal dome, by fate severe,
Are doom'd to nurse, and serve another's heir.
Four gentle nymphs light-moving o'er the plain [159]
Approach; four brazen urns their arms sustain——

[159] Four gentle nymphs light-moving o'er the plain
Approach.—

This circumstance is mentioned by Pausanias, and bears some resemblance to that beautiful passage in Genesis, which

Great Celeus was their sire—he bade them bring
The limpid water from Parthenius' spring.
Lovely they seem'd as heaven's immortal powers:
Youth's purple light, and beauty's opening flowers
Glow'd on their cheeks—Callidice the fair,
And meek Clausidice with pensive air;
Then Demo, and Callithoe's riper grace
Appear'd, the eldest of the lovely race.
They hail the power unknown—(For mortal eyes
How hard to penetrate a god's disguise!) [appears
'Who, and whence art thou, dame! whose brow
Mark'd by the traces of revolving years?
Why dost thou shun yon peopled town? in grief
Why lonely sit?—there thou wilt find relief:
There, matrons, like thyself, who long the load
Of life have borne, and traced its rugged road,
Employed in labours, such as best engage
The pleas'd attention of declining age,
With tender maids thy sorrows shall condole,
And acts of friendship cheer thy drooping soul!'
'Hail nymphs unknown! (the goddess thus rejoin'd,)
Accept the tribute of a grateful mind.

gives so pleasing an idea to the simplicity and artless benevolence of the primitive times.—When Rebecca went with her pitcher to the well, and found there the servant of Abraham—he ran to meet her, and said, 'Let me, I pray thee, drink a little water of thy pitcher—And she said, 'Drink, my Lord;' and she hasted and let down her pitcher upon her hand, and gave him drink. And when she had done giving him drink, she said; 'I will draw water for thy camels also, until they have done drinking.' And she hasted, and emptied her pitcher into the trough, and ran again unto the well to draw water, and drew for all his camels.' Gen. xxiv. 17. Can modern politeness exceed the humanity of the action, or refinement in language improve the description of it!

Would you the story of my sorrows know,
Attend to no fictitious tale of woe [184].
'Reluctant from the Cretan coast I came;
Dear native land! and Doris is my name.
To ruffians' force who plough the watery way,
I fell a helpless, unresisting prey.
The bark bounds swiftly o'er the liquid main,
And soon the coast of Thericus we gain.

[184] Attend to no fictitious tale of woe.
Reluctant from the Cretan coast I came.

This affirmation of truth, by way of proem to a fabulous relation, seems to reflect no great credit on the integrity of Ceres, or judgment of the bard. It is, however, no uncommon mode of beginning a narrative story among the Grecian poets; and Proserpine uses nearly the same expression, when she acquaints Ceres with the manner in which she was carried off by Pluto. Ulysses, in giving a false account of himself to Minerva, begins with assuring her, that he would speak merely what was true, and then says he was of Cretan extraction. (Od. lib. 14. l. 192.) What is rather remarkable, in giving two other feigned accounts of himself, he declares that he was born in Crete. (Od. lib. 13. l. 256. and lib. 19. l. 181.) From these concurrent circumstances, may not Cretan falsehood * have been a proverbial expression long before the days of Epimenides, and glanced at both in the Odyssey and in this poem?

It is somewhat strange that people of suspected characters in regard to truth, generally preface their speeches with some compliment to their own veracity, or with expressing a detestation of falsehood; and, if they mean to deceive, begin with protesting that they had no such design; though true policy would suggest to them the expediency of avoiding the slightest insinuation which might lead even to a suspicion of deceit. But the language of falsehood has been similar in all ages; and the Roman poet, with great judgment, makes Simon, after having mentioned the only true circumstance of his story, proceed in this manner—

* Κρητες αει Ψευσται.

The vessel safely moor'd—a female band
Prepare the banquet on the neighbouring strand;
Whilst wide around us eve's grey vapours rise,
And her dim shades roll slowly through the skies.
But, deeply-musing on my woes, I pine,
Nor share the feast, nor taste the cheerful wine.
When through the sky night's deeper gloom was spread,
Unnotic'd, trembling o'er the beach I fled.
The spoilers' lust of gold I rendered vain;
Unransom'd, thus escap'd the galling chain
Of servitude—long time from shore to shore
I wander'd—various toils and perils bore.
To me e'en now unknown, ere you unfold,
The land I tread, the people I behold.
'To you, ye virgins! may the' ethereal powers,
Who o'er Olympus dwell in airy bowers,
Shed choicest favours! may your consorts prove
Of lovely form, deserving of your love!
And be your children with such beauty bless'd,
As hope can image in a parent's breast!
Then gentle maids, in pity to my woes,
How best I can obtain relief, disclose,
In yonder town—with pleasure I'll engage
In tasks best suited to my feeble age.

——'*nec si miserum fortuna Sinonem*
Finxit, vanum etiam mendacemq; improba finget.
Æn. l. 2.

'Wretch as he is, yet Sinon can defy
The frowns of fortune, and abhors a lie.'

Virgil is perhaps more conspicuous for his intimate acquaintance with the minute recesses of the human heart, than for the extent of his knowledge or the sublimity of his genius.

Well-skill'd in household toils, to please my lord
The couch I'll spread, and crown his festive board:
Or should a child be trusted to my care, [bear.'
These arms shall nurse him, and these knees shall
She ceas'd.—The loveliest of a lovely line
(Callidice) replied, 'No more repine!
But know, whate'er the' immortal gods ordain,
It is our part to suffer, not complain——
Enough for us that justice rules their mind,
Whose wisdom, like their power, is unconfin'd.
The chiefs, who here supreme dominion hold,
Be it my task, O stranger! to unfold:
Through whom, Eleusis hostile rage defies;
Beneath whose care yon guardian ramparts rise;
From whom protecting law derives its force,
And awful justice holds its steady course.
Triptolemus, of deep revolving mind,
Diocles noble, Polyxenus kind;
With every milder grace Eumolpus crown'd,
And stately Dolichus in arms renown'd.
Superior to the rest, o'er these domains,
Our honour'd sire, the mighty Celeus reigns—
Each chief a lovely consort boasts, who guides
Domestic labours, and at home presides:
Not one of them who would thy suit reject,
But soothe thy sorrows, and thy age respect;
For sure, thou seem'st of more than mortal race,
Though time with wrinkles marks thy pallid face,
But if thou here wilt rest, without delay
We'll to our mother's ears thy tale convey,
If she approves, accept a welcome there—
An only child, an unexpected heir,
Born to his parents in declining age,
Our darling pleasure, will thy cares engage.

Should'st thou preserve him (kindly thus employ'd)
Till ripening manhood make thy labours void,
Such gifts hereafter he'll on thee bestow,
As those will envy most, who best shall know.'
The virgin ceas'd; nor aught the goddess said,
But bow'd submissive her assenting head.
The liquid crystal fills their polish'd urns;
Each nymph exulting to the town returns.
Arriv'd at Celeus' dome, they quick disclose
The stranger's humble suit, and tale of woes
To Metanira *—pleas'd at the request,
Maternal fondness glowing in her breast,
She bids them to the matron thus declare,
That 'ample treasures should reward her care.'
Like the kine's lowing race, that sportive bound
Along the plain with flowery verdure crown'd;
Or the sleek fawn, when he at first perceives
Spring's genial warmth, and crops the budding leaves;
Thus joyful through the beaten road they pass'd,
With robes collected to promote their haste.
Their tresses, like the crocus' flamy hue,
In waving radiance round their shoulders flew.
Now to the place, where sat the heavenly dame
Beside the murmuring stream, the virgins came.
Their mother's suit they urge, nor she denies—
While thoughts of sorrow in her bosom rise,
Wrapt in the sable veil, her course she bends;
The robe dark-flowing to her feet descends.
Soon they approach to Celeus' stately gate;
Within the lofty hall the mother † sate
Beside the threshold—frequent to her breast
The child, the darling of her soul, she press'd.

* The wife of Celeus. † Metanira.

Each nymph to greet her much-lov'd parent flies,
While Ceres distant stands in humble guise.
Lo! suddenly before their wondering sight
Her form, increasing, to the temple's height
Ascends—her head with circling rays is crown'd,
And wide the' ethereal splendour spreads around!
Awe, veneration, seiz'd the mother's breast,
And pallid fear was on her cheeks impress'd—
Upstarting from her couch she'd fain resign
The seat resplendent to her guest divine:
With looks unwilling she the suit denies,
And fixes on the ground her radiant eyes.
But kind Iambe with a modest mien
A seat provided for the Seasons' queen:
A lambkin's snowy fleece she o'er it spread;—
Still deeply musing nought the goddess said:
But round her head the dusky mantle drew [297],
To hide her deep-felt anguish from their view.

* * * * * * * * *

'Be it thy care to nurse this lovely boy,
Child of my age, an unexpected joy [cares
By favouring gods bestow'd!—should, through thy
My Demophon arrive at manhood's years;

[297]—'the dusky mantle drew
To hide her deep-felt anguish from their view.

Here probably should follow the lines which the Scholiast on Nicander alludes to.—(See Preface,) and likewise some explanation of the miraculous appearance assumed by Ceres, which induced them not to look on her as a goddess; but to consider it as a sign of her being favoured by some deity, or an omen of divine approbation in regard to her taking charge of Demophon—Something of this kind seems to be wanting; for by the few lines of Metanira's speech that are preserved, and immediately follow, we find her impressed with no veneration for Ceres, but speaking to her with the greatest freedom.

Others shall at thy happier state repine,
Such high rewards, such treasure shall be thine!'
'O woman! favour'd by the powers of heaven,
To whom the gods this beauteous child have given,
(Ceres replied) I take with joy thy heir—
No nurse unskill'd receives him to her care:
Nor magic spell, nor roots of mighty power,
From earth's dark bosom torn at midnight hour,
Shall hurt thy offspring—to defeat each charm,
And herb malignant of its power disarm,
Full well I know.'—She said, and to her breast
The infant clasp'd, and tenderly caress'd.
Thus Ceres nurs'd the child—exulting joy
Reign'd in his parents' hearts—meanwhile the boy
Grew like an offspring of ethereal race:
Health crown'd his frame, and beauty deck'd his face,
No mortal food he ate:—the queen ador'd
Around him oft ambrosial odours pour'd;
Oft as the child was on her bosom laid,
She heavenly influence to his soul convey'd.
At night, to purge from earthly dross his frame,
She kindled on the hearth the' annealing flame;
And like a brand, unmark'd by human view,
Amid the fire wide-blazing frequent threw
The' unsconscious child—his parents wondering trace
Something divine, a more than mortal grace,
Shine in his form;—and she design'd the boy,
To chance superior, and to time's annoy,
Crown'd with unceasing joys in heaven should reign—
Those thoughts a mother's rashness render'd vain!
One fatal night, neglectful of repose,
Her couch forsaking, Metanira rose;

And from her secret stand beheld the flame
Receive the infant.—Terror shakes her frame!
She shrieks in agony—she smites her thighs [337];
And thus she pours her loud-lamenting cries.—
'O Demophon, my child! this stranger-guest,
What causeless rage, what frenzy has possess'd?
Consuming flames around thy body roll,
And anguish rends thy mother's tortur'd soul!'
Wrath seiz'd the goddess; her immortal hands
Sudden she plung'd amid the fiery brands;
And full before the' afflicted mother's view,
On the cold floor the blameless infant threw,
And furious thus began: 'O mortals vain!
Whose folly counteracts what gods ordain!
Who lost in error's maze, will never know
Approaching blessings from impending woe!
Long, for the rashness that thy soul possess'd,
Shall keen reflection agonize thy breast,
For, by that oath which binds the powers supreme
I swear! by sable Styx' infernal stream!

337 She shrieks in agony—she smites her thighs.

This was a common method among the ancients of expressing grief, or any violent emotion of the mind.—Plutarch, in his life of Fabius, says, 'That he struck his thigh on seeing his troops flying from their enemies:'—probably through shame and vexation. Asius expresses rage and indignation in the same manner.—Il. lib. 12. l. 162. And Achilles his surprise and anger.—Il. lib. 15. l. 125.—In the holy scripture it is represented as a sign of sorrow and unfeigned repentance. Thus Jeremy, xxxi. 19. 'Surely after that I was turned, I repented; and after that I was instructed, I smote upon my thigh.' And Ezekiel much to the same purport says, xxi. 12. 'Cry and howl, son of man! for it shall be upon my people; it shall be upon all the princes of Israel—terrors by reason of the sword shall be upon my people: smite therefore upon thy thigh!'—i. e. in token of grief and contrition.

Else had thy son in youth's perpetual prime
Shar'd heavenly joys, and mock'd the rage of time.
But now 'tis past! from fate he cannot fly!—
Man's common lot is his—he breathes to die!—
But since a goddess on her knees caress'd
Thy child—since oft he slumber'd on her breast,
Fame shall attend his steps, and bright renown
With wreaths unfading shall his temples crown.
In future times, torn by discordant rage,
Eleusis' sons commutual war shall wage;
Then Demophon——

* * * * * * * * *

'Know then that Ceres, from whose bounty flow
Those blessings the revolving years bestow,
Who, both from gods and man's frail race demands
Her honours due, before thy presence stands.
Away, and let Eleusis' sons unite,
Where steep Callichorus' projecting height
Frowns o'er the plain, a stately fane to rear:
Her awful rites its goddess shall declare.
There with pure hearts upon the hallow'd shrine
Your victims slay, and soothe a power divine!'

This said; the front of age so late assum'd
Dissolv'd—her face with charms celestial bloom'd.
The sacred vesture that around her flew,
Through the wide air ambrosial odours threw:
Her lovely form with sudden radiance glow'd;
Her golden locks in wreaths of splendour flow'd.
Through the dark palace stream'd a flood of light,
As cloud-engender'd fires illume the night
With dazzling blaze—then swiftly from their view,
Urg'd by indignant rage, the goddess flew.

In Metanira's breast amazement reign'd:—
Silent she stood; nor long her knees sustain'd

Their tottering weight—she sunk in grief profound,
The child neglected, shrieking on the ground
Beside her lay: his agonizing cries
The sisters hear, and from their couches rise:
They snatch him from the floor—the fire suppress'd
One lights anew—one fondly to her breast
The infant folds—by filial duty sway'd,
Another hastes to Metanira's aid.
And now they gather'd round the' afflicted child,
And bath'd his beauteous form with dust defil'd:
With broken sobs he ceas'd not to complain;
A different nurse he sought, but sought in vain.

To soothe the goddess' rage, with awe impress'd,
In deep consult they pass'd the hours of rest;
Till night her dreary shadows roll'd away,
And bright Aurora brought the cheerful day:
Then, as she bade, around whose brow divine,
The blooming flowers, a lovely wreath entwine,
They, to the ruler of Elensis' state,
The wonders of the' eventful night relate.

The sages of the land conven'd, his will
He thus unfolds; 'that on the' impending hill
Of steep Callichorus, to the' bright hair'd power
An altar raise, and stately temple tower.'
Gladly the chiefs assent—with busy care
The people soon the splendid fabric rear.
A power superior aids their warm desire;—
They hail the omen, and with joy retire.

There Ceres, distant from the powers divine,
Sits deeply musing in her hallow'd shrine.
The eager wish to view her daughter's face,
Again to fold her with a fond embrace,
Consumes her beauteous form—alternate roll
The tides of grief and vengeance in her soul.

She to the earth her genial power denies:
The corn unfruitful in its bosom lies;
The oxen draw the crooked plough in vain,
No waving verdure decks the blasted plain;
Pale famine spreads around —each mortal breast
Is sunk with woe, and by despair possess'd.
One common fate had now involv'd them all,
And the bless'd gods who in the' aërial hall
Of high Olympus reign, by man ador'd,
Their votaries' vows, and offerings had deplor'd:
But Jove revolving on the ills design'd
By Ceres;—to appease her wrathful mind,
Sends the bright goddess of the splendid bow,
Whose gold-bespangled wings with lustre glow—
Through yielding air with matchless speed she flew;
Eleusis' temple rose before her view,
There, while rich incense wafted fragrance round,
Clad in her sable veil the queen she found,
And thus began: 'The ruler of the sky
Calls thee to meet the' assembled gods on high—
O haste! with them celestial pleasures prove;
Nor fruitless be the words that come from Jove!'
Iris in vain her soothing words address'd;
The goddess yields not to her kind request;
In vain, at his command who sways the skies,
The' immortals sue—she hears and she denies:
Their proffer'd honours, and their gifts disdains,
And in her breast relentless vengeance reigns.
Firmly resolv'd, where high Olympus' towers
She ne'er would mingle with the' ethereal powers,
Nor fruitful earth's productive force renew,
Till her lov'd daughter met her longing view.
When the dread power whose thunder shakes the skies,
From whose keen sight no act unnotic'd lies,

Heard her determin'd will; he gave command
To Maia's son, who bears the golden wand,
That straight to Erebus he wing'd his way,
And woo the god whom shadowy forms obey
With words persuasive; that his queen ador'd
In Stygian realms, might be to heaven restor'd,
And mingling with the powers celestial, ease
Her mother's anxious soul, and wrath appease.
Hermes obeys, and from the realms of day
To Tartarus directs his rapid way;
There, in the centre of the earth profound,
The monarch of the' infernal realms he found
High-thron'd in gloomy state—beside her lord
Fair Proserpine her mother's loss deplor'd,
Who, deep-revolving in her troubled mind,
Dire vengeance 'gainst the' ethereal race design'd.
Hermes began: 'O thou! whose awful head
Is crown'd with sable locks—to whom the dead
Submissive reverence pay—the sire of gods,
Great Jove decrees, that from these dark abodes,
By me, thy consort, crown'd with beauty's charms,
Should be to heaven restor'd, and Ceres' arms.
For know, such vengeful thoughts her soul inspire,
That e'en the' immortal gods must feel her ire.
No golden harvests now the plains adorn,
In earth she hides the life-sustaining corn,
And man must fall;—to those who rule the skies
No honours shall be paid, no prayers arise.
Far, far from them, with rage-enkindled heart,
She, in the lofty temple sits apart,
Rear'd by Eleusis to her power divine,
Where clouds of incense roll around her shrine.'
The gloomy monarch Jove's commands obey'd;
Reluctant smiles his dark-bent brows display'd:

And thus his blooming consort he address'd:
'Go, Proserpine! let pleasure sway thy breast,'
No more let memory recal the past,
But to thy mother's fond embraces haste—
'Tis fruitless, nay, 'tis folly to complain—
Nor I a husband that deserves disdain—
Brother to Jove supreme!—hence then, my fair!
And soon again to Pluto's arms repair.
Honour to thee the heavenly powers shall pay;
Thee shall the shadowy forms of hell obey:
And those, who ne'er on earth invok'd thy aid,
Nor victims slew, nor rich oblations paid,
By thee condemn'd, shall prove eternal pains
In the dark realms where endless horror reigns.'
He said; and sudden from her seat arose
His lovely bride—her heart with transport glows;
Then Pluto fear'd, lest from the realms above,
And Ceres, object of her filial love,
She'd ne'er return; and, fraudulent, decreed
The fair should taste the rich pomegranate's seed—
A fatal pledge! The ruler of the dead.
Then to their view his sable coursers led;
And yok'd them to the splendid car—his bride
Assum'd the seat, with Hermes by her side;
The god, whose fury to the' infernal plains
Hurl'd hapless Argus;—firm he grasp'd the reins,
And wav'd the lash—the steeds impetuous flew:
The realms of darkness vanish'd from their view.
Onward they rush, impatient of delay,
Nor seas, nor rapid streams impede their way;
Nor towering heights, which darkening clouds surround;
Nor low-sunk vales with verdant herbage crown'd.

With steady ardour, unabated force,
Through depth of air they urge their rapid course;
Till Ceres' sacred temple they behold,
Where clouds of incense round her altar roll'd.
Soon as the goddess view'd her daughter's face,
With eager speed she rush'd to her embrace.
Thus when the hind her long-lost fawn espies,
In transport from the mountain's brow she flies [529].

* * * * * * * * *

'Thou, here with Ceres, daughter of my love,
Shalt stay, high-honour'd by the powers above:
But if thou aught in Pluto's drear abode
Hast ate, thou must retrace the gloomy road;
And with the infernal god his sceptre share
One tedious third of the revolving year [535];
The rest, shalt thou partake with heavenly powers:
And when with herbage green and blooming flowers
Spring decks the earth, thou shalt ascend the skies,
A joy to mortal and celestial eyes.'

* * * * * * * * *

'Say, by what art thy unsuspecting mind
The god deceiv'd?'—Thus Proserpine rejoin'd:

529 In transport from the mountain's brow she flies.

It is evident from the few and imperfect words preserved in the original Greek manuscript, that an affectionate dialogue between Ceres and Proserpine took place, after this line.—There is great reason to regret the frequent defects of the Moscow MS. in this part of the poem.

535 One tedious third of the revolving year.

See an observation on this passage at the end of the preface.—Some few lines of the original seem to have been lost, where the vacancy is left in the page, from the abruptness of Ceres' question to Proserpine.

'When the wing'd herald of the powers above
Came with the mandate of all-ruling Jove,
Again to bear me to the' ethereal skies,
And give me to thy long-desiring eyes;
That thus thy vengeful rage might be suppress'd:
My heart with transport bounded in my breast.
But then, so hell's imperious lord decreed;
I ate reluctant the pernicious seed [549].

'Joyful I wander'd through the verdant plain,
Leucippe, Phæno, Rhodia, in my train:
With them Electra, Ianira stray'd,
And Rhodope, in beauty's charms array'd:
Ocyroe too was there of roseate hue;
Her golden locks around Chryseis flew:
Calypso's charming form, Urania's grace,
And Galaxaure's love-inspiring face;
Pallas, who bids the rage of battle glow,
And chaste Diana with her sounding bow.
In pleasing sports the fleeting hours we wear,
And pluck the blushing honours of the year.
Lilies and hyacinths the air perfume;
The crocus glows, the' expanding roses bloom:

549 I ate reluctant the pernicious seed.'

Here appears to be an omission, unless the speech of Proserpine has been transposed through some mistake. It should probably have begun with the following line——

'Joyful I wander'd through the Nysian plain.'

And after that, which now concludes the speech, should follow the account of Mercury's coming to her in the palace of Pluto, with which it now begins. As it stands at present, Proserpine concludes her narrative with telling Ceres, that she is still sorrowful; and the lines that immediately follow, describe their mutual joy at meeting each other.

But lovelier far I view with joyful eyes
The fair Narcissus from the earth arise.
This wondrous flower, the meadow's blooming pride,
I rush'd to seize—The rent earth opening wide
A dreary gulf disclos'd: from thence appear'd
The mighty king in Tartarus rever'd,
And bore me to his golden car—in vain
I weep, resist, and to the gods complain.
Swift flies his chariot to the realms below,
And still my bosom bleeds at former woe!'

With mutual joy they now sweet converse hold,
And now each other in their arms enfold;
And, all the live-long day, the transports prove
That flow from filial and maternal love.
No thought of vengeance Ceres' soul infest;
But harmony and pleasure rule her breast.

Soon Hecate approach'd, and hail'd the fair [580],
A splendid fillet bound her flowing hair:
To Proserpine her breast with friendship glow'd,
And all her acts a kind attention show'd.

And now the' all-seeing god whose thunders shake
The' aërial regions, thus to Rhea spake,
Around whose form her robes in darkness flew,
From whom her birth the queen of Seasons drew:
'Let Ceres hasten to the' ethereal plain,
And every honour she desires, obtain.
Her Proserpine, with heavenly powers shall share
In joy, two parts of the revolving year,

[580] Soon Hecate approach'd.

This passage is rather obscure in the original—she seems indeed both here and in other two places to have been introduced very needlessly, unless something allegorical was intended. The interview between Rhea and Ceres, which almost immediately follows, appears plainly to be so.

But soon the earth its wonted power regains;
Again the harvest clothes the' extended plains;
Increasing ploughshares turn the grateful soil,
And weighty sheaves reward the labourers toil.
The rest in realms of night.'—The thunderer said:
The willing goddess his commands obey'd;
And from Olympus' cloud-encircled height
Bends to Callichorus her lofty flight:
O'er the drear region desolation frown'd,
So late with fruits and waving verdure crown'd.
Through air's ungenial void the goddess bends
Her flight sublime, and now on earth descends.
Each kindred power to hail the other flies,
Joy rules their hearts, and sparkles in their eyes.
At length sage Rhea, round whose awful head
The wreath of splendor glow'd, to Ceres said:
'Jove calls my daughter to the' ethereal plain;
Such honours as thy soul desires, obtain.
He wills, two parts of the revolving year,
Thy Proserpine shall heavenly pleasures share;
The rest in realms of night.—His sacred nod
Confirm'd the promise of the' all-ruling god.
Haste then—no more oppose with wrathful mind
Heaven's mighty lord mid darkening clouds enshrin'd;
But thy kind influence to the earth impart,
And with thy blessings cheer man's drooping heart.'
The power, whose brow the flowery wreath entwines,
Obeys her word—her anger she resigns.
The' extended plains with fruits and flowers are crown'd,
And plenty reigns, and nature smiles around.

Then to the chiefs, who o'er Eleusis sway'd,
Whose righteous laws the grateful realm obey'd,
Eumolpus, and Triptolemus the sage,
Diocles skill'd to tame the courser's rage,
Kind Polyxenus, and the king who reign'd
Supreme, great Celeus, she her rites explain'd;
Those sacred mysteries, for the vulgar ear[628]
Unmeet; and known, most impious to declare!
Oh! let due reverence for the gods restrain
Discourses rash, and check inquiries vain!
Thrice happy he among the favour'd few,
To whom 'tis given those glorious rites to view!
A fate far different the rejected share;
Unbless'd, unworthy her protecting care,
They'll perish; and with chains of darkness bound,
Be plung'd for ever in the gulf profound!
Her laws establish'd, to the realms of light[638],
With Proserpine she wings her towering flight:

[628] Those sacred mysteries for the vulgar ear
Unmeet; and known, most impious to declare.

Diodorus observes of the religious rites prescribed by Orpheus, meaning the Eleusinian mysteries, that it was unlawful for those not initiated to inquire into their meaning: and there was a law at Athens, which condemned those to death who divulged any thing concerning them.

[638] Her laws established.

Herodotus, in the second book of his history, relates, that the mystic rites of Isis were originally carried from Egypt to Greece by the daughters of Danaus; and that the Pelasgic women were instructed by them in the nature, design, and forms of their celebration. From the same authority, strengthened by that of Apollodorus, it hath been supposed that these mysteries, disguised under other names and other forms, were

The sacred powers assume their seat on high,
Beside the god, whose thunders shake the sky.

afterwards celebrated at Elensis in honour of Ceres; and obtained the name of Thesmophoria.

The Elensinian mysteries were, however, divided into two distinct classes. The Thesmophoria were in the subordinate class.

A striking similitude hath been frequently observed, by the curious inquirers into ancient customs, between the mysteries of Isis and Ceres: and the supposition, that the latter were borrowed from the former, is supported by the strongest analogy, as well as by the most respectable authority. Many of the learned indeed have conjectured that Greece was indebted to Orpheus for their introduction into that country: and that this ancient bard had an eye to the Egyptian mysteries in their institution; and accommodated the general plan of the one, to the particular genius and design of the other. Some have even conjectured, that the hymns which have been transmitted to the present times, under the name of Orpheus, were the same that were originally sung at the celebration of the rites of Ceres. This honour, Pausanias remarks, had never been conferred on the hymns of Homer; who, probably, by indulging his fancy in fictions of its own creation, and departing with too bold a licence from the established traditions of the gods, had rendered his hymns unfit for their worship. It was for this unwarrantable stretch of poetic liberty that his works were proscribed by Plato.

The Egyptian priests threw an awful and ambiguous veil over their religious rites; and, having enjoined silence and secrecy, as indispensable terms of initiation, gave an air of pomp and solemnity to institutions that were trifling, and doctrines that were absurd. The simplest truths were lost in the crowd of mystic rites which gathered thick upon them: and, while historical facts were veiled beneath the dress of allegory, it was difficult to distinguish the real from the fictitious; or to tell, with certainty, where the annalist ended his record, and where the mythologist took up his fable.

The Greeians changed the names, but retained and exaggerated the stories of Egypt; they sometimes debased, at other

Happy, thrice happy he of human race,
Who proves deserving their benignant grace!
Plutus, who from his unexhausted stores[644]
To favour'd mortals boundless treasure pours,
The' auspicious deities to him shall send;
And prosperous fortune shall his steps attend.
And now, O Ceres! at thy hallow'd shrine

times they improved and embellished them. That which amused the fancy, at length was admitted as the truth; and what at first was meant to be figurative, was, in process of time, believed to be literal.

If this hymn should not be supposed to allude to the Egyptian Isis, figured under the character of Ceres; and to Proserpine, as an emblem of the *corn being hid part of the year beneath the earth; may not the story on which it is founded be simply this?—The conjecture is vague, but it is hoped excusable, as many instances occur of the Greek poets blending history with allegory.

Pluto, probably king of the Molossians, wages war against the Eleusinians, wastes their country, and carries off their corn —a famine ensues—Jupiter, his brother, ruler over great part of Greece, who had connived at the invasion, thinks proper at length to obtain a peace for them; on their paying to Pluto one third of their tillage by way of tribute. They again cultivate their country, and Rhea, Ceres, and Jupiter, are reconciled: *i. e.* the earth produces corn, and the people are under the protection of their neighbouring king.

[644] Plutus, who from his unexhausted stores.

The conclusion of the story seems evidently allegorical, and intended to convey this plain and excellent moral:—that those people shall grow rich who apply diligently to agriculture, and the cultivation of their lands. Plutus probably was called the son of Ceres, on that account.

* So Persephone signifies in the Phœnician language, from whence Proserpine is supposed to have been derived.

Submissive bow the Eleusinian line:
Antron's dark rocks re-echo with thy praise,
And sea-surrounded Paros thee obeys.
Goddess! through whom the seasons' circling flight
Successive blessings pours, and new delight:
And thou, O lovely Proserpine! reward
With honour'd age, and tranquil joys, the bard
Who sings your acts; and soon his voice he'll raise,
And other strains shall celebrate your praise.

HYMNS AND EPIGRAMS

OF

HOMER;

TRANSLATED FROM THE GREEK

BY HENRY JAMES PYE, ESQ.

POET LAUREAT.

PREFACE.

It seems very singular, that while the silly burlesque Poem of the Frogs and Mice makes part of Pope's Translation of Homer, and the Hymn to Ceres, which was discovered, or said to have been discovered, in the last century, by a professor at Leyden, drew the attention of all Europe, and has been translated with the addition of copious notes by the elegant and classical pen of Mr. Hole, the Hymns and Epigrams that have been ascribed to the father of poetry for ages, should never have yet appeared in an English dress.

Without entering into a dissertation on their authenticity, suffice it to say, that the internal evidence in their favour is, at least, as strong as that in favour of the Hymn to Ceres; the beginning of which, by the way, as I have observed in a note on the place, is the same as one of these fragments. The remark of the original editor of that Hymn will, at least, equally apply to these—'Though they should be dispossessed of the claim

of being the production of Homer, they are certainly of very high antiquity, written immediately after Homer, or at least in the age of Hesiod; the venerable wrinkles of hoary age are deeply marked on the very face of them.' To this internal proof may be added the authority of Thucydides and Pausanias, by whom they are cited without expressing any doubt of their authenticity.

Another proof, however, occurred to me of their high antiquity, in the course of my translation, that amply repaid me for my trouble; as it went far towards confuting the silly allegories which fanciful commentators have tried to draw from the divine Epopees of Homer, and which deform the otherwise respectable notes of Clarke and Pope. It was impossible to read these Hymns, especially those to the Sun and Moon, and not see that they had no connection with Apollo and Diana, in the mythology of the author of them. With the assistance of the Index of Seberus I turned to every passage, both in the Iliad and Odyssey, wherever these gods and luminaries were mentioned, which confirmed the same fact as to those poems. The same circumstance occurred on consulting the Theogony of Hesiod, for which I refer to one of the subsequent notes.

I found in Mr. Hole's translation of the Hymn to Ceres these words, in the address of that goddess to the Sun, 'O Phœbus, hear!' which, if exactly correct, would have much impugned its claim to antiquity; but on referring to the original, he is addressed as, and called only Sun, 'Ἥλιον, 'Ἥλι'. No blame of infidelity, in translating, attaches on this account to Mr. Hole; for the same thing occurs, *passim* through the whole of Pope's Homer; and the most pedantic reviler of that excellent work has never censured him on that account.

There is a passage from Dionysius, cited by Clarke, that clearly marks a distinction between Apollo and the Sun, as used by Homer. The critic, praising Homer for his choice of appropriate epithets, says τὸν Ἥλιον Ὑπερίονα, καὶ Ἀπόλλωνα Φοῖβον καλῶν· 'calling the Sun Hyperion, and Apollo Phœbus.'

In my investigation of Homer by the index, I found that the word Phœbus occurs only three times in the Odyssey. Now as it is nothing for a critic to invalidate a few passages in any book, not even the most sacred, that stand in the way of a favourite hypothesis, this fact may do knights' ser-

vice to those ingenious gentlemen who have discovered, what was never discovered, or even suspected, either by Aristotle, Horace, Longinus, or any other ancient writer, viz. that the Iliad and Odyssey could not possibly have been composed by the same person.

With regard to my own translation, I can only say, in the words of Mr. Hole, that 'I equally wished to avoid the extremes of a servile version and a diffuse imitation.' If I were sure I had succeeded in this respect as well as that gentleman has, I should submit my work to the public with greater confidence than I now can presume to do.

HYMN TO APOLLO.

Cease not, ye Maids of Memory, to sing
Apollo's sacred praise, the Archer-king [draw
Whom, when his hands in Jove's bright mansion
The shining bow—with reverential awe
The gods behold, his power tremendous own,
Each stands aloof, receding from his throne.
Latona, sole of all the' ethereal train;
Dares by the side of thundering Jove remain.
The quiver from his back her arms unbrace,
His bow against the dædal column place,
Then leads him to his throne; while parent Jove
Presents the nectar'd bowl, the pledge of love;
And as the other powers resume their seats,
Latona's heart her son exulting greets.
Hail, bless'd Latona! who to Jove of yore
Apollo and the' immortal huntress bore;
Her in Ortygia, him on Delos' shore.
Stretch'd 'neath a palm by Cynthus' rugged brow,
Where the clear waves of smooth Inopus flow:
How shall my voice the hymn to Phœbus raise,
How praise, whom every strain contends to praise?
Is it that charm'd with numbers pour'd by thee,
Phœbus! resounds each isle that studs the sea?
Each continent with pastures widely spread?
Each mountain lifting high its airy head?

Each fountain clear, whose current gently glides
Through smiling vales to ocean's roaring tides?
Is it that first thee, fair Latona bore
By Cynthus' Mount on Delos' rugged shore,
Where swells the sable wave and howling wind,
The first, the dearest blessing to mankind?
All human race with grateful zeal obey
Thy just decrees, and own thy regal sway.
All who fair Crete's illustrious regions grace,
For justice fam'd, all Athens' polish'd race.
Ægina's isle, Eubœa's naval reign,
Ægæ, Eirisia, Peparethus' plain:
Athos and Samos, Peleus' lofty mound,
And Ida's heights with darkening forests crown'd;
Scyros, Phocæa, Imbrus' cultur'd shore,
And, proud Autocane, thy mountains hoar.
Lemnos, whose hostile coasts no strangers greet,
Lesbos divine, Æolian Macar's seat[43].
Chios, the fairest isle that Ocean laves;
Corycus' mountains, Mimas' rocky caves.
Samos, mid streams and vales irriguous plac'd,
And Mycale with verdant uplands grac'd:
Coos and Æsage and Claros bright,
Carpathus' stormy seats, and Cnidus' height,
Naxos and fertile Paros' fair domain,
And proud Rhenæa's rude and stony plain.
Latona, teeming with the Archer-god,
Sought mid these scenes her future son's abode.
Each seat, though plenty there its blessings shower,
Shrinks fearful to receive the mighty power,

[43] Lesbos divine, Æolian Macar's seat.

(Μάκαρος ἕδος) The seat: instead of (οἰκητήριον) the habitation. For Macar, the son of Crinacus, got possession of Lesbos, and reigned there. *Scholiast* on Iliad xxiv. v. 544.

But Delos' favour'd isle she first explores,
Addressing thus the Genius of the shores:—
'Delos! if thou become my son's domain,
If here Apollo fix his splendid fane,
Sacred alone to him thy seats shall be,
From other lords and mortal tyrants free.
What though nor flocks nor herds thy pastures feed,
No harvest ripen, and no vintage bleed;
Yet if thy shores his sacred temples grace,
From each assembling tribe of human race
Shall hecatombs with pious zeal be given,
The smoke of offer'd victims climb to heaven,
While every god protective influence yields,
And foreign plenty crowns thy barren fields.'
She said:—with joy the island power replied;
'Daughter of Saturn! of thy sire the pride,
Pleas'd shall my vales the heavenly birth receive:—
Me, me, alas! man's bitter censures grieve.
But thus protected by thy son divine,
Round me shall glory's beams celestial shine.
Yet, O Latona, let me now reveal
The dread of future danger that I feel.
Phœbus, 'tis said, shall be of mind severe,
His awful power will gods and men revere:
Much is my heart perplex'd, lest in that day
When first his eye-balls drink the solar ray,
His foot should spurn my rude uncultur'd plain,
And whelm my sterile mountains in the main;
Bid o'er my head, in fatal triumph ride,
The swelling surges of old Ocean's tide:
And to some happier seat the god removes
His consecrated fane and hallow'd groves;

While in my solitary caverns sleep
The scaly monsters of the briny deep.
But if to me, great goddess, thou wilt swear
By those dread powers which ev'n the gods revere;
That here the sacred oracle shall rise,
Which shows the future mandates of the skies;
Here all mankind shall seek the voice divine,
And distant ages crowd the holy shrine.'
Thus spoke the nymph.—Latona, lov'd of Jove,
Swore the dread oath that binds the powers above:—
'Let earth and heaven's high spreading regions know,
And those dark waves that roll through shades below,
Infernal Styx—whose awful name adjur'd,
No god dare violate the solemn word,
Here Phœbus still shall keep his groves and fane,
Fix in these hallow'd seats from age to age his reign!'
The oath thus pledg'd:—Delos' parental earth
Joy'd in the' immortal archer's promis'd birth.
Nine tedious days on sad Latona rose,
Nine tedious nights witness'd her lingering throes,
Though round of heavenly nymphs a friendly train,
With unavailing sorrow wept her pain.
Dione, Rhea, Themis, near her stood,
And Amphitrite, sprung from Ocean's flood;
And many a goddess else to aid her came,
Scap'd from the eye of Jove's imperious dame;
She by the' eternal Thunderer's awful throne
Sat, fill'd with rage, secluded and alone.
Lucina, sole of power to soothe her cares,
Nor knew her torturing pangs, nor heard her prayers;

High on Olympus' cloud-capt brow remain'd
The saving nymph: so Juno's will ordain'd;
Griev'd that Latona, with the beauteous hair,
Should to her lord the godlike offspring bear.
The friendly goddesses from Delos' shade
Call'd many-colour'd Iris to their aid,
And promis'd, could she bring Lucina's power
To sad Latona in the palmy bower,
An ample scarf her bosom should unfold,
Studded with brilliant gems, and rough with gold.
From Juno far they bade her wing her way,
Lest jealous rage the saving power should stay.
Fleet as the clouds, by winds tempestuous driven,
Sprang forth the swift-wing'd messenger of heaven;
A moment's space the' ethereal herald bore,
To high Olympus' brow from Delos' shore;
There, calling forth Lucina's favouring power,
Cautious, apart from Jove's imperial bower,
The mandate of the heavenly race display'd;
Her words at once the friendly nymph persuade.
Swift as the timid dove, the' immortal pair
With buoyant pinion cleave the realms of air.
Soon as Latona trod the Delian shore,
The yeaning goddess' tedious pangs were o'er.
Beneath the spreading palm-tree's spacious shade
The mighty Thunderer's godlike son was laid.
Around, the hills, the streams, the valleys smil'd,
And every goddess hail'd the heavenly child:
Their hands divine thy limbs, O Phœbus! lave
In the pellucid fountain's silver wave,
With a white robe thy infant form confine,
And round embroider'd swathes of gold entwine.

No nurture from his mother's fragrant breast,
Thirsting, the golden-sceptred monarch press'd;
But Themis' care his infant lips imbued
With nectar'd draughts, and gave ambrosial food.
And fair Latona smil'd with conscious joy,
Proud of the happy birth, and heavenly boy.
Swell'd by the feast of gods, each mighty vein,
Nor robes, nor swathes, the immortal child restrain;
Bursting with giant-force each circling band,
He thus address'd the powers that round him stand:—
'Mine be the favour'd lyre and crooked bow,
To man from me Jove's oracles shall flow.'
With golden tresses crown'd, the Archer-god
Thus spoke; and from the extended region strode.
The immortal nymphs around, in deep surprise,
Gazed on the prodigy with wondering eyes.
But Delos chief, bright beams of future joy,
And hopes of more than mortal bliss employ,
Since, from great Jove and fair Latona sprung,
Phœbus was born her humble seats among.
By the bright god a self-selected ground,
From every isle and continent around;
O'er her bleak wastes young forests seem to grow,
And flowers to crown each mountain's hoary brow.
King of the argent bow, thy feet now climb
Of Cynthus' rugged mount the height sublime;
Now many an isle around and peopled shore
Wandering thy desultory steps explore.
For on the mountains near, that proudly rise
And shoot their azure summits to the skies,
By every stream the lowly plain that laves,
Rolling to Ocean's bed its winding waves,

Thy hallow'd groves their sacred umbrage spread,
The frequent temple rears to thee the head.
Yet, Phœbus! still thy lov'd parental isle
Wins from an envious world thy favouring smile;
Where with their lovely dames and infant train,
Seeking protection of thy holy fane,
Ionia's warlike heroes crowding round,
Sweep with their lengthen'd stoles the sacred ground;
To thee devoted, festal games belong,
The lyre, the dance, the cestus, and the song;
While life and youth eternal seem to grace
With never-fading charms the votive race.
Gazing around, in splendid order staud
Of striplings and of maids a beauteous band,
Rich treasures pour profuse a golden store,
And swelling sails adorn the rocky shore.
But far above the rest, in rapt surprise,
This lovely miracle arrests the eyes:
Of Delian nymphs divine, a virgin train,
Each, priestess of Apollo's glorious fane,
First in harmonious strains of rapture sing
The' immortal honours of the Archer-king;
Then to Latona pour the votive strain,
And Dian, virgin huntress of the plain:
Thence to the listening train around unfold
Chiefs and illustrious dames who lived of old.
The varied speech and voice of all mankind
Their lays impress so strongly on the mind,
So just the imitative art appears,
Each thinks the speaker present that he hears[211].

[211] Each thinks the speaker present that he hears.

This imitative power, the poet tells us, was also possessed by Helen. See Odyssey, lib. iv. v. 279.

Hail, Phœbus and Latona! Dian, hail!
O let your votary's fervent prayers prevail!
And when in future times some pilgrim hoar;
Wandering, shall reach this sea-encircled shore,
And ask 'what mortal now, with heavenly fire,
Strikes with his skilful hand the warbling lyre,
What dulcet voice is this to which belong
Powers to entrance you with its godlike song?'
O may you answer with applausive smile—
'Tis the blind bard of Chios' rugged isle [221],
The' unrival'd merit of whose glorious strain
Succeeding times shall emulate in vain.'
Thus I, through every seat of man's abode,
Through every track by human footsteps trod,
Bold in the truth, my native worth proclaim;
My verse alone the herald of my fame.
Ne'er shall my votive lay forget to sing
Fair-hair'd Latona and the Archer-king.
Monarch of Lycia's wide extended reign,
Monarch of fair Meonia's fertile plain,
The god, Miletus' naval towers who sways,
Whom Delos' wave-surrounded coast obeys;—

[221] 'Tis the blind bard of Chios' rugged isle.

Bergler, in the preface to his edition of the Odyssey and smaller poems of Homer, p. iv. brings this passage (which is cited by Thucydides) as a proof of the genuineness of this Hymn—and uses these strong words; what those critics would do well to consider, who, in the teeth of Aristotle, have tried to prove that the Iliad and Odyssey could not be written by the same person:—'This Hymn no one can render suspected by me, unless he could persuade me that his authority was of more weight than that of Thucydides; a writer, of all others the furthest from vanity, nor very remote from the time of Homer.'

Behold the power celestial pass along,
His lyre preluding to the heavenly song;
That golden lyre whose strings symphonious move,
Charming the breast to rapture and to love.
Onward he goes to rocky Pythos' shrine,
His robes ambrosial shedding sweets divine:
Hence, scorning earth's inferior seats, he soars
To high Olympus' heaven-constructed doors,
The' imperial dome of Jove, where round him stand
Of crowding Deities the' eternal band.
In mute attention wrap'd, the listening throng
Struck by the warbling wire and sacred song,
At once the Muses in alternate lay,
And strains of heavenly harmony, display
The gifts that ever powers celestial grace,
The ills that wait on man's unhappy race,
Ills that no care can heal, no heart assuage,
Inevitable death and wasting age.—
The fair-hair'd Graces, and the laughing Hours,
Sweet Hebe's and Harmonia's kindred powers,
With Cytherea, Queen of Joy and Love,
The favourite daughter of imperial Jove,
Encircled hand in hand, with active feet
To strains divine the golden pavement beat:
While arrow-bearing Dian, fair and young,
From the same womb with great Apollo sprung,
Joins in the chorus of the festive train;
With no unlovely form or humble strain:
Hermes his wand foregoes, and Mars his lance,
And cheerly mingle in the sprightly dance.
Above the rest behold Apollo stand,
And strike the sounding wire with skilful hand.

Awful he treads, in radiant glory dight,
His vesture beaming with celestial light;
While fair Latona and immortal Jove
Exulting view the offspring of their love.
How shall my verse thy glorious deeds display,
Thou the great theme of every poet's lay?
Say, shall I first thy happy loves declare?
Sing, how thy ardour won the' Azantine fair?
With those of Elatia, fam'd to breed
On her extended plains the generous steed.
Phœbus, to Triopus' high race allied,
With brave Leucippus and Leucippus' bride:
This skill'd to train and drive the agile horse
With rapid footsteps, this to urge the course!
Or shall I rather, in my votive lay,
Trace to the Oracle of Truth thy way?
First from Olympus' height thy steps descend
To where Pieria's fertile fields extend.
Then Lecton's sandy deserts next you tread,
Pass where Magnesia and Perrhæbus spread,
Iolchus reach, and climb Cenæa's head;
Eubœa, glorying in her naval reign;
And gain at length Lelantos' spacious plain:
Yet there thou didst not fix thy seat divine,
Nor raise the sacred grove, nor build the shrine.
Hence, crossing Euripus—far-shooting god!—
Thy sacred steps the verdant mountain trod.
Then passing Mycalessus' fair domain,
And, clad in herbage green, Teumessas' plain;
You reach at length the Theban realms, around
With waving shade and gloomy forests crown'd.
For then could Thebes no human inmates boast,
No human steps her fertile regions cross'd.

Still wandering on, immortal power! you rove
To fair Onchestus, Neptune's hallow'd grove [300]:
Where the young steeds, scarce train'd the yoke to
Forespent with toil, forget the driver's care. [bear,
The charioteer, though skill'd their fire to sway,
Leaps from the car, and speeds on foot his way;
The panting coursers, loosen'd from the rein,
The empty chariot drag across the plain;
But cautious from the woodland-shade decline,
Lest clustering trees should break the car divine.
Apollo's power their pious care rewards,
And with protective arm the chariot guards.
Thence crossing bright Cephissus' silver tide,
Whose lucid waves from fair Lilæa glide,
Passing Ocalea's high embattled towers,
Passing the green Amartus' grassy bowers,
At length Delphusa's sacred seat you gain, [fane:
Pleas'd there to raise your groves and build your
And speaking thus the dictates of your breast,
Your voice the Genius of the place address'd:—
'At length my mind is fix'd; Delphusa here
To man the sacred oracle I'll rear.
All, all who dwell where Pelops' region smiles,
All in Europa and her clustering isles,
Hither the frequent hecatomb shall bring,
Seeking of truth divine the hallow'd spring,
By me while from the sacred fane is given,
The will of future fate decreed by heaven.'
Thus spoke the god: and straight his dædal hand
The wide foundations of the temple plan'd;

[300] To fair Onchestus, Neptune's hallow'd grove.

There seems something lost here: as there is no mention before of the chariot of Apollo, who is represented as pursuing his way on foot. This passage is alluded to by Pausanias, lib. ix.

Delphusa sees, and, fill'd with rage and fear,
Pours these sad accents in Apollo's ear:—
'Phœbus! immortal king! O let my voice
From these unhappy seats avert thy choice.
Were here thy sacred oracle decreed,
If here the frequent hecatomb should bleed,
The crowding mules and steeds that custom brings
To graze my pastures, and to quaff my springs,
Would mar the honours of the solemn rite,
And man, misjudging man, might turn his sight
Averted, from thy gifts and splendid fane,
To view the car and courser scour the plain.
If I can aught persuade (yet, power divine!
How dare I counsel such a power as thine?)
On Crissa's plain, beneath Parnassus' brow,
The favour of thy happier choice bestow.
No rattling car, no coursers' neighing train,
Shall there thy rites with jarring sound profane.
There shall a glorious race their offerings bring,
And to thy praise the choral Pæan sing;
While emulative nations round combine
To heap with wealth profuse thy golden shrine.'
Delphusia's prayer prevails—her shores he leaves:
Still undivided fame the nymph receives.—
On pass'd Apollo by Cephissus' tide,
Where in the fair extended vale reside [move
The Phlegyan race, whose stubborn hearts nor
The laws of heaven, nor bolts of angry Jove.
Hence, rising swiftly near the lofty brow
Of high Olympus, white with endless snow,
Crissa he reach'd, fann'd by the gentle gale,
Beneath the rock where spreads the hollow vale.
Here Phœbus stood, resolv'd to fix his seat,
And thus his words the favour'd region greet:—

'At length my wandering search is ended; here
The sacred Oracle resolv'd to rear.
All, all who dwell where Pelops' region smiles,
All in Europa and her clustering isles,
Hither the frequent hecatomb shall bring,
Seeking of truth divine the hallow'd spring,
By me while from the sacred fane is given
The will of future fate decreed by heaven.'
Apollo said: and straight his dædal hand
The wide foundations of the Temple plann'd.
Erginus' sons, dear to the gods and Jove,
The well-compacted fabric rear'd above.
While nations crowd from earth's remotest zone
To shape the column, and to hew the stone;
Till proud the Temple rose in awful grace,
A lasting wonder to the human race.
Near the bright waves of that clear fountain flow,
Where Jove's great offspring, with his silver bow,
The monstrous dragon slew of size immense,
Whose breath could fate to man and beast dispense.
Typhaon dire, by Juno's angry mind
Nurtur'd and rear'd, a scourge to humankind:
When from the temples of her heavenly sire
Sprung Pallas forth, whom gods and men admire,
While standing mid the' assembled powers above,
Indignant spoke the' imperious Queen of Jove.
'Each god, each goddess, hear!—oppress'd I stand,
Sham'd by the cloud-compelling Tyrant's hand;
Endow'd above the rest with form and grace,
Me he selected from the' ethereal race
To share his bed.—But ah! without my aid
Alone he gave to light the blue-eyed maid,

Minerva the divine, whose powers excel
All who in heaven's eternal mansions dwell:
While Vulcan, whom I bore, deform'd and lame,
Limps mid the gods, the object of their shame,
I seiz'd and threw the infant in the main,
Where silver-footed Thetis, and her train
Of wat'ry nymphs, receiv'd him from the waves,
And kindly nurtur'd in their coral caves.—
Cruel, unjust! what other means remain
To shame thy Consort mid the heavenly train?
Remote from me, thy secret haunts among,
The blue-eyed goddess from thy temples sprung:
But now a son produc'd by me shall boast
To shine superior mid the' immortal host.
I to our nuptial couch no shame will bring,
Nor shall from thy embrace the infant spring.'
She said; and from the' ethereal synod broke,
Then smote the earth, and thus indignant spoke[412]:—
'O hear me, earth! and heaven's supreme domain!
And hear, ye powers in Tartarus who reign!
Hear, hear me all—and far from Jove, alone,
O let my womb a potent offspring own:
And in his frame superior strength inspire,
As far as Jove excell'd his hoary sire.'
She said, and struck—beneath her mighty hand,
From its foundations shook the solid land.
Juno with joy the happy omen bless'd,
And deem'd fulfill'd the wishes of her breast.
A long revolving year she past alone,
Far from the Thunderer's genial bed and throne,

[412] Then smote the earth, and thus indignant spoke:—
There is a passage resembling this in the Iliad, lib. ix. v. 564.

Brooding in silence o'er her deep designs,
Or drinking incense from her votaries' shrines.—
But when the days and nights fulfill'd appear,
And the swift hours complete the circling year,
A hideous monster to her vows was given,
Unlike to all that breathed in earth or heaven.
Of size immense, the vast Typhaon spread,
A dragon fell, of all mankind the dread.
Her awful hands on earth, malignant, place
The dire destroyer of the human race.
Onward he pass'd, dispensing fate around,
Till the avenger's mighty arm he found:
Immortal Phœbus, from his silver bow
Launch'd the keen shaft that laid the monster low;
Writhing in death he rolls, while hideous cries
And roars tremendous shake the vaulted skies,
Till pouring forth his life in crimson tide,
Exulting Phœbus speaks with conscious pride:—
'On earth's maternal bosom here remain,
Once the dire terror of her filial train,
Living no more the pious race to awe,
Who to my shrines the frequent victim draw.
Typhæus' might, and dark Chimæra's power,
Were weak to avert the inevitable hour;
Here sable earth and Hyperion's ray
Shall bid the putrifying corse decay.'
Thus with triumphant voice the god exclaim'd!
The baleful serpent hence was Pytho nam'd[425]:
And hence the bards, to Phœbus' praise who sing,
Hail him, in votive verse, the Pythian king.

[425] The baleful serpent hence was Pytho nam'd.
From Πυθω to putrify.

Then found he, that the nymph whose cares pre-
O'er fair Delphusa's silver-flowing tide, [sid
Had with fallacious words deceiv'd his breast,
And wrathful thus the goddess he address'd :—
'No more thy arts my purpose shall elude,
No more these pleasant seats and crystal flood,
Sacred to thee alone, shall honour claim ;
Lo, I partake the pleasure and the fame!' [side
Thus spoke the god ; and from the mountain's
Hurl'd a vast rock across the hidden tide,
While near the gliding stream a choral train
Tend, mid embowering shades, his sacred fane ;
And while Delphusa's waves are veil'd in shame,
Hail, great Apollo, by Delphusius' name!
As, wrap'd in meditation deep, he stood ;—
Lo, on the breast of Ocean's sable flood,
By many a warlike chief and hero mann'd,
Floats a light bark, by favouring breezes fann'd.
A godlike race from Crete's well-peopled plains
Where, fam'd for justice, Gnossian Minos reigns;
Who 'neath Parnassus, mid the laurel shade,
The sacred rite to mighty Phœbus paid.
In traffic now he turns his dædal prore
To Pylos' sons, and Pylos' sandy shore.
Apollo rushing from the craggy steep,
In form a Dolphin, plung'd amid the deep ;
Then to the buoyant bark he bent his way,
Dread on the deck his form stupendous lay.
All gazing stood aghast, with fearful look,
And 'neath the god the solid timbers shook :
At the dire sight the boldest bosoms fail,
None strain the cordage, none unfurl the sail ;
No more their skilful hands the rudder guide,
But, urged by Notus, through the foaming tide

The vessel drives;—passing Maleia's coast,
Passing Laconia, and, of Sol the boast,
Fair Tænarus, beneath whose sheltering grove,
Sacred to Sol, the fleecy myriads rove;
There much they wish'd to anchor, and from shore
Careful the mighty miracle explore,
If there resolv'd to linger, or again
To plunge amid the monsters of the main.
No more the bark obeys the pilot's hand,
But flies along by Pelops' fertile land;
While from Apollo breath'd, the freshening gales
Urge on her course, and fill the swelling sails.
Forc'd by the fury of the stormy blast,
Arene's and Argyphia's shores they past;
Thryas, and Epys, and Alpheus trace,
And pass the Pylian sands and Pylian race;
Pass Crunos, Chalcis, Dymen's fair domain,
Pass Elis, the divine Epean reign,
Pass, capt with clouds, fam'd Ithaca's high glades,
Dulichium, Samos, and Zacynthus' shades;
But when, the winding shores of Pelops past,
Wide water'd Crissa's bay appear'd at last,
By Jove's decree the gale of Zephyr blew,
Swift through the yielding waves the vessel flew;
Hence to the east, whence beams Aurora's ray,
The rapid galley measures back her way,
Till guided by Apollo's favouring hands,
The prow is fix'd in viny Crissa's sands.
Now mighty Phœbus, like the day-star bright,
Sprung from the deck robed in ethereal light;
Sparks of celestial radiance from him rise,
Illume his hallow'd fane, and climb the skies;
Through Crissa's region spread the awful flames,
Filling with fear her sons and beauteous dames.

Then to the bark returning mid the flood,
In face and form a youth divine he stood;
Loose o'er his shoulders flows the' ambrosial hair,
And thus his mind his heavenly words declare:
'Say whence your race? On what adventure say [427]
Thus far ye wander through the wat'ry way?
Relate, if business or the thirst of gain
Engage your journey o'er the pathless main:
Or, pirates, seek ye now through seas unknown
The lives of others, reckless of your own?
Why quit ye not the bark, and on the shore
The sail deposit and the useless oar?
Scap'd from the toils and dangers of the main,
When treads the wave-worn mariner the plain,
Gladly with food he cheers his fainting soul,
The strengthening viand shares, and drains the bowl.'

His words with joy inspir'd each sinking breast,
And thus the Cretan chief the god address'd:
'O godlike stranger, hail! whose form and face
Bespeak thee sprung of more than mortal race,
To thee propitious still be heaven's high train;
But to our anxious minds, O kindly deign
To say on what strange region now we stand,
What tribes of humankind possess the land.
Far hence, alas! we steer'd our wat'ry way
From fertile Crete to Pylos' sandy bay;

[427] Say whence your race? On what adventure say—

Though part of this speech is *verbatim* the same with a passage in the Odyssey, lib. iii. v. 71—72. I have, contrary to my usual practice, deviated from the version of Pope; as his translation here is contrary both to the obvious sense of the original, and to the note of Eustathius that he has cited.

Hither, alas! by unpropitious heaven
Through seas unknown to distant regions driven.'
Then thus the god:—'Strangers, who dwelt of yore
On far fam'd Grossus' widely-wooded shore,
Ne'er shall ye view again your native bowers,
Your splendid palaces and lofty towers,
Your lovely consorts and your infant race,
But here my sacred Temple shall ye grace:
Behold me!—Great Apollo! son of Jove!
Impell'd by me through Ocean's waves ye rove,
Not with malignant mind; but in my fane
With me, by nations honour'd, to remain.
Here shall your eyes heaven's future will foresee,
Hence to the world reveal fate's dark decree;
While gifts divine your rites celestial grace,
The pride and glory of the human race:
Swift then the cordage loose, and furl the sail,
And on the oozy beach the vessel trail:
Land all your treasures and your naval gear,
And close by Ocean's brink the altar rear.
Then heap the surface with the wheaten store,
And, standing round, the eternal powers adore!
But as I first, mid Ocean's billows dark,
Leap'd a vast dolphin on your trembling bark,
Here first the vow pay to Delphinius' name,
For Delphi's shrine shall boast perennial fame.
Then by the ship indulge the genial hour,
And to the gods the free libation pour.
But, hunger's rage appeas'd, on me attend,
With me the Temple's site sublime ascend;
And, in the strains of gratitude and praise,
With joyful voice the Io-pæan raise.'
Apollo ceas'd.—With haste the band fulfil
The awful mandate of the heavenly will.

'The sails they furl'd, they lash'd the mast aside,
Then drop'd the anchor, and the pinnace tied [584];
Then issuing on the beach, the sinewy crew
Far from the shore the weighty vessel drew:
While massy piles, driven in the sandy ground,
A barrier firm the inland bark surround.
The altar then they raise beside the shore,
Heap the smooth surface with the wheaten store,
And, standing round, the' eternal powers adore!
Then by the ship indulge the genial hour,
And to the gods the free libation pour.
Hunger appeas'd, on Phœbus they attend,
And the bright Temple's lofty site ascend;
Onward before, with step celestial, trod
The son of thundering Jove, the Archer-god;
While his skill'd fingers with immortal fire
Struck strains of rapture from the warbling lyre.
Following to Pythos' dome, the Cretan throng
The Io-pæan raise in echoing song.
That Pæan Crete of old was wont to raise,
While every Muse divine inspir'd the lays.
They climb the steep with labouring step and slow,
And reach Apollo's seat, Parnassus' brow.
The god is proud the region fair to own,
And points his hallow'd fane and splendid throne;—
Fear-struck they stood: till first their leader broke
The awful silence, and astonish'd spoke:—
'Far from our friends—far from our native home
Since led by thee, O mighty power! we roam,

[584] The sails they furl'd, they lash'd the mast aside,
Then drop'd the anchor, and the pinnace tied.

As the original is *verbatim* from a passage in the Iliad I. I have adopted the words of Pope.

O teach thy suppliant votaries, we implore,
How to subsist on this ungenial shore!
Nor flocks nor herds the sterile region feeds,
No harvest ripens, and no vintage bleeds.'
Apollo, smiling, thus his mind express'd:—
'Vain man is still by causeless cares distress'd;
But let me thus console each anxious breast.
For know from every region, sent by all,
The frequent victim by your hands shall fall.
To you the winds shall waft from every shore
Of Nature's richest boons a plenteous store.—
My temple guard.—The crowds assembled here
Courteous receive, and my commands revere;
That man, misjudging man, from ill refrain,
Nor act, nor word, my solemn rites profane:
Else shall ye bow beneath a foreign sway.—
Mark then my solemn mandates, and obey.'
Farewell awhile, high mid the powers above,
Offspring of fair Latona and of Jove;
Soon shall my votive voice, in glowing lays,
The hymn again to glorious Phœbus raise.

HYMN TO MERCURY[1].

THE Hymn to Hermes now the Muses raise,
Cyllene's and Arcadia's plains who sways,
Arcadia fair, where flocks unnumber'd rove,
Hermes, the son of Maia and of Jove;
The fair-hair'd Maia, who from Jove's embrace
Bore the swift herald of the ethereal race;
Far from the synod of the heavenly crowd,
In a dark cave that gloomy forests shroud,
Wrap'd in the shade of night, while far away
In slumbers deep the white-arm'd Juno lay,
To mortals and immortals all unknown,
The son of Saturn loos'd her virgin zone.
But when, the amorous stealth no more conceal'd,
Ten circling months the Thunderer's will reveal'd,

[1] This Hymn is copied by Horace, in Ode 10. of lib. i. but who has greatly improved on his archetype. Dr. Jortin justly observes, that expression of the Roman poet, 'Jocoso furto,' is handsomely added to insinuate, that Mercury did not make thieving his profession, but his amusement only: the author of the Hymn to Mercury,' he adds, 'is not so polite; but represents his god as guilty first of theft and then of perjury. See Jortin's Tracts, vol. ii. p. 200.

I cannot but cite an observation of Saradon on this subject, as the acmé of absurdity. He says, 'This character of Mercury, which seems only a matter of diversion, yet is beneficial to mankind, by teaching them a proper vigilance in the care of their goods.'

The godlike child sprung forth; a gentle smile
Spoke his light breast, the seat of many a wile.
Skill'd to purloin the herd with playful slight,
And rule the shadowy visions of the night,
Destin'd amid the' immortals to display
Actions of wonder in one short-liv'd day.
At morning born, beneath the noontide fire
He struck with infant hand the thrilling lyre;
And at the close of eve, in festive play,
He drove Apollo's favourite herds away.
No cradle long his active limbs confin'd,
But rushing forth, he sought with eager mind
The gloomy cave, where deep conceal'd from day
The lowing kine of mighty Phœbus lay.
Before the rock a tortoise slow he found,
Browzing the flowery produce of the ground
Doom'd to become, in future lapse of time,
Of joy, of wealth, of fame the source sublime.
For Hermes first inspir'd the hollow shell
The rapturous strain of harmony to swell.
He smiled and said;—'Symbol of tuneful worth!
Thou shalt not lie neglected on the earth.
Hail, sacred parent of the Æolian strain [37],
Thou shalt not here mid mountain shades remain;
I'll bear thee hence; and the high polish'd dome,
Enchanting shell! shall be thy future home:
Then shall we both man's fix'd attention claim,
And each on each reflect a mutual fame.
Better than breathing, thus inglorious laid,
Unknown and silent on the woodland glade.
By death awak'd to glory, proudly shine,
Swelling the lays of harmony divine.'

37 Hail, sacred parent of the Æolian strain.
Obviously from Αιολος, variegated, and not from Æolia.

He said:—and straight within the splendid door
His steady arms the precious burden bore:
The trenchant steel his ready hand prepares,
And from the shell the mountain tortoise tears.
As in man's mind, with fire celestial fraught,
Still thought in quick succession follows thought;
So in the' immortal's wish will quick succeed,
To the intent, the full accomplish'd deed.
To the strong shell the reeds he first applied,
And o'er the surface drew the stubborn hide;
Next from the fleecy sheep the entrails wrung,
His skilful hands seven chords symphonious strung;
Then struck the lyre—loud sound the trembling strings,
While to the strain his voice preluding sings.
The heavenly minstrel in his infant lays
The loves of Jove and Maia first displays:
Then all the menial train the dome who grace,
The massy tripod and the shining vase.
Such the pretences of his childish strain;
But other thoughts deep in his breast remain.
Eager for prey, he hides the hollow lyre,
And to the mountain-brow his steps aspire,
While o'er his mind such thoughts usurp a power
As urge the robber in the midnight hour.
To ocean's sable waves from darkening heaven
His fiery car and coursers Sol had driven
When Hermes sought Pieria's mountain-shades,
Where herds immortal graz'd the flowery glades.
Then fifty kine, selected from the grove,
O'er the deep sands the heavenly plunderer drove.
Backward he drove—that, printed on the ground
Reverse, the footsteps might pursuit confound.

His shining sandals leaving on the strand,
An artful work his ready fancy plann'd;
With leafy shrubs, pluck'd from Pieria's grove,
A safeguard for his feet his fingers wove;
Defended thus, declining from his way,
Through desultory paths he seem'd to stray.
Passing by fair Onchestus' grassy plain,
Planting his vines he saw an aged swain,
When Maia's son the hoary sire address'd:—
'O thou, who labouring bend'st to earth thy breast,
The sapless root inserting in the soil;
O may the vigorous shoots repay thy toil!
Though hearing, yet be deaf; though seeing, blind;
So shall the favouring powers of heaven be kind.'
He said; and through wild woods and flowery meads,
And hollow winding vales, the herd he leads.
But now the night her welcome veil withdrew,
And wide her ruddy beams Aurora threw:
While, newly risen, her crescent Luna hung;
Luna from Pallas, mighty monarch, sprung[98].
And now his cares the herds of Phœbus guide,
Where bright Alpheus rolls his silver tide:
In the high stall the lowing kine he feeds,
Beside the glassy lake and verdant meads;
In the close walls his cares the herds confine,
And heap the rack with provender divine:
Then piles of wither'd wood collecting round,
Artful to swell the cheering flame he found;
Laurel and palm upon the mass he cast,
The green boughs crackling in the kindling blast.

[98] Luna from Pallas, mighty monarch, sprung.
Consequently Lunà was not Diana, the daughter of Jove and Latona.

By Hermes taught, thus mortals learn'd to raise
From artificial fire the cheering blaze:
Increasing fuel on the pile he threw,
And far and wide the sparks resplendent flew.
As Vulcan swells the flames, his mighty breast
Two of the herd selecting from the rest,
Beside the pyre he draws; there stretch'd they lie
Beneath his weighty blows, and struggling die;
The limbs he sever'd from the' enclosing hide,
The fat and flesh his ready hands divide;
Transfix the sacred loins with pointed wood,
And in a caul secure the sable blood [120].
The hide extended to the rock he brought,
(Such modern use by ancient custom taught)
Then in twelve parts divides with pious mind,
Each part to some superior power assign'd.
As the rich viands round their fumes dispense,
The odours, though a god, o'ercome his sense.
Yet not the sacred off'rings would he taste,
But on the lofty stall respectful plac'd.
Then with dry wood the sinking fire relumes,
And all the offals in the blaze consumes.
But when each consecrated rite was past,
His sandals in Alpheus' stream he cast:
Then quench'd the flame, the embers hid with care,
For Luna's beams illum'd the midnight air.
But when the radiant beams of morning glow,
His steps returning, reach Cyllene's brow:
Nor god nor man obstruct his silent way,
Nor watchful dogs his secret path betray;

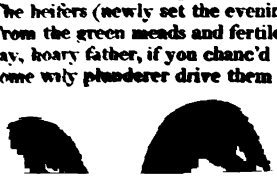
[120] And in a caul secure the sable blood.

Thus it appears that sirloins of beef and black puddings are of high antiquity.

But like the misty vapours that arise,
And wrap in deepening gloom the' autumnal skies,
Friended by favouring Jove, the evening hour
Brought him in safety to his natal bower:
Thence issuing from the cave his footsteps gain,
Light treading o'er the soil, the sacred fane.
Then to the genial couch he gently flew,
And o'er his limbs his infant vesture drew;
His head reclining, while his careful hand
Grasp'd firm the vocal shell his skill had plann'd.
Yet not conceal'd the infant god could lie,
But met his goddess-mother's searching eye.
'Whither, (she cried) young vagrant, hast thou stray'd?
Where hast thou wander'd through the midnight shade?
Soon shall, incens'd, Latona's son divine
In fetters strong thy wayward limbs confine.
Which thus escaping from the lofty dome,
Through the wild woods in search of plunder roam.—
Return—for surely Jove thy power design'd
Alike the scourge of gods and humankind.'
In artful speech young Hermes thus replies:—
'Say whence, my mother, these reproofs arise?
Why rate you thus the offspring of a god,
Like a weak infant trembling 'neath the rod?
Know, great designs are brooding in this heart,
To thee and me which glory shall impart.
Not here confin'd, of all the' immortal band
Conceal'd and unrewarded shall we stand
Doom'd to oblivion by thy harsh command?
Better to mix with heaven's ethereal race,
While herds and treasur'd gold our altars grace,
Than in a cave obscure, remote from day,
Wear in inglorious sloth the years away.—

No! may such splendid honours crown my head
As round Apollo's radiant temples spread:
And if my mighty sire refuse his aid,
Be by myself my prosperous fortunes made;
The artful leader of some daring band,
Who roves for riches through the plunder'd land.
And should Latona's son obstruct my course,
He'd meet an equal or superior force.—
But now to Pytho's fane sublime I haste,
By tripods rich, and massy vases grac'd;
Gold, steel, and splendid vestments thence I'll bear;
Yourself the deed shall witness, if you dare.'

Thus in alternate speech, fair Maia strove
With Hermes, son of Ægis-bearing Jove.—
Emerging now from hoary ocean's bed,
Around her cheering rays Aurora shed:
When to Onchestus' fields Apollo goes,
Where the fair grove to Neptune sacred rose.
Far from the path he saw the aged swain,
His vineyard tending on the verdant plain,
When thus Apollo:—'Sire, whose feeble hands
Clear from rude thorns and briars Onchestus' lands,
I come from fair Pieria's distant shade,
To seek my herds that from the fold have stray'd,
All females,—deck'd with crooked horns each head,
Far, far aloof the subtle bull still fed.
Four faithful dogs constant their steps pursued,
Nearly with human prudence each endued.
Yet, wonderful to tell! with vagrant mind,
The bull and faithful guardians left behind:
The heifers (newly set the evening sun)
From the green meads and fertile pastures run.
Say, hoary father, if you chanc'd to see
Some wily plunderer drive them o'er the lea.



'Tis hard, O friend! (the ancient sire replied)
All to declare the eye may have descried:
The weary way since many travellers tread,
By evil some, and some by virtue led:
And not to human wisdom is assign'd
To trace the' intention of each different mind.
From morn till dusky eve, with ceaseless toil,
My vines I planted in the fertile soil,
And here I saw, or seem'd at least to see,
(For aged sight from doubt is seldom free)
An infant boy conduct a horny band,
A slender sapling grasping in his hand,
Backward he led with guileful care along,
In desultory pace the lowing throng.'
Thus spoke the hoary swain, and from his sight
Swifter than speech Apollo wing'd his flight,
On outstretch'd pinion through the air he flew,
For Jove's young son he in the robber knew.
With rapid step the Pylian shore he gains,
Seeking his heifers on the sandy plains;
The radiant glories of a purple cloud
From human sight his ample shoulders shroud;
The power divine, the footsteps tracing, cries—
'What wondrous object this that strikes my eyes!
Of cattle these the steps—but they recede
Toward the rich pasture and the verdant mead.
In those that follow, nor appear the trace
Of footsteps form'd by man's superior race,
Nor of wild wolves and bears the savage train,
Nor of fleet stags or bulls that haunt the plain.
Hard was his task, and arduous was his deed,
Who such mysterious limbs endued with speed.'
Onward Apollo sprung with active bound,
And reach'd Cyllene's heights with forests crown'd.

In the deep cave, where, won by potent love,
Maia, the child bore to Saturnian Jove.
Ambrosial odours spread the hill around,
And herds unnumber'd graz'd the fertile ground.
Descending through the stony valve, the god
The grotto's deep recess indignant trod.
Soon as the son of Jove and Maia saw,
Inflam'd with rage, stern Phœbus near him draw;
As the heap'd cinders on the blazing pyre
Conceal the radiance of the glowing fire,
So in his fragrant cradle Hermes tried
From bright Apollo's kindling rage to hide;
His head, his hands, his legs contracted kept,
As if by rural toil fatigued he slept:
The while, his new-form'd lyre from open view
Concealing, round his careful arm he threw.
To Phœbus stood at once reveal'd the truth,
He knew the mountain nymph and wily youth;
Infant in form, but skill'd in every art
That long experienc'd cunning could impart.
Ranging with curious eye the dome around,
Three deep recesses in the rock he found,
Where nectar and ambrosial food abound.
While heaps of treasur'd gold their wealth display'd,
And many a white and purple vest was laid:
Such as with rich and polish'd texture shine
Within the portals of a dome divine.
Exploring thus with care each deep recess,
Latonius' words the subtle god address:
'Thou cradled infant, but in fraud grown old,
Where thou hast driven my heifers, quick unfold!
Else shalt thou learn to dread the fatal hour,
Thou dar'st to trifle with superior power.

Far from the cheering light of azure heaven,
To the dark gloom of gulfs Tartarean driven.—
Thy mother weak—weak even thy father's sway
Again to bring thee to the realms of day.'
Mercurius thus, in artful speech, replies,
'Say, Phœbus, whence these cruel words arise?
Why seek'st thou here thy wandering herds?—unknown
To me their vagrant footsteps whither gone.
My strength can not in such pursuits engage,
Far other wants employ my infant age.
'Tis mine in slumber undisturb'd to rest,
Or draw sweet nurture from my mother's breast;
My shoulders swath'd, while from the limpid wave
My tender limbs the tepid currents lave.
Who can conceive whence such a strife could rise—
A wonder mid the synod of the skies—
A child to light and life but newly brought
To steal thy herds—with folly teems the thought.
All must acquit an infant born to-day,
So feeble are my feet, so rude the way.
If more you ask, in conscious truth secure
My father's awful head, lo I adjure!
That guiltless of the deed myself I stand,
Nor knew what other mind the plunder plann'd.'
He said, his eyelids opening just to view,
While round his eyes in vacant gaze he threw;
Murmuring as one from vacant slumber broke,
While, softly smiling, thus Apollo spoke.
'Thou dear deceitful boy! if I can read
Aright, the deeds by future fate decreed,
Thy fruitful mind with many an artful wile,
The wondering race of mortals shall beguile;

Now, screen'd beneath dark midnight's favring shade,
The empty dome thy footsteps shall pervade,
Now the known terror of the shepherd swain,
His flocks and herds purloining from the plain.—
But come, lest sleep eternal close thine eye,
Come, and with me through night's deep shadows fly;
While this among the gods shall be thy boast,
The first great leader of the pilfering host.'
He said, and bore Cyllenius from the cave,
The infant god the' auspicious omen gave.
Young Hermes on the earth Apollo plac'd,
And sat attentive, though impell'd by haste;
Then thus exhorting spoke; 'Fruit of the love
Of beauteous Maia and of thundering Jove,
Cheer'd by this omen now secure I go
To find my herds.—Lead on; the path you know.'
Hermes sprung on the Archer-god to lead,
Though his swath'd limbs his rapid course impede.
'Why must we thus speed on with agile feet,
(Cries Hermes) guiltless I of all deceit?
Perish the horned race, if thus the cause
That on my head thine indignation draws.
Unconscious of the theft myself, I stand;
Unconscious who the midnight plunder plann'd.
But to Saturnian Jove, lo! I appeal;
He'll judge the contest, and the truth reveal.'
Fair Maia's son, and bright Latona's heir,
Alternate thus their different minds declare;
While this with truth the subtle god arraigns
For the herds pilfer'd from the fertile plains:
With plausive accents that, in artful mood,
The heavenly archer labours to delude.

Intent on fraud and guile, with eager haste
Swift o'er the sandy plain Cyllenius pac'd:
With dignity behind, while slowly moves
The son of Jove and fair Latona's loves.
Soon on sublime Olympus' fragrant height
The gods appear, before their parent's sight,
Saturnian Jove: in whose impartial hand
The equal scales of truth and justice stand.
Swift through Olympus' seats the rumours sound,
And all the' immortal synod crowd around.
Hermes, and he who bears the silver bow,
Anxious await their sire's award to know.—
At length high thundering Jove the silence broke,
And to his Archer-son inquiring spoke:—
'Apollo say, what cause induc'd thy breast
This new-born infant, like a herald dress'd,
Hither to bring, where deeds of mighty weight
Alone engage the' eternal gods' debate?'
When Phœbus thus: 'O sire, thy listening ear
Nor deed nor word of trivial weight shall hear.
Am I to blame?—is theft my sole employ?—
This leader of deceit, this fraudful boy,
Passing o'er many a lengthen'd space of ground,
Amid Cyllene's mountains hoar I found,
Bold beyond all I've seen of heavenly birth,
Beyond the wily race who plunder earth,
My herds he drove 'neath Hesper's twilight reign
From their rich pastures to the roaring main,
Backward their steps the vagrant heifers trod,
Wond'rous to man, the labour of a god!
The footsteps printed on the yielding sand
The search elude of each pursuing band,
While lightly gliding o'er the' impressive way,
No marks the vestige of the god betray.

But, strange to tell!—the' imprinted tracks remain
As sapling oaks were dragg'd across the plain [372].
But passing from the sand to firmer ground,
Nor of the herd or god a trace was found:
Till to an eye of mortal race 'twas given
To see the wide-horn'd kine to Pylos driven.
Secluded there, he bids the kindling fire
In piles divided to the skies aspire;
While dark as night, conceal'd the infant lay,
Skreen'd in his cradle from the beams of day.
Safe from an eagle's sight, in sleepy guise,
He rubs, or seems to rub, his closing eyes,
While specious words, that wiles fallacious frame,
All sense, all knowledge of the theft disclaim.'

Apollo cea'd—when thus, with artful breast,
Hermes the sire of gods and men address'd:—
'O father Jove! the voice of truth believe;
(For ne'er my voice was tutor'd to deceive)
When Sol just rising sow'd the' ethereal flame,
Seeking his herds, to me Apollo came.
From him injurious threatenings I endur'd,
No witness call'd on, and no god adjur'd;
Mature himself in youth's full blooming pride,
Me, but a new-born infant, he defied;
And, yester-morn just bursting from the womb,
Threaten'd to plunge in deep Tartarean gloom.—
Thou know'st—for thou avow'st thyself my sire—
My happy lot no plunder can require;
Nor have my feet to pass the threshold tried,
So conscious truth asserts with honest pride;
The glorious sun, and all the heavenly host,
Thee, and ev'n him, to honour is my boast.—

[372] See before, v. 61.

These sacred seats of glory I adjure
To prove, what well thou know'st, my bosom pure.
Soon may these cruel insults be repaid,
Mighty though he, for thou the weak wilt aid.'
With half-clos'd eyes, but deep delusive mind,
Thus Hermes spoke, by infant swathes confin'd.
Jove laugh'd aloud, to hear the subtle youth
With specious language thus impugn the truth.
He bade each give the' unseemly contest o'er,
Nor heaven disturb with rude invective more;
Bade Hermes then unfold with guileless mind
Where Phœbus might his wandering heifers find.—
Aweful the mighty thunderer's eyebrows move,
Hermes obeys—who thwarts the will of Jove?—
Together now Saturnius' sons explore
The Pylian sands, and wide Alpheus' shore,
Till the fenc'd fields and cote, attract the sight,
Which the herds shelter through the hours of night.
Here Hermes entering, through the stony cave,
Open to view the hidden cattle gave.
Aloft Latonius saw each victim's hide,
And thus, inquiring, to Cyllenius cried:
'How could thy infant arms, O wond'rous boy!
Just wak'd to life, two vigorous beasts destroy?
Thy future strength with wonder I divine,
If years can add to native strength like thine.'
Of shrubs that sprung beneath their feet they wove
The pliant twigs, and, turning to the drove,
Binding them each to each, (so Hermes taught)
Forth from the cave with ease the herds they brought.
Phœbus admires his skill;—in artful guise
While Hermes turn'd aside his sparkling eyes.
For well he knew, with heaven-directed skill,
To win the' eternal archer to his will.

Strong though he be; for with celestial fire,
Grasping the shell, he struck the trembling wire,
With rapture warbled each symphonious string;
The strains melodious sooth'd the Archer-king.
With joy unfelt before his passions swell,
And his heart vibrates to the enchanting shell.
Mercurius close to Phœbus' side remains,
His voice preluding to the sounding strains,
And pours in fervid ecstasy along
The rapturous current of immortal song.
He sung the' eternal gods, the' obscurer earth,
How they were form'd, and whence deriv'd their birth:
But chief of all, Mnemosyne he sung,
That power from whom the sacred Muses sprung.
Alternate then he prais'd the' inferior powers,
Rang'd by their dignity, or natal hours.
Deep sunk the thrilling notes in Phœbus' breast,
And his wing'd words the stripling thus address'd:
'O thou, whose art has plann'd this new delight,
This sweet addition to the festal rite,
With joy for this I give my fifty kine;
Henceforth let peace and love our breasts entwine.
Unequal meed for this my herds I know,
Yet freely take what freely I bestow.
But, artful son of Maia, truly say
Was this born with thee in thy natal day?
Or did some god, or man of godlike force,
Open of sacred song this dulcet source?
For sounds now vibrate on my raptur'd ear
Nor God nor man before were wont to hear?
None equals thee of all the powers above,
O skilful son of Maia and of Jove!
To thee the Muses' choicest gifts belong,
And love and joy and slumber wait thy song.

Thy potent lyre can soothe to peace the breast,
And hush each stormy passion into rest.
Even I, companion of the Muse divine,
The song, the dance, the choral cadence mine,
E'en I so sweet a strain could ne'er compose
As from thy native voice spontaneous flows,—
So early wise, O hear me now declare
Thyself, thy mother, my peculiar care.
Favouring I'll lead thee, with benignant heart,
Through heaven's high race, and splendid gifts impart.'

In specious language Hermes thus replies—
'Thy art I view not with invidious eyes,
For well the art thou know'st.—O let me find
Still grace and favour from thy copious mind.
First of the thunderer's sons who rule above,
Reading alone the high decrees of Jove,
'Tis thine each wish'd attainment to acquire;
Then, if thou wish to strike the sounding lyre,
Friendly accept the gift; so while the wire
Yields notes of sweeter descant struck by thee,
New fame, new glory, shall devolve on me.
On the skill'd bard, who with celestial powers
Swells strains melodious mid the banquet's hours,
Shall honour wait, while with unskilful mind
Who pours the lay, disgrace and shame shall find.—
Then take this gift, O glorious son of Jove!
While I amid the hills and meadows rove;
Tend of thy teeming herds the rich increase,
Thus let, O king divine, thine anger cease.'

He said, and gave the lyre—with smiling look
The grateful present pleas'd Apollo took:
And, in return, with friendly hand bestow'd
To guide the vagrant herds a splendid goad,

Apollo then first tries the warbling strings,
And in symphonious strain melodious sings;
Struck by his hand, and with his voice combin'd,
Pleasures, till then unknown, entranc'd the mind.
The herds to pasture driven; the sons of Jove
Toward high Olympus' snow-clad summit move;
The sounding lyre the weary lay beguiles,
And on the friendly league the thunderer smiles.
While, added to the shell, another meed
Cyllenius kindly gives—the warbling reed.—
When Phœbus thus:—'So well your wiles I know,
Perhaps, in jest, the gifts you now bestow,
You may purloin, or take my silver bow[516]!
For our dread sire has given you power to change
Whate'er you list, through all creation's range.
Then the tremendous waves of Styx adjure,
So shall I rest from future loss secure.'
The sacred pledge Mercurius gave again,
His stores no more to touch, or haunt his fane;
While, first of mortal or immortal race,
With friendship Phœbus Hermes vows to grace:
And adds—'This proof of faith sincere receive
Which, as a mark of friendship firm, I give.
This golden rod, which circling leaves entwine,
Of wealth and happiness the source divine:
This cause of every good in earth or heaven
To me by sovereign Jove's command was given;

[516] You may purloin, or take my silver bow.

This seems to have given the hint to Horace in this passage of the ode before cited—

Viduus pharetrâ
Risit Apollo.

For nor to thee nor any power is known
Fate's future doom, save mighty Jove alone.
And I alone of all the powers above
Can read, with certain eye, the will of Jove.
Then, brother, though you grasp this golden rod,
Ask not from me the counsels of the god.—
In curious search of fate, all human kind
Shall much of good and much of evil find.
With me alone the sacred powers remain,
Truth only issues from my holy fane,
But man, weak man, of fancied science vain,
In flight of birds seeks heaven's mysterious will,
His wavering mind while hopes fallacious fill.
But listen, Jove, and Maia's glorious heir!
A further wonder while my words declare—
The Destinies, three virgin-sisters, fly
On rapid pinion through the ambient sky,
In fair Parnassus' vales they dwell—their heads
Of sacred wheat the white farina spreads[549].
Teachers of prophecy, from whom I tried
In youth to learn the art my sire denied.
Quaffing the rich metheglin's juice, they taught
Some truths divine, with mighty wonder fraught;
But, failing this nectareous draught, away
From truth's fair paths they led mankind astray.
These now to thee I give; thence shalt thou find
Means sometimes to delight thy vacant mind,
And on inquiring man by chance bestow
The power his future destiny to know.
O'er these extend your sway; and o'er the train
Of flocks and herds that graze the flowery plain,

549 Of sacred wheat the white farina spreads.
The Fates then first used hair-powder.

The generous steed, the patient mule's mix'd brood,
And all the ravenous race that prowl the wood.
Thou, too, the herald to the shades below,
Who, poor themselves, can treasures rich bestow.'
Apollo thus his brother fondly lov'd,
While mighty Jove his friendly zeal approv'd.
Of gods and men, those who his arts believ'd,
Some he assisted, but he more deceiv'd.
O Jove and Maia's son, farewell! again,
Soon will I hail thee in a newer strain.

HYMN TO VENUS[1].

SING, Cyprian Venus'! praise, O tuneful Muse!
Who heaven's high host with love's sweet joys im-
Spreads o'er mankind her universal reign, [bues,
O'er all who wing the air, or tread the plain[4],
O'er all who cleave the wave; or all obey,
Bless'd Cytherea! thy celestial sway.
Three goddesses alone thy power withstand,
Nor feel thy witching arts, nor own thy influence
bland.
The blue-eyed maid, daughter of mighty Jove,
Pallas! ne'er tastes the golden joys of love.
The' ensanguin'd fields of Mars her chief delight,
The meed of glory and the storm of fight.
She first imparted to the rural swain
To guide the ploughshare, and to drive the wain:
She taught the maid, in the secluded room,
To weave the silken web and ply the loom.
Nor could the laughter-loving goddess move
The huntress Dian to the rites of love.

[1] Bergler vindicates the genuineness of this ode from the number of parallel passages in the Odyssey and the Æneid, though the last seems to have the greatest weight. A forger might think to establish his credit by imitation from the acknowledged works of Homer; but Virgil would hardly have condescended to copy an inferior poet: the same reasoning applies to the next note.

4 O'er all who wing the air, or tread the plain.

Lucretius has nearly translated this, in the opening of his poem.

All her delight the woodland walks to trace,
And chase with silver bow the bestial race;
Or, sacred shades and hallow'd domes among,
Weave the light dance or wake the choral song.
Nor have the powers of Venus ever sway'd
Vesta, from Saturn sprung, celestial maid,
Though Neptune, azure ocean's mighty lord,
And Phœbus each the sacred nymph ador'd.
Both she rejected with determin'd breast,
While thus her vows eternal Jove attest:
'O let me ne'er ascend the nuptial bower,
But undefil'd preserve my virgin flower!'
The god approv'd; and gave this splendid dower
Stead of the bridal rite—that first on high
She sit amid the daughters of the sky;
Honour'd above the rest her holy fane
By gods above and man's inferior train.
Of mortal and immortal powers, alone
These scorn the charms of Cytherea's throne.
All else beneath the wide expanse of day
Bow to the goddess, and confess her sway.
Even he, the power who reigns supreme above,
First of the first, the thunder-bearing Jove,
Feels the mild influence of the genial flame,
Struck by the charms of many a mortal dame:
Forgetting for a while the nuptial vows
To Juno pledg'd, his sister and his spouse,
From Saturn and from Rhea sprung, in face
And form superior to the' immortal race.
Jove chose her for his queen, with prudent breast,
By [illegible], by worth, distinguish'd from the rest.
Jove, in return, bids mortal charms impart
A [illegible] influence to his daughter's heart;

Lest proudly mid the gods' assembled host
The queen of smiles and winning arts should boast,
That while the gods, inspir'd by lawless flame,
Were proud of offspring from a mortal dame,
Her dignity no goddess should disgrace,
Or yield her beauties to a man's embrace.
For young Anchises (who on Ida's brow,
Whence to the main unnumber'd fountains flow,
Tended his herds, whose face and form divine
Of mortal birth, mate heaven's immortal line)
He breath'd in Venus' breast the glowing fire;
She saw perfection, and she felt desire.
To the soft Cyprian shores the goddess moves,
To visit Paphos and her blooming groves [65],
Where to the power a hundred altars rise,
And breathing odours scent the balmy skies.
Conceal'd she bathes in consecrated bowers,
The Graces unguents shed ambrosial showers;
Unguents that charm the gods! she last assumes
Her wondrous zone; and full the goddess blooms.
Leaving the Cyprian groves, her long-lov'd sway,
Borne through the skies, to Troy she wings her way.
Ascending then irriguous Ida's shades,
Haunted by savage tribes her forest glades:
She sought the neatherd's cote, the ravening crew
Of lions, ounces, pards, her steps pursue,
Charm'd into softness as her eyes they view,
With gentle blandishment the goddess greet,
Bask in her smiles, and fawn before her feet.
She reach'd the cote, and found the lovely swain
Anchises, sole from all the rural train,

[65] To visit Paphos and her blooming groves.

As the same passage occurs almost verbatim in the Odyssey, lib. viii. I have adopted the version of Pope.

The herds who tended; while with heavenly fire
His hands struck rapture from the' enchanting lyre.
Before him Jove's celestial daughter stood,
In show an humble nymph that haunts the wood,
Lest, in the form of heavenly beauty bright,
The glorious image should appal his sight.
Her form, her mien, her garb's resplendent folds
With wondering gaze the' astonish'd swain beholds.
Loose flows her robe with variegated charms,
And shining bracelets clasp her beauteous arms,
While jewels, beaming bright as Luna's ray,
Their lustre on her snowy breast display.
Anchises stands transfix'd with fierce desire,
And thus he utters what his thoughts inspire;—
'Say who thou art, goddess of heavenly race!
Who thus my lowly cottage deign'st to grace?
Dian, Latona, or of Cyprus' shade
The queen, or Themis, or the blue-eyed maid?
Or of the Graces one, who still remain,
Themselves immortal, with the' immortal train?
Or a bright Oread, or a Dryad fair,
Who make the groves and mountain haunts their care?
Or a young sister of the Naiad throng
Who sport the streams and watry vales among?—
To thee aloft upon the craggy height
The fane I'll rear, and pay the hallow'd rite;
Thy constant votary.—So thy power shall give,
Honour'd mid Troy's proud sons, thy slave to live;
To see a lovely and a virtuous race
My nuptial couch and smiling circle grace;
View many a year bright Sol the skies illume,
Then sink in age and glory to the tomb.'
Venus, Jove's beauteous daughter, thus replied;
'Anchises! of man's earth-born race the pride!

No birth of heavenly origin I claim,
But sprung a mortal from a mortal dame.
Otreus, my warlike sire, whose power commands
The wide expanse of Phrygia's fertile lands:
Our common speech the same.—In Ilium's towers
Foster'd with care I pass'd my infant hours.
A nurse receiv'd me from a mother's breast,
And with a mother's love my youth caress'd.
But Hermes, master of the silver rod,
Mid Dian's votaries while the dance I trod,
A train of high-born nymphs in sportive play
Engag'd—he tore me from my friends away.
Borne by the wily God, with furious haste,
O'er many a cultur'd field and barren waste,
With rapid course our active footsteps bound,
Scarce touching as they skim along the ground:
My charms (he said) Anchises' bed should grace,
By him the mother of a numerous race.'
The task perform'd, aloft on pinions light
To heaven's imperial seats he wing'd his flight.
Thus urg'd by fate I come; and now implore
By that high power whom men and gods adore;
By those who gave thee birth, an honour'd pair,
For none of humble rank boast such an heir.
If by thy hand my virgin charms are led
To crown with joy thy hymeneal bed,
First bring me to thy parents' fond embrace,
Thy happy kindred and fraternal race;
Neither shall feel abash'd thy bride to claim,
Or by a sister's or a daughter's name.—
Borne by swift steeds, an active herald send
Where fertile Phrygia's ample plains extend;
Given by my parents, we shall soon behold
Gems of high price and vestures rough with gold.—

Then let thy hands the nuptial feast prepare,
Which many a god and god-like mortal share.'
Thus Venus spoke; Anchises thus replies;
While mutual passion beams from either's eyes—
'If mortal thou, sprung from a mortal dame,
Otreus thy father, as thy words proclaim,
By Hermes hither brought—O still through life,
Still shall I hail thee as my beauteous wife;
And none of mortal or immortal race
Shall e'er divorce thee from my fond embrace,
Not e'en if Phœbus with his silver bow
Mark me a victim for the shades below,
Till, lovely woman, with thy beauties bless'd:
Then could I meet my fate with placid breast.'
He said; and straight the blushing goddess led,
With eye averted, to the nuptial bed,
Spread with the skins of savage beasts; the spoils
In woodland warfare of his manly toils.—
The genial couch of love ascending both;
Anchises from her bosom, nothing loth,
Throws every splendid ornament aside,
Unbinds her zone and clasps the willing bride:
Favour'd by heaven and fate, unconscious press'd
A yielding goddess to his ardent breast.—
But from the flowery meads and pastures fair,
What time the shepherds drive their fleecy care,
O'er her fair form her vesture Venus threw,
While Morpheus steeps the swain in poppied dew;
And by the conscious couch's humble side
Stood deck'd in radiance of celestial pride: [move
'O'er her warm cheek and swelling breast while
The bloom of young desire and purple light of love:'
When Venus thus: 'Dardanian youth, awake!
The fetters of surprise and slumber break.—

Say, am I now in the same semblance dight
As when my form first struck thy raptur'd sight?'
He burst the bands of sleep:—before him shine
The charms celestial of the power divine.
His awe-struck eye the heavenly form survey'd,
And with averted look he trembling said:—
'Soon, goddess, as I saw thy form and face,
I knew thee not deriv'd of mortal race;
Knew thee some bright descendant of the skies,
Thy heavenly radiance veil'd in mortal guise.
By thundering Jove adjur'd, O goddess, give
Thy suppliant, not despis'd on earth to live:
Few since his years who in his mortal arms
Has rapturous clasp'd a heavenly goddess' charms.'
'O first of human kind! (the goddess cried)
Of waning man the glory and the pride!
Hush all thy fears:—no ill to thee shall rise
From me, or any inmate of the skies.
Dear to the gods art thou, thy son more dear,
Whose line shall last through many a circling year.
On great Æneas falls the Trojan reign,
While sons succeeding sons the lasting line sustain.'
Æneas call'd, alas! from my disgrace[207],
A goddess match'd with one of mortal race.
Oft have the immortals, by affection mov'd,
The favour'd sons of Trojan lineage loved:
Hence Ganymede, the thundering sire of yore,
To the celestial mansions fondly bore,
Where to the' applauding circle, graceful round
He pour'd the bowl with rosy nectar crown'd,

[207] Æneas call'd, alas! from my disgrace.

From Αινὸς *unfortunate*, not Αἶνος *praise*, as Ainsworth derives it. But he goes a little further, and derives it originally from the Hebrew, and says it is equivalent with John.

While anxious sorrows on his father wait,
Unconscious of his son's uncertain state;
Till pitying Jove his wasting care survey'd,
And with a splendid boon his grief allay'd;
For of celestial steeds a generous breed
He gave, from age and death for ever freed;
Such as among the glorious realms above
O'er heaven's high arch the gods eternal drove.
Pleas'd with the gift, the father's woes subside,
Urging the immortal steeds with conscious pride.—
Of the same race Tithonus hence was borne
By bright Aurora, goddess of the morn!
Then at the feet of cloud-compelling Jove
She ask'd eternal life to grace her love.
His awful head the god assenting bows;
But vain the grant, and lost in air her vows:
Alas! the further prayer escap'd her mind,
That endless youth with endless years were join'd.
Long as he bloom'd in life's ambrosial May
The blushing goddess of the morning ray,
By ocean's waves and earth's extremest bound
Revell'd in joy, and rapture's smiling round.
But soon as o'er his face and palsied head
The hoary tresses mark'd by age were spread,
No more he shar'd Aurora's genial bed.
Yet in her dome he dwelt, an honour'd guest,
With splendid robes and food ambrosial bless'd.
But when increasing years his nerves unstrung
Useless his torpid limbs and faltering tongue;
Secluded from the gaze of curious eyes
The victim of decaying nature lies.
'Not then for thee I ask of heaven's high train
Unceasing years of wretchedness and pain.

Long as thou rest with youth and beauty stor'd,
Proud will I own thee as my nuptial lord:
But when old age, with slow but certain pace
Advancing, robs thee of each blooming grace,
A source to me of sorrow and of pain,
Thou shalt not rest amid the etherial train,
Prompt to upbraid me, since my potent charms
Have oft allur'd them to a mortal's arms;
For each too well my powerful influence knows,
Which art can ne'er elude or strength oppose.
Say, will they then their keen reproaches spare,
My bosom teeming with a mortal heir?
Him, soon as Sol's bright rays his eyes explore,
The nymphs shall nurture mid the mountains hoar;
The Dryads, who the upland forests trace,
Scarcely of mortal or immortal race:
For long their lives, and mid the' immortal choir
They share the' ambrosial feast and strike the lyre;
While in the shaded grotto's deep recess
Their charms bright Hermes and Silenus bless.—
With these congenial, o'er the upland glade
Impervious forests spread their hallow'd shade
Of gloomy pine or monumental oak [270],
Where the rude axe ne'er rear'd the fatal stroke.
But when the faded leaf and wither'd bark
The fatal hour of dissolution mark:
Each hamadryad with her kindred tree [see.—
Sinks, doom'd no more Sol's cheering beams to
Our offspring these shall foster, till the grace
Of smiling Hebe deck his blooming face:
Then to thy arms with undissembled joy
The woodland nymphs shall bring the lovely boy.

[270] Of gloomy pine or monumental oak.

Thence when their course five circling years have run,
Myself will greet thee with thy godlike son.
Proud shalt thou stand exulting in the sight,
A mortal youth with heavenly glories dight.—
Passing, proud Ilium's sacred towers among,
Should any mortal, with inquiring tongue,
Ask, whose prolific womb the stripling bless'd;
Attend!—and careful mark my high behest:—
From Calycopis say, he drew his race,
Whose steps this forest-shaded mountain trace,—
But if in speech vain-glorious, thou proclaim
Thy happy love and Cytherea's shame:
Indignant then against thy prostrate head
Shall the red bolts of angry Jove be sped.—
Let not this strict command in vain be given:
Be silent, and avoid the wrath of heaven!'

She said:—aloft the goddess wing'd her way,
Amid the regions of celestial day.
Farewell, bright queen of Cyprian groves! again,
Soon will I greet thee with another strain.

TO THE SAME.

Be Venus, crown'd with golden wreaths, my theme,
Venus, in Cyprus' wave-wash'd seats supreme,
Where the moist Zephyrs to the favour'd shore
From Ocean's foam the lovely goddess bore.
The smiling Hours receiv'd the heavenly guest,
And her fair limbs in robes celestial dress'd;
Her ivory front a rich tiara wears,
And shining pendants glitter in her ears;
Her beauteous neck and snowy bosom shine
With jewels rich and ornaments divine,
Such as adorn the circling race above,
When awed they stand around the throne of Jove,
Deck'd thus in splendid garb, the golden Hours
Led the fair goddess to the immortal bowers.
Each god to gain the lovely stranger tried,
For each, enamour'd, wish'd her for his bride.
O crown'd with violets! on whose sable brow
Beams warm desire—bright Cytherea! show
Thy humble votary favour—so again
My voice shall hail thee in a grateful strain.

BACCHUS;

OR,

THE PIRATES.

Of Bacchus, Semele's illustrious heir,
My strains shall now the glorious deeds declare.
As on the promontory's rugged brow,
That frowns upon the raging deep below,
A youth, in manhood's opening bloom array'd,
To the fresh gale, while loose his tresses play'd
The god appear'd—in many a purple fold,
A floating robe was o'er his shoulders roll'd.
Sudden a race from the Tyrsenian shore,
Plowing the azure wave, his form explore:
Pirates, who haunt the seas with lawless power,
But thither driven by fate in luckless hour.
With eager eye the godlike youth they mark,
Then seize and joyful bear him to the bark.
For well they deem'd him of some mighty king
The heir, whose worth would precious ransom bring.
His active limbs with pliant withes they bound—
In vain—he burst and strew'd them on the ground.
He sat and view'd their power with scornful sight;
The pilot mark'd the god with wild affright.
He call'd the crew around, and trembling cried—
'[illegible]! your sacrilegious hands have tried

To bind some inmate of heaven's high abode;
The sinking ship avows the immortal load.
Sure in this form I Jove or Neptune know,
Or Phœbus, dreadful, with the silver bow;
For ne'er was he deriv'd from human race,
But sprung from those of high Olympus' race.—
Haste then, and let us to the neighbouring shore,
With suppliant vows the offended god restore;
Lest his high mandate bid the tempest rave
With fatal roar, and whelm us in the wave.'

'Slave that thou art,' (the angry chief replies,
Indignant fury kindling in his eyes)
'Ply every oar and spread each swelling sail,
For now propitious blows the freshening gale.
This youth, on Egypt's or on Cyprus' coast,
Or the far climes of Hyperborean frost,
Shall to our ears his happy state unfold,
His friends, his kindred, and his treasured gold;
While joyful we shall hail the happy hour
That plac'd the royal hostage in our power.'

Thus saying—to the breeze the sail they gave,
The oars alternate swept the foaming wave.
When lo! their gazing eyes astonish'd mark,
With rosy wine o'erflow the rapid bark:
The odours round, a fragrant steam diffuse;
Awe-struck, each mariner the wonder views.
Around the cordage verdant vines extend,
Loaded with purple fruit, the branches bend;
While, ever sacred to the god of wine,
Mingled the Ivy's barren tendrils twine:
With flowery wreaths is crown'd each bench and oar.
'Haste, pilot! haste! (they cry) and make the shore.'
In vain they cry—with deep dismay they view,
The god tremendous mid the trembling crew,

In form a lion stand, with shaggy mane,
Rough as the beast that prowls the Arctic plain.
Dread glare his angry eyes—he roars aloud,
The seamen round the prudent pilot crowd.
He seiz'd the chief—awe-struck, the inferior train
Leap'd from the deck and brav'd the billowy main.
Each, in a dolphin's shape, the surges cleaves,
While Bacchus thus the pilot's mind relieves:
'Be confident—my favour thou shalt share,
Thy future hours shall feel my fostering care;
Behold in me, high mid the powers above,
Bacchus, the son of Semele and Jove.'
Hail, bright-eyed son of Semele divine,
Still shall thy glories in my numbers shine.

HYMN TO MARS.

MARS!—god of armies! mid the ranks of war
Known by thy golden helm, and rushing car;
Before whose lance with sound terrific fall
The massy fortress and the embattled wall;
Father of victory! whose mighty powers
And brazen spears protect Olympus' towers;
By whom the brave to high renown are led,
Whom justice honours and whom tyrants dread;
Who mid the seven revolving orbs above,
O'er heaven's blue arch thy fiery coursers drove;—
Hail, friend to man! whose cares to youth impart
The arm unwearied, and the undaunted heart.—
O, be thy favouring ear to me inclin'd,
Breathe martial vigour through thy votary's mind;
So shall my breast the bold attack oppose,
Or mock the vengeance of insidious foes:
Yet while my bosom glows with martial fire,
Still with the love of peace my soul inspire.
Be concord's sacred laws my first delight;
Far from the dangers and the toils of fight.

ODES.

ODES.

TO DIANA.

Now let the Muse Diana's glory sing;
Diana! sister of the archer-king.
Skill'd, like her brother, from the sounding bow
The arrow with unerring aim to throw.
Whose coursers, from fair Meles' reedy shore,
O'er Smyrna's fields the golden chariot bore,
To Clarus' vine-clad hills; beneath whose shade
Apollo waits the arrow-loving maid.
Hail, goddess! hail! from thee among the train
Of female deities begins my strain.
From thee to other powers I'll tune my lyre,
And strike with votive hands the thrilling wire.

TO VENUS.

Hail, Cytherea! whom the favour'd earth
Of Cyprus claims, exulting in thy birth.—
Bright queen! adorn'd with every winning grace,
The smile enchanting and the blooming face.
Goddess! o'er Cyprus' fragrant groves who reign,
And Salamis' high-cultivated plain;
O with thy breath inspire my humble lays,
So shall I sing in sweetest verse thy praise.

TO MINERVA.

MINERVA sing, o'er cities who presides,
Yet dread as Mars the storm of battle guides,
O'erturns the wall, or shouts along the plain,
Yet leads of wandering tribes the vagrant train.
Hail, goddess! to thy humble votary give,
In fortune and in happiness to live.

TO JUNO.

HIGH seated on thy golden throne above,
The sister and the spouse of thundering Jove,—
Daughter of Rhea! heaven's immortal queen,
In form excelling and majestic mien;
With equal zeal by all the gods ador'd,
As ægis-bearing Jove, Olympus' lord.

TO CERES.

To bright-hair'd Ceres, and the lovely maid[1]
Proserpina, my votive verse be paid.
List to my song, and with propitious powers
From every hostile inroad guard these towers.

[1] To bright-hair'd Ceres, and the lovely maid.

The first line and first word of the second, in this fragment, are the same with the beginning of the long hymn to Ceres, discovered in the last century, and elegantly translated by Mr. Hole.

TO THE MOTHER OF THE GODS.

MOTHER of gods and men! to thee the lay,
The tuneful Muse, daughter of Jove, shall pay:
To thee, whose ears in loudest sounds rejoice,
The echoing cymbal and the trumpet's voice,
The wolf whose howlings shake the mountains hoar,
And the tremendous lion's awful roar.—
Thee, with each heavenly goddess in thy train,
Thy votary hails in tributary strain.

TO HERCULES.

To Hercules, great son of Jove, the song
I raise, the chief of earth's illustrious throng,
Whom, mid the groves on Thebes' delightful shore,
To Saturn's mighty son Alcmena bore.
O'er all the vast expanse of sea and land,
Wandering by Eurystheus' stern command.
Much acting, suffering much, he gain'd the meed
Of deathless fame by many a glorious deed.
Now given on high Olympus to reside,
He clasps the blooming Hebe as his bride.—
Hail, royal son of Jove, accept my lays;
With wealth and virtue crown thy suppliant's days.

TO ÆSCULAPIUS.

To Æsculapius now I raise the strain,
Before whose art fly pale disease and pain.—
To Phœbus, whom Coronis fair and young,
Coronis, from the royal Phlegyas sprung,
Bore mid the Dotian plains:—a bless'd relief
To suffering man from anguish and from grief.
Hail, mighty king! and with propitious ear,
O deign thy humble suppliant's vows to hear.

TO CASTOR AND POLLUX.

Castor and Pollux, tuneful Muse, now sing;
The offspring of the cloud-compelling king,
When on Taygetus' high-rising crest
The son of Saturn lovely Leda press'd.
Hail, ye Tyndaridæ, well skill'd to train
The fiery courser for the' embattled plain.

TO MERCURY AND PAN.

Hermes! who wakeful Argus slew, I sing[1];
Of fair Arcadia and Cyllene king.

[1] This ode is usually divided into two: the first part, as far as ver. 12, being inscribed to Mercury, and the rest to Pan; but I think erroneously. Indeed, in strict propriety, the whole should, I think, be inscribed to Mercury only; though much relating to his son Pan is introduced.

The' etherial herald of the realms above,
The son of Maia and of thundering Jove.
Far from the powers divine, in midnight's hour,
Saturnius met her in the secret bower:
From gods and men the amorous theft conceal'd,
And Juno's eyes in heavy slumber seal'd.
O son of Jove and Maia! fond to grace
With kind benevolence the human race,
Farewell awhile; for the melodious Muse
The glories of thy sylvan son pursues,
With cloven feet and horned front who roves
With choirs of nymphs, amid the echoing groves;
And, while the mountains craggy heights among,
He joins in active dance the virgin throng,
To Pan, the pastoral god, they raise the choral song:
To Pan, with tangled locks, whose footsteps tread
Each snow-crown'd hill and mountain's lofty head;
Or wander careless through the lowly brake,
Or by the borders of the lucid lake;
Till climbing thence again the upland brow,
He views the fleecy myriads spread below.
Oft the goat-haunted cliffs he loves to trace;
Oft with keen eye pursues the sylvan chase
Amid the vales; or to mild Hesper's ray
Breathes from the warbling reed the pastoral lay.
Not sweeter flows sad Philomela's song,
Plaining the woods and leafy wilds among,
While beating with their bounding feet the plain,
And joining with their voice the dulcet strain,
The Oreads crowd around, whose heavenly song
The sounds of echo from the hills prolong.
The god, whose back a lynx's spoil o'erspreads,
With active step the frolic measure treads;

And as the dance they weave, sweet flowers beneath,
Of varied hue, their mingled odours breathe.
The festive strains to high Olympus rise,
Soothing the mighty synod of the skies:
But far above the rest, the votive lays
To Hermes, herald of the gods, they raise;
Who haunts Arcadia's green irriguous glades,
Crowded with flocks—and fair Cyllene's shades;
Where, though a god, to love's soft sway he bends,
And a weak mortal's fleecy charge attends;
Won by fair Dryope's victorious charms,
He clasp'd the blooming virgin in his arms.
From her embrace sprung the rude god to light;
Of dreadful form and horrible to sight;
Goat-footed—horn'd, yet full of sport and joy,
The nurse astonish'd, fled the wond'rous boy:
His shaggy limbs the trembling matron fear'd,
His face distorted and his rugged beard.
But Hermes, from her hands, receiv'd the child,
And on the infant-god auspicious smil'd;
In the thick fur wrapp'd of a mountain-hare,
His arms the boy to steep Olympus' bear.
Proudly he shows him to imperial Jove,
High seated mid the' immortal powers above.
With friendly joy and love, the race divine,
But chiefly Bacchus, god of mirth and wine,
Receive the dauntless god, whom Pan they call—
Pan—for his song delights the breasts of *all*[63].
Farewell!—propitious hear my suppliant strain,
Soon shall I wake the votive wire again.

[63] Pan—*for his song delights the breasts of all.*

The English reader must be told that *Pan*, (Παν) in Greek, signifies *all*.

TO VULCAN.

SING, tuneful Muse, Vulcan with wisdom fraught,
Vulcan, with blue-ey'd Pallas join'd, who taught
Man's earth-born race, that, like the bestial brood,
Haunted the rugged cave or sheltering wood,
The' inventive powers of dædal art to know,
And all the joys from social life that flow;
In search no more of casual seats to roam,
But rear with skilful hand the lasting dome.—
Propitious Vulcan! may thy favouring power
Virtue and fortune on thy votary shower.

TO APOLLO.

PHŒBUS! to whom, upborne on sounding wings,
By the Penian spring the cygnet sings;
To whom the followers of the tuneful Nine
Their earliest and their latest lays consign;
Hail, mighty master of the warbling lyre!
Deign to accept the numbers you inspire.

TO NEPTUNE.

NEPTUNE, I sing, the god whose potent hand
Shakes the tumultuous sea and solid land:
The Ocean-lord, o'er Helicon who reigns,
O'er spacious Ægæ's wide extended plains;

To whom the gods, with equal skill concede,
To guide the bark and tame the fiery steed.
God of the azure hair! great Neptune, hail!
And guard the daring race who o'er the billows sail.

TO JUPITER.

The first, the greatest, of the powers above,
Supreme in majesty, eternal Jove!
I sing;—who, sitting fast by Themis' side,
Bid'st just decrees the course of Nature guide.
O favour to thy prostrate votary show,
Thou great first cause of each event below!

TO VESTA.

Vesta, who dwell'st in Pytho's hallow'd shrine,
And with Apollo shar'st the rite divine;
Whose locks ambrosial unguents ever shed,
O'er this bless'd dome, with Jove, thy influence spread.

TO APOLLO AND THE MUSES.

To Jove, to Phœbus, to the virgin-choir
Of high Parnassus, strike the sounding lyre.
For all who pour the lay, or touch the string,
Inspir'd by Phœbus and the Muses sing,

While to regal race Jove's will consign'd,
To sway with mild, and equal law, mankind.—
Accept my numbers, and my hymn approve,
Offspring divine of cloud-compelling Jove!

TO BACCHUS.

The lay to ivy-crowned Bacchus move,
The son of beauteous Semele and Jove;
Receiv'd by fair-hair'd nymphs, a lovely throng,
Delightful Nyssa's fertile vales among.
Thence, by the favour of his mighty sire,
Rising in strength, he join'd the' immortal choir;
Nurtur'd by goddesses—he thence again
Strays through the tangled grove or shrubby plain,
Leading the nymphs, with bay and ivy crown'd:
The spacious forests with his shouts resound.—
God of the purple vine!—Bacchus! prolong
Through circling hours and years thy votary's song.

TO DIANA.

Queen of the golden bow, Dian, I sing,
The much-lov'd sister of the Archer-king,
Loosing the arrow from the twanging string;
The steepy rocks and woodland walks among,
Dealing destruction mid the sylvan throng:
And while the fatal arrows fly around,
The echoing shades with bestial cries resound.
The trembling earth and seas their fear avow,
Firm treads the goddess of the golden bow;

On every side a deadly shaft she speeds,
By every shaft a destin'd victim bleeds;
Till, sated with the sport, the Archer-maid,
Her bow unbent, seeks Delphi's sacred shade,
There in her brother, great Apollo's fane,
The Muses and the Graces in her train,
She leads the dance, and swells the choral strain.
With voice divine the votive hymn they raise
To fair Latona's and her offspring's praise.
Above, amid the heavenly synod plac'd,
With counsels sage and glorious actions grac'd.
Favouring, receive the humble verse I pay,
Soon will I hail ye in a newer lay.

TO *PALLAS.*

My strain, Minerva, blue-ey'd goddess, hear!
Endued with wisdom, but of heart severe;
Tritonian maid, arm'd with resistless power,
The wakeful guardian of the peopled tower,
Who from Jove's awful head sprung forth to light,
In golden panoply superbly dight;
And while the glittering spear thy hands essay'd,
Olympus trembled at the martial maid.
Affrighted Earth sounds from her deepest caves,
And swell of Ocean's tides the sable waves.—
The turgid billows sink—on heaven's high plains
His steeds the son of Hyperion reins,
Till Pallas lays her arms divine aside, [pride.
While Jove, his daughter views with conscious
Daughter of Ægis-bearing Jove, farewell!
Soon shall a nobler strain thy actions tell.

TO VESTA AND MERCURY.

VESTA, whose presence every dome will grace,
Of heavenly inmates or man's meaner race;
Honour'd of old—no festive board is spread,
But first to thee the free libation's shed;
To thee and him who bears the golden rod,
Of Jove and Maia sprung, the herald-god.
Both deign to visit man's terrestrial race,
Endow with virtue, and with beauty grace.
Hail, Saturn's daughter!—Hermes, hail! again
Soon shall I greet ye in a nobler strain.

TO THE EARTH.

FIRMEST and first of things! prolific Earth!—
To whom all Nature being owes, and birth:
For all who tread the soil, or wing the skies,
Or cleave the ambient wave, from thee arise.—
Hail, awful Mother! whose productive womb
Of short-lived man's the cradle and the tomb.
Happy on whom thy powers their gifts bestow,
On them shall wealth and plenty ever flow.
Theirs the fair herd, the fields by labour till'd,
The garner still by copious harvests fill'd;
Theirs every joy of social life to taste,
Guarded by equal law, by beauty grac'd;
Happy and rich, while dancing frolic round,
Their sons and daughters beat the flowery ground.

Hail, mother of the gods! Wife to the sky!
Thy suppliant votary view with favouring eye;
Receive with bounteous hand my humble strain,
Soon shall I greet thy friendly power again.

TO THE SUN.

Daughter of Jove! Calliope! the lay
Sing to the radiant power that rules the day:
Whom, to the son of earth and sky, of yore
Euryphaessa bright-eyed goddess, bore.
For fir'd by love, lo! Hyperion led [1]
His lovely sister to the nuptial bed;
Of glorious children an illustrious race
Rose from the ardour of the fond embrace.
The rosy-arm'd Aurora, Luna bright,
And Sol, o'er earth and heaven who sheds his light,

[1] The common opinion of the mythological genealogy of the Sun and Moon, and their being the same with Phœbus and Diana, is not only completely confuted by this and the subsequent Ode, but also by Hesiod; in whose Theogony, v. 371, we find—

> 'Yielding to Hyperion's ardent love,
> The Sun and radiant Moon that roll above,
> And the bright Morn, whose roseate beams display
> To men and gods the cheering light of day,
> Fair Thea bore.'

And in v. 405, Phœbe (which name does not occur in any part of Homer) is made the mother, and not the daughter of Latona.

> 'To Coeus' genial couch was Phœbe led,
> Who with Latona bless'd his happy bed.'

Borne by immortal coursers through the skies,
Terrific splendour flashing from his eyes;
Floating in air his robes and helm display
Effulgence keen, intolerable day;
Till, run his course, in Ocean's western wave
His panting steeds their glowing bosoms lave.
From thee proceeding, radiant lord of light!
To heaven's inferior powers I shape my flight;
The demigods whom, sprung from mortal race,
For glorious deeds the gods immortal grace.

TO THE MOON.

Daughters of Jove! Ye tuneful Muses, pay
Now the soft strain to Luna's milder ray;
From whose celestial brow the streaming light
Gilds with refulgent beam the shades of night.
Wash'd in the Ocean-wave, thy garments shine,
Lovely thy form, with lustre all divine.
Rising full-orb'd, thy chariot through the air,
With floating manes thy rapid coursers bear:
Then thy bright beams in full luxuriance shine,
The swains rejoicing in the heavenly sign.
From this fair power and the embrace of Jove
Pandeia sprung, the fruit of secret love:
Pandeia, bless'd with charms of form and face,
The first and fairest mid the' immortal race.
Hail, white-arm'd goddess! beauteous Luna, hail!
From thee beginning shall my tuneful tale
The glorious deeds of demigods rehearse,
Sung by the Muse in never-dying verse.

TO CASTOR AND POLLUX.

Ye bright-eyed Muses, to the warbling string
The' illustrious twins of Jove and Leda sing.
Pollux renown'd for every virtuous deed,
And Castor skill'd to tame the fiery steed:
Whom 'neath Taygetus high mountain's shade,
Where Saturn's son compress'd the yielding maid,
Twin sons she bore; by favouring heaven design'd
To watch with guardian care o'er humankind.
For, dreadful when the wintry tempests sweep
The boiling bosom of the billowy deep,
The mariners with sacrifice and prayer
Invoke the friendly powers potent to spare.
Though o'er the half sunk bark the raging tide
Seem with triumphant wave in act to ride:
Wafted by golden pinions on the gale
The god's propitious flight the seamen hail.
At once the elemental discords cease,
And the tumultuous sea is hush'd to peace:
Joy fills the bosoms of the naval train,
Freed from the toils and dangers of the main.
Hail, ye Tyndaridæ! who urge the speed,
And guide the progress of the generous steed;
Soon shall the Muses in another lay
The rising glory of your deeds display.

EPIGRAMS

AND

SHORT POEMS,

FROM THE LIFE OF HOMER, ASCRIBED TO HERODOTUS.

EPIGRAMS,

&c.

TO THE CUMÆANS.

Revere the race whose hospitable dome
Yields to the houseless wanderer a home.
Cuma's high towers plac'd in the plains below,
Where proud Sardene lifts her woody brow,
Sacred to Jove where Hermus' waters flow;
O bear me to those walls, secure to find
The liberal heart, join'd to the prudent mind.

ON MIDAS.

O'er Midas' tomb, a Maid of brass, I lie;
High wave the trees, light flows the fountain by:
Alike to me when Sol's bright beams arise,
Or milder Luna gilds the midnight skies.
Long as across the plain the river glides
To meet the briny Ocean's swelling tides,
Here ever will I stay, with tearful eyes,
Here tell the' inquiring traveller Midas lies.

HE LAMENTS HIS BLINDNESS TO THE PEOPLE OF CUMA.

An infant in my mother's arms, 'twas given
To me this lot by unpropitious heaven.
Mid the Phriconian race, by Jove decreed,
To dare the martial plain, and curb the steed.
Æolian Smyrna, near the Ocean-wave,
Whose fields Melete's sacred waters lave.
There the bright virgins from Saturnius sprung,
Joining my lays, the happy regions sung.
The stupid crowd around, a barbarous train,
Deride the voice divine and heavenly strain.
Vindictive punishments their crimes await,
Myself involv'd in their unhappy fate:
Ev'n in my infant years condemn'd to find
The deepest misery of humankind.
Feeble my limbs, unable now to stray
Mid Cuma's walls, uncertain of my way:
Intent to foreign regions to retreat,
And find a distant though an humble seat.

THE

BEGINNING OF THE LESS ILIAD.

Dardanian fields I sing, and Ilium's towers;
Sad source of woe to Græcia's martal powers.

[1] See Aristotle, Poet: Ch. xxiii.

TO THESTERIDES.

THESTERIDES, though much unknown we find,
Nought so uncertain as the human mind.

TO NEPTUNE.

NEPTUNE, whose trident shakes earth's firm domain,
O'er wide and fertile Helicon who reign;
Give to the mariners, our bark who guide,
Safely to measure back the stormy tide;
Give us high Mima's rocky site once more
In safety, peace, and honour to explore:
And to chastise the race whom fraud could move
To violate the rites of hospitable Jove.

TO GLAUCUS THE GOATHERD.

GLAUCUS attend!—your dogs' assiduous breed
Before the cote with care be sure to feed:
So shall they watch—nor man nor beast invade
The strong inclosure where your flocks are laid.

TO THE SAMIAN PRIESTESS.

Kind fostering mother, let thy favouring care
Turn from the youthful band the yielding fair;
With love of aged swains their breasts inspire;
Weak though their limbs, yet strong is their desire.

ON THE HALL OF JUSTICE.

Children their parents', towers the city's pride,
Steeds grace the champain, ships the briny tide,
And wealth the splendid mansion; still more bright
Beams from that hallow'd dome the sacred light
Where monarchs sit, by awful heaven consign'd
To judge the various rights of humankind.

A FRAGMENT.

Achilles' warlike son, then from the shore
To his strong vessel, Hector's widow bore;
His infant son torn from the nurse's care,
Grasping the foot he whirls around in air;
Then throwing from the tower's embattled height,
He fell and clos'd his eyes in endless night.
Andromache, great Hector's bride, his spoil
Given by the Greeks, the guerdon of his toil.

But far above the rest of Trojan race [1]
Anchises' warlike son the' Achaians grace:
For to Æneas and his barks they gave
A safe and friendly conduct o'er the wave.

[1] See Bergler's Preface, xviii. That Troy was betrayed to the Greeks by Æneas, was the received opinion before Virgil wrote.

FINIS.

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